# Liberty

20¢

MARCH
1950

## HIJACKERS AT YOUR DINNER TABLE

Page 15

## CONDENSATION: Spending for Happiness

Page 83

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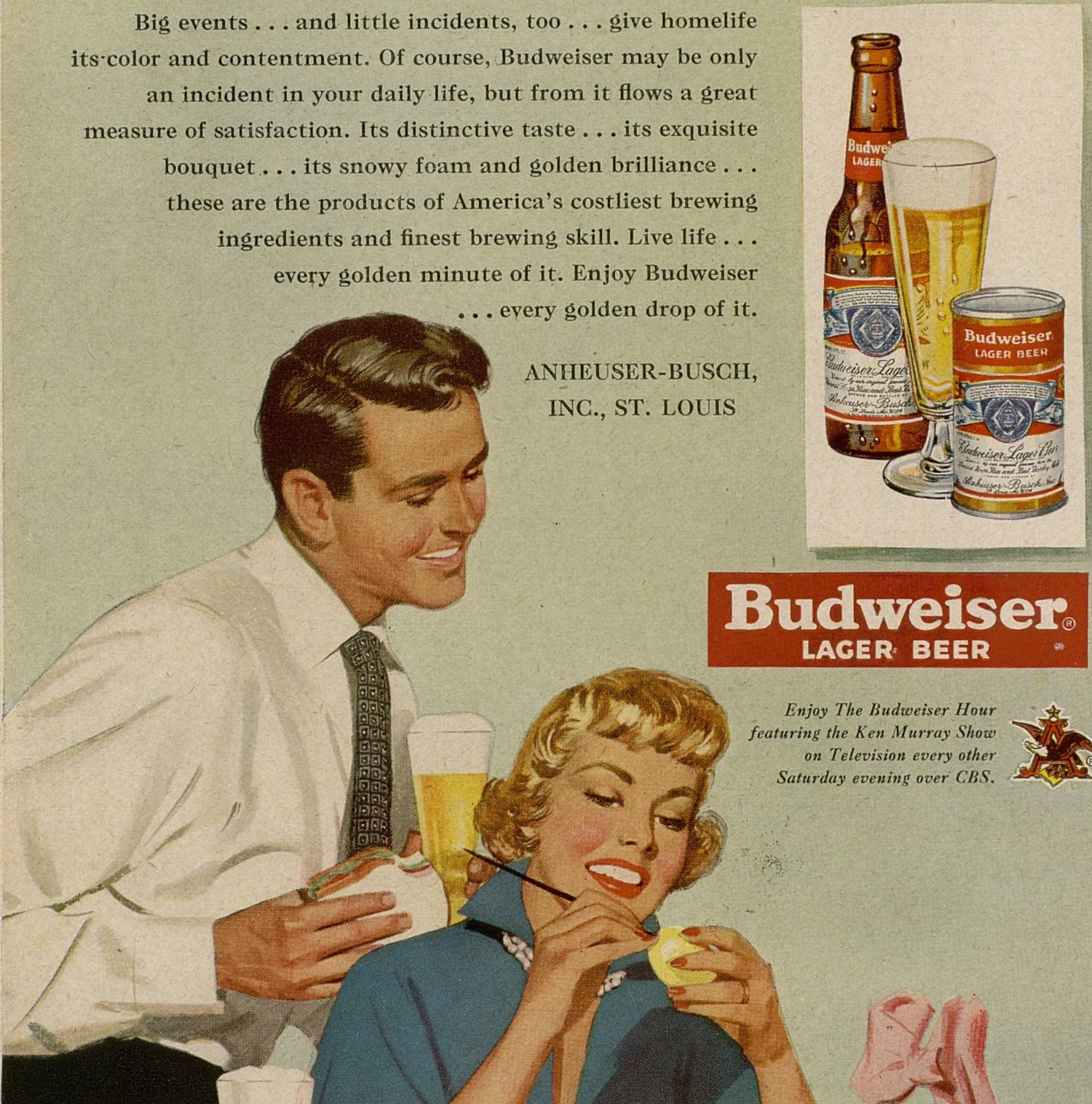

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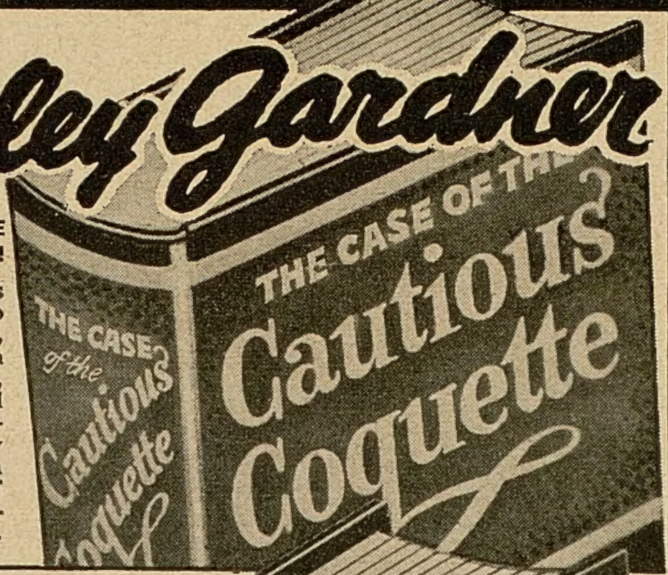

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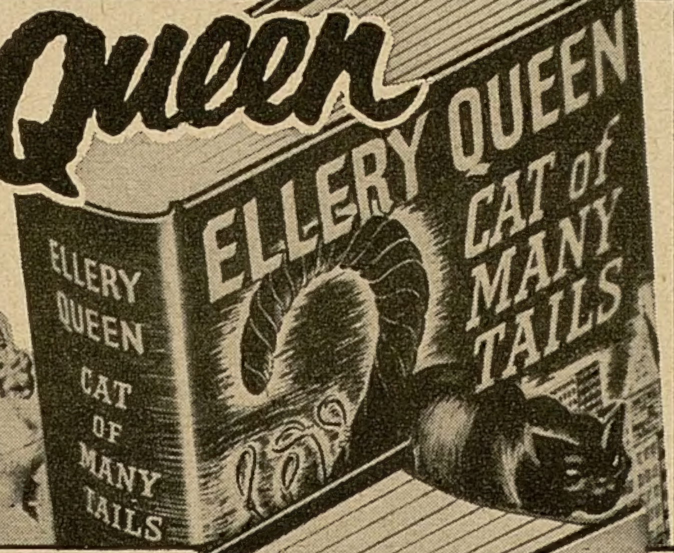

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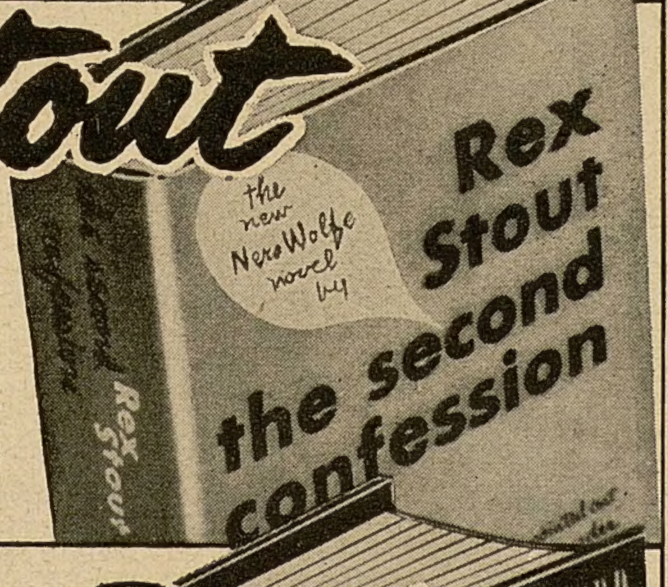
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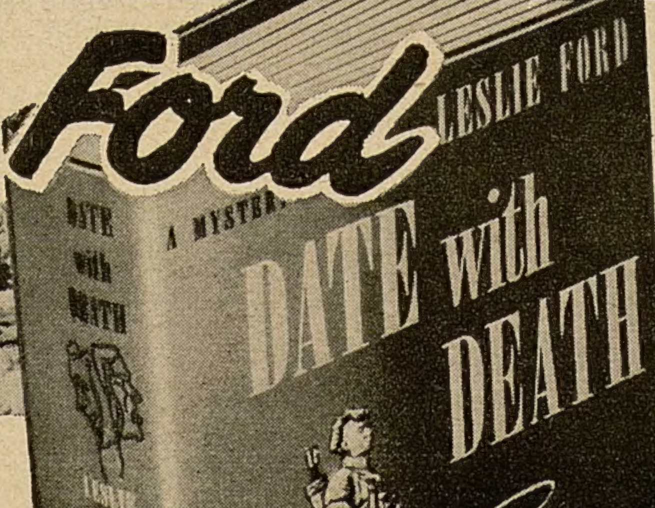

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## JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

◆ It's in *March* that a *very* young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love—as you can see from our cover. Neither the cowboy nor his lady are professional models, so that coy expression is the real thing. Maybe it's for the photographer, Bill Peery, of Denver, Colorado. At any rate, it's a refreshing change from the ice and snow.

◆ "By Cynthia Hope and Frances Ancker" appeared most recently in Liberty under our December story, THE MAGIC OF VINCENT O'TOOLE. So many of you have inquired about this double identity that we called up the two young ladies and got the scoop. They've been writing together since 1943, but each was successful in her own field before they teamed up. Frances, a Texan, was a short-story writer with over 100 sales to her credit; while Cynthia, from Philadelphia, had appeared in countless national ads as a Powers model. They tell us there's no real Vincent O'Toole, but that a friend of Frances who runs a thriving direct-mail advertising business in magic is the guy who furnished the detail in creating Vincent. They didn't tell us how they decided whose name would come before the "and" in their byline. Maybe they ignored magic and just flipped a coin.

◆ DRIBBLE FOR DOUGH is the first article on professional basketball ever to appear in print. Hy Turkin, the author, says the idea gave birth to itself when New York City's Madison Square Garden presented its first pro-basketball game to a sell-out crowd. That was news, and Mr. Turkin is a man who can spot sports news from a mile off. He's been a sports writer for the New York Daily News for the past 13 years, covering everything from dog shows to the World Series. And when Hy says there's money in this native American game, you can believe it. He's treasurer of the Metropolitan Basketball Association!

◆ Beverley Owen tells us he's sold on the luscious flavor of orange juice. When he was gathering material for BROOKLYN'S GIFT TO THE ORANGE GROVES down in sunny Miami, he says he hit the juice stands constantly (Cobbs', of course) and really acquired a taste for the drink. Florida may seem a long way from Mr. Owen's birthplace, Ottawa, Canada, but it's just like going around the corner for this international traveler. He keeps the mailman busy with two addresses: New York City and Otta-

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COVER BY BILL PEERY

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# An Invitation from the New Publisher of LIBERTY

LIBERTY Magazine has a new goal in your life that will make you a healthier, happier, more successful and more useful person and citizen. We should like to tell you about it.

First, as you may have noticed, Liberty Magazine has a new publisher and a new editor. In taking over the helm, we feel that the very name of the magazine—LIBERTY—is the key to what the magazine should stand for and fight for. That name—LIBERTY—imposes a terrific obligation. We accept the challenge.

The vigor of a democracy depends upon the vigor of its people. Its liberties are only as safe as the people make them. The nation can be strong only as we are strong. And we can be strong as individuals and as citizens only if we develop to their maximum our talents and our capacities for success.

So Liberty's publisher and editor have decided that our first job is to give you, our readers, the kind of editorial content that will help you succeed. As you probably know, few of us ever develop or use even one-tenth of our talents or abilities. Beginning with the April issue we shall publish special features and articles that will show you how to discover your abilities and how to develop them for maximum success.

As you succeed in life you get more out of life and you put more into it. Your personal success will make you want to be a better citizen. We propose to help you do that by presenting the controversial issues of the day from all sides—avoiding both the revolutionary and reactionary extremes.

So that you may judge and act upon these questions in the full and true light of the American spirit and tradition, we shall give you regularly the most interesting and exciting thoughts, words, and deeds that have forged this wonderful thing called America.

Our fiction will be romantic, adventurous, exciting. There will be interesting cartoons and more of them. Our art work will strike the new note of our high purpose. Our Home Section articles and hobby hints will stress economy, health, efficiency, and success in the home and in life. Special religious articles will emphasize the spiritual heritage of America. Our editorials and other content will give you inspiration, stimulation, and direction to reach your goals and desires in life.

If we do that for you, we shall, together, make for a better America. For a better America can come only from better Americans. And better Americans will protect and enhance the liberty that gave our nation birth and made it prosper.

In that way we shall be serving you and serving best the task imposed upon us by our name—LIBERTY.

On page 14 of this issue is a questionnaire. It asks you to tell us how you like some of the things that Liberty has been giving you in the past. It asks your opinion on some of the important questions before us. We'll appreciate your help with this questionnaire so that we may be guided in our efforts to better serve you with the new Liberty.

We accept the challenge of our name and invite you and all men and women of like minds and hearts to join us.

## JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

(*Continued from page 4*)

wa. As a profile writer he has interviewed some of the world's outstanding personalities—including Winston Churchill. He found Henry Cobbs, brought him to us, and now we are bringing him to you.

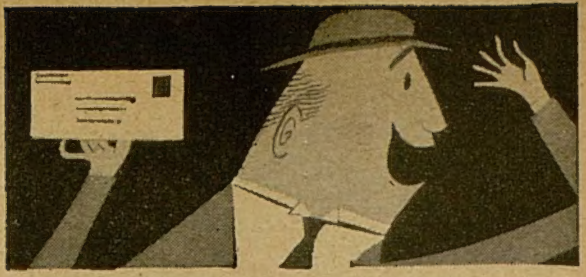
◆ Maybe you were sitting right next to the lady who inspired Jim Oliver to write GRANDMA WINS THE JACKPOT the last time you went to a quiz program, or maybe you had your radio tuned in that day. Grandma is really fictitious, but anybody who knows anything about quiz programs will recognize her immediately. Mr. Oliver has given this lovable character his most authentic setting. As a California radio-program and script consultant, the antics of contestants and radio stations are not news to him. He's a family man too. Hence his perfect characterization of the younger set.

◆ Have you ever heard of a citizen-raising campaign? Well, that's the purpose of NATIONAL BOYS' CLUB WEEK, March 20 to March 26. They aren't asking for any funds, but they are requesting opportunity and guidance for self-development of the nation's boys. How about a boys' club in your neighborhood?

◆ Congratulations to UNESCO on the first anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, its world-wide campaign for decent living conditions for all. And our best wishes to the Camp Fire Girls on their fortieth birthday.

◆ Stories and articles arrive at Liberty either through recognized literary agencies or are sent in by unknown hopefuls. But regardless of how it reaches our offices, each manuscript is read and given careful consideration. All we request is a self-addressed return envelope. We are always looking for good, new writers and are happy to announce that in the April Liberty such a "first" will be making her appearance. We predict that Sally Holladay's CAVIAR FOR THE COLONEL will be just the beginning of a long line of top humorous fiction. Welcome to Liberty, Sally.

◆ And while you're keeping out of those April showers, settle down with Part I of Lawrence Lariar's new mystery thriller, CATCH ME IF YOU CAN. There's another grand story by Paul Annixter, who's back in Liberty revealing how a boy and his father outwit the missus and get their coon dog. But that's all we're telling! **—J. B. D.**



# VOX POP

### Fun in Fargo

FARGO, N. D.—
"Mother, mother, may I go out?"
Says mother, "You wouldn't dast-ta,
My darling daughter, for don't you
  see
You haven't made a canasta!"

No one except a Canasta fan, of course, can understand that rhyme. It is to be hoped that it would not be confused with the little girl who holds up her hand in school. That one begins, "Teacher, teacher."

In the October Liberty you ran rules for playing Canasta. Our son in Champaign, Illinois, brought home a copy of the magazine, and we all learned the rules. Then dad and I brought them home, and since then we have been sitting up evenings in Fargo, losing our sleep over the exciting rummy game.—*Mrs. O. A. Olson.*

### A Comment We Appreciate

GENEVA ON THE LAKE, OHIO—May I commend the editor of Liberty and the author, Beatrice Schapper, for the article, Have You Got Leprophobia? (January). Seldom have I read a more sensible and accurate dissertation of this illness by one not actively engaged in working with its problems.

I did have a feeling that the naming of the conditions by which the disease could be brought under control was a bit sanguine. A modern concept which you have so ably presented is indeed a primary necessity. As to treatment, it is true that the sulphones are proving to be almost "miracle drugs," particularly in clearing up secondary infections, but it is not commonly believed by leprologists that they are a specific, and certainly they do not give immunization.

Increased aid from governments is, of course, highly desirable and would make available to an increased number present scientific knowledge, but unfortunately the vast preponderance of incidence occurs in poor countries wholly incapable of meeting the problem financially. For these reasons I, as representing the Leonard Wood Memorial, which devotes its entire activities to scientific studies of leprosy, urge that we do not lose sight of the fact that medical science has a long way to go before we shall have the final and assured means of cure and prevention.

The many missions working with Hansen's disease—such as the American Mission for Leprosy mentioned in your article and the Maryknoll Mission (Catholic) in this country, as well as their many counterparts abroad—are doing a magnificent job spiritually and materially for tens of thousands of patients. But of an estimated total of five million involved, only approximately 100,000 receive care of any kind whatsoever—and even that varies from the unsurpassed facilities at the U. S. Marine Hospital at Carville, Louisana, to the fragile palm-leaf huts scattered among the tombs of a Chinese cemetery in Sun Wui, China.

For these nearly five million wholly without care the solution must come from the laboratory. Meantime an easing of their social problem through such articles as the one in Liberty is an invaluable contribution to a great human need. May I express my personal appreciation of the important service which your contribution will be to a sensible understanding of this disease.—*Perry Burgess.*

What Mr. Burgess was nice enough not to mention is the fact that the name of the Leonard Wood Memorial was inadvertently omitted from our article. Mr. Burgess is the author of the book, Who Walk Alone, and will soon have completed 25 years of service in the cause of leprosy research.—VOX POP EDITOR.

### Nothing Stops Us

ADAK, ALASKA—Thanks for being so swell in your delivery of Liberty magazine wherever we have been

these past few years. We enjoy it—every article, story, and feature, from cover to cover.—*Mrs. Sybline Muenich.*

### The Forty-Hour Week

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I was very much amused by the article, "It's a Wide-Open Market" (January). This was

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

an interesting story until the last paragraph. "There is," Magnus says, "no forty-hour week to success." Forty hours' work a week will not build up industrial magnates, to be sure, but it will divide work among many who also need food and shelter, instead of keeping benefits for a chosen few.

This shorter-work-week proposition was inaugurated by our present fair deal, square deal government for that very purpose, and in order to keep this country a democracy, this practice had better be kept in force.—*Mrs. Ella Rock.*

### Aw, Come Now!

ATLANTA, GA.—I read in some newspaper where a shortstop on a school team was called into the game in a pinch, picked up his glove in a hurry, and lost the game for his side because he muffed a throw. Felt something spongy in his glove and shook it, and out ran a foot-long black snake. Maybe there's an idea for the Dodgers. Isn't there a home-runner snake? They could start a farm to raise a crop of them.—*Al Mizzy.*

### Eye-Saving Idea

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The writer believes that larger print and shorter items for the major reading material and feature articles in magazines and newspapers would revolutionize the magazine-newspaper-publishing industry (reducing publishers' production costs substantially); would be a boon to millions of people with weak eyes (good eyesight is essential to good health). The time, energy, and eyestrain saved would pay great dividends in health alone to Americans, for utilization in future personal and national emergencies.—*Joseph A. Saracini.*

### Those Disagreeing Doctors

WESTFIELD, N. J.—I wish physicians would make up their minds! For years that section of the profession which gets into the public prints has been urging us to see our doctor while our ills are minor so they may be kept from becoming major. Apparently things are different now, at least in Great Britain. Dr. Gampell in the January Liberty makes much of the streams of patients not urgently in need of the doctor's services. Which is the right point of view?

Dr. Gampell speaks of registrations as high as 4,000 patients per physician. Is this a condemnation of socialized medicine or does it simply mean that Great Britain has too few doctors? Did the doctors disappear overnight or did the population miraculously multiply when socialized medicine came in? Or did thousands of people, before socialized medicine, have to do without medical services because they could not pay?

I am not in favor of socialized medicine. It has many weaknesses, some of which were not brought out in Dr. Gampell's short article. Nevertheless, it does acknowledge the problem of providing adequate medical services for thousands who cannot otherwise afford it. So far as I can see, the medical profession as a whole has never felt any responsibility for the solution of this problem. (It has even fought insurance schemes by which one could prepare for illness while well.) Yet it must assume this responsibility or other agencies, probably government, will be forced, by popular demand, to do so. —*Ernest W. Johnson.*

### Shame on Shane!

SPOKANE, WASH.—It would look as if you were slipping. Your Crossword Puzzle and Shananagram are supposed to furnish at least two evenings' recreation, but your December offerings were worked out last night while I was also figuring out the answers (or part of them) to Sing It Again and listening to Ralph Edwards' antics in Truth or Consequences. Since my chief reason for taking Liberty is your puzzles, you'll really have to do better.—*Carrie T. Jackson.*

(*Continued on page 10*)

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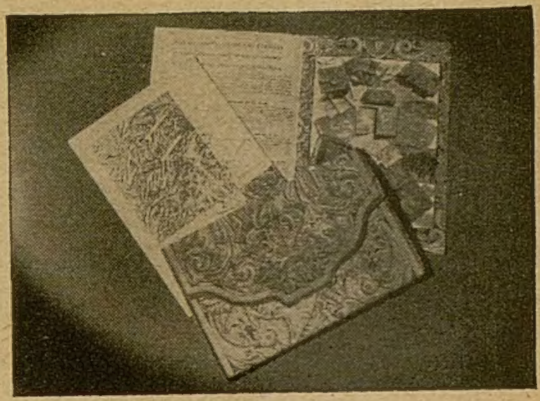
# Liberty shops

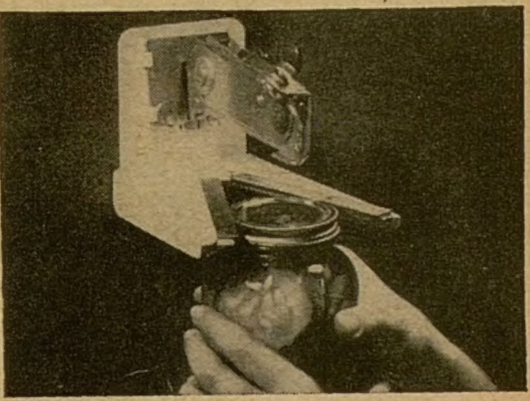
***With spring on its way, it's time to furbish household equipment to match the outdoors. Time, also, to think about sports equipment and your spring gift list. For satisfaction, shop by mail***

*By* EILEEN BURKE

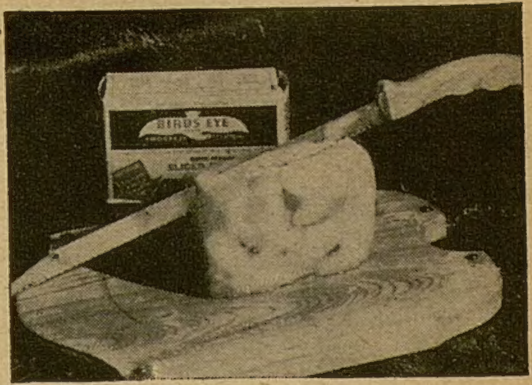
**Handicraft hobbies** are riding to popularity these days—and with reason. They offer intriguing work, tangible and practical results, and sometimes a profitable business. One of the most satisfying is leatherwork. A Burton catalogue will open up this craft; from it you can order patterns, tools, instructions, fittings, and leather. Burtons, Ltd., 1755½ Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif.; catalogue, 25¢ ppd.



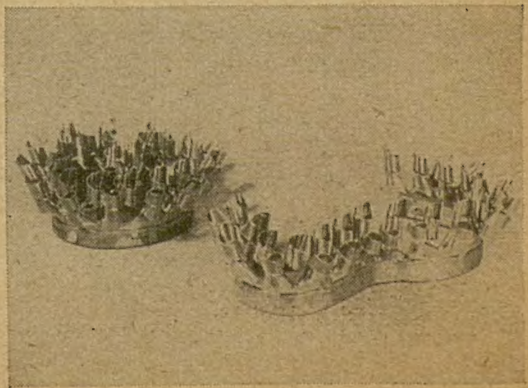
**Twins for the kitchen.** This combination can and jar opener will open any size or shape can, glass jar, or bottle—everything that wears a cap. Folds trimly out of the way on the wall when not in use, and never disappears in the back of a drawer. Zim Manufacturing Co., 3043 Carroll Ave., Chicago 12, Ill.; $3.45 in white enamel finish; $6.95 in chrome (add 35¢ west of the Rockies); ppd.

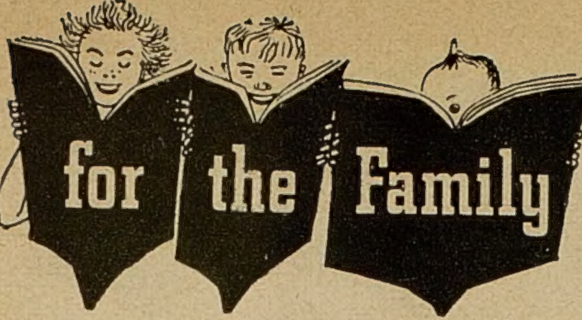


**Test it on hard-frozen food,** crusty French or Vienna bread, meat bones—but not on your fingers. The flexible blade of this notched kitchen saw is metal- or wood-cutting bandsaw steel, chrome-plated to avoid rusting or corrosion. Using the hole in the blade, hang it within quick reach of your cutting board. With hardwood handle, the saw is 15". Walter Drake, Colorado Springs, Colo.; 89¢ ppd.

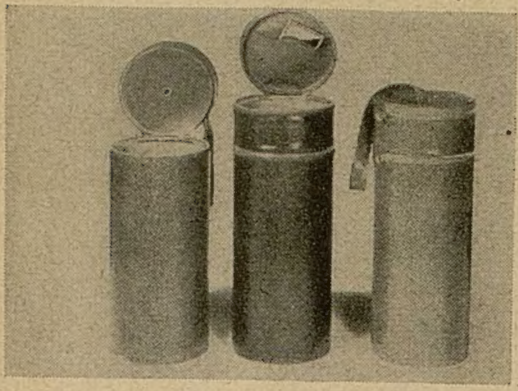


**Spring flowers soon**—and then summer posies. Whether you garden, or depend on friends or florist, a Coronet arranger shows flowers off effectively. The arrangers are ingeniously spiraled bits of soft copper mounted on lead, which bend to fit most containers. Two sizes, for small or large stems. Massachusetts House Workshop, Lincolnville, Maine; $1 and $1.15 ppd. (add 10¢ west of Miss.).

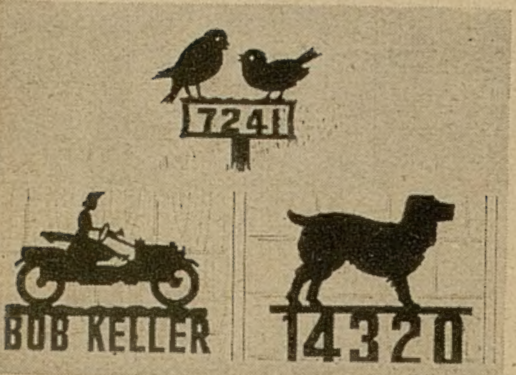




# for the Family

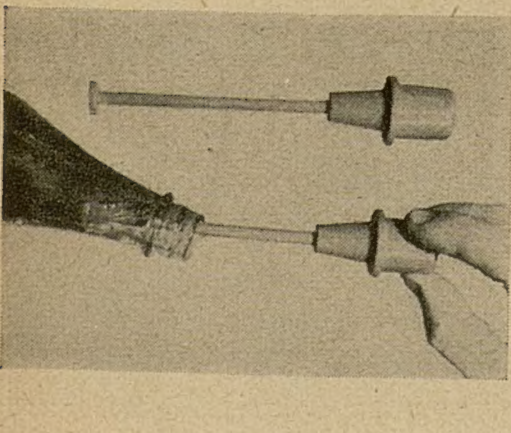


**The constant knitter** who's always accompanied by her current sweater or Argyles will enjoy this knitting case topped off with a built-in purse, which eliminates a separate handbag. Both compartments zip open. Order it in blue, red, green, or brown make-believe snakeskin. A handy overnight bag, too. Height 14". Beaumond Distributors, 133 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; $2.65 ppd.

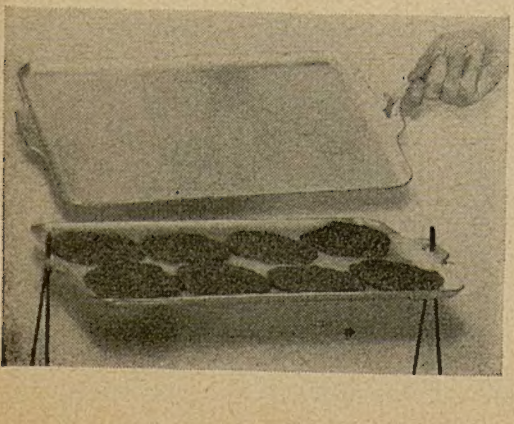


**For fun or profit**—either way, house and lawn markers are a distinctive addition to a home. You start with a Craftplan pattern, traced on transparent paper, glued to plywood or similar board, and cut out with power or hand saw. First-rate personalized gifts, or a profitable business. Patterns include 17 silhouettes, numbers, and alphabet. Craftplans, 1321 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; $1 ppd.

**Spray away** to your complete content—it's death to insects and pests with designs on your indoor plants when you use Spray-A-Way. The all-purpose insecticide is stored in a breakproof, flexible plastic bottle with built-in spray atomizer and hinged cap. One light spraying will probably last a month; the bottle for many months. Bulb of the Month Club, 418-JP S. Market St., Chicago, Ill.; $1.25 ppd.



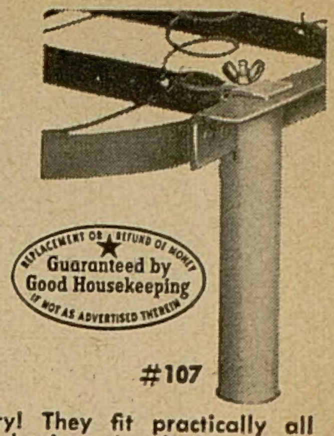
**Instead of wrestling** with the catsup bottle, try this new plastic dispenser-stopper for your brand. Unlike mechanical gadgets, it won't clog up whenever the catsup dries out, nor get out of order. Simply insert the stem into neck of the bottle, tip and draw out as much as you like. When not in action, the dispenser becomes an easy-to-open stopper. Phelps Co., Box 7116-A, Portland 19, Oreg.; 60¢ ppd.



**Indoors or out,** this cast aluminum Kitch-N-Kamp griddle solves cooking problems. It is 10¼" by 16", and sits atop 2 range burners, or fits in the oven. With wire leg pieces added, it simplifies outdoor cooking over a low fire or embers. Heats evenly and quickly. An aluminum handle is detachable. Moeller & Moss Co., Peck Bldg., Main St., Pine Plains, N. Y.; $2.95 ppd. ($3.25 west of Rockies).

**Low Cost — ALL STEEL — Attractive**

**SET OF 6**
**HOLLYWOOD BED LEGS**


REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
#107

Convert your bedspring into a modern Hollywood Bed or Studio Couch in minutes . . . with attractive, new-design **Snap On Bed Legs!** Amazingly simple to apply. No tools necessary! They fit practically all open type coil bedsprings (angle side rail). Just set in position and tighten. All steel, with beautiful baked enamel finish in blonde or mahogany. Conveniently packaged in complete sets of SIX (6). Shipped prepaid. Send check or money order.

| | |
|---|---|
| #107—7" high, with glides | $6.95 ppd. |
| #109-C—9" high, with casters | $8.45 ppd. |
| #111—11" high, with glides | $8.45 ppd. |
| #113-C—13" high, with casters | $9.95 ppd. |
| #507—for link & cable spgs (4) | $6.95 ppd. |
| #509-C—for link & cable spgs (4) 9" high, with casters | $7.95 ppd. |
| #307—6 hardwood legs for box spgs, 7" high, with glides | $5.95 ppd. |
| #307-C—6 hardwood legs for box spgs, 7" high with casters | $7.50 ppd. |

**COLSON BROS.**
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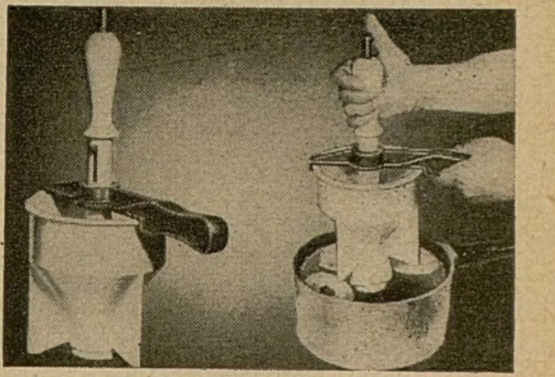
***Serve delicious homemade donuts and coffee to 12 guests for only 50c***



**FRESH DONUTS IN ONLY 15 MINUTES!**

The new Eject-Donut Maker is so fast, you can make delicious homemade donuts while the family is preparing for breakfast or after unexpected company arrives.

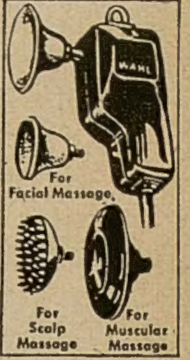
Made of gleaming white LUSTREX with contrasting colored handles, it stands 13" high. So simple, even a child can make delicious donuts. Amazingly easy to clean quickly and thoroughly. Excellent gift item, attractively boxed, $2.95 plus tax and 25c for shipping. 1 lb. package of Delicious Home Mix 40c extra. Recipe for Home Mix included. Agents wanted.

*Send Check, Money Order . . .*
*Money Refunded if not satisfied*

**EJECT-DONUT SALES CO. DEPT. L-1**
**300 So. Los Angeles St., L. A. 13**

**MASSAGE FOR HEALTH!**

**5-PIECE ELECTRIC VIBRATOR NOW ONLY $6.50 COMPLETE**



Right in your own home you may now know the thrilling, stimulating massage action of the Wahl Hand-E Electric Vibrator that awakens sluggish circulation. Relaxes the tired and aching muscles of the back, legs, feet, etc., etc. **HELPS CONTROL YOUR FIGURE** Brings tingling muscle tone to face, chin, neck, arms, thighs, hips and calves while reducing. Fine for the scalp. It plugs into any A. C. outlet. **SEND NO MONEY!** Vibrator and 4 applicators shipped C.O.D. for $6.50 plus postal charges. Or just send **$6.50 plus 15c** for handling and we pay the postage. Satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back.

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# VOX POP

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 7*)

### Can't Lose That Cow!

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Mr. Hawk says it takes 9.77 quarts of milk to make one pound of butter (August). Now Mr. Arthur contends that when you milk a cow you get milk and churn the milk to make butter (December Vox Pop).

Maybe they have "skim" milk cows where they live, but my mother used to skim the thick yellow cream off the crocks, and churned the cream, and gave the "skim" milk to the chickens, as we kids wouldn't drink it after the butter fat, which all milk contains, was removed.

Of course if you wish to have "butter milk" left over, you put in all the milk and cream together and churn it.

I contend that you would get very little butter out of milk that did not contain a goodly portion of cream—or butter fat.—*Mrs. Guy Lloyd.*

We've had a letter from Mr. Arthur saying that his face is "plenty red" because he meant to write "we churn cream to make butter" instead of "milk."—VOX POP EDITOR.

### She Wasn't Afraid

MANCHESTER, N. H.—I have just finished reading your article, Childbirth Without Pain or Fear (January). Bravo. I have maintained a great interest in the subject for the past few years. I have a reason.

Nineteen years ago I had my first child—walked to the delivery room myself and had my baby naturally—without pills or ether.

My experience was the same as that of the mother in your article. Because I was so well and strong, my doctor allowed me to return home with my daughter the seventh day. Unheard of back in 1930!

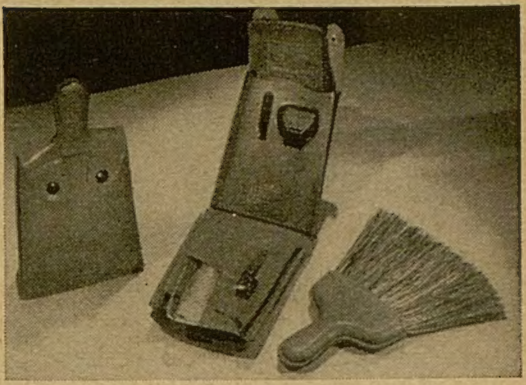
My entire family were amazed and scandalized, and one aunt observed, "Why, you aren't human! You're a cow!" I laughed at all of them of course, and proceeded to take care of my baby myself. The same thing was true of my other babies, and people gaped when I said I thought it *fun* having babies.

I *know* the basis of pain in childbearing is *fear*.

The reason I had no fear was because I dearly desired having children and believed if Indians and gypsies could drop by the way for a short time and have a child—then so could I. I had only faith and joy to work with. How much more our new young mothers may add to the richness of life by the knowledge they acquire from articles such as the one you published.—*Mrs. Barbara G. Roberts.*

# Liberty shops

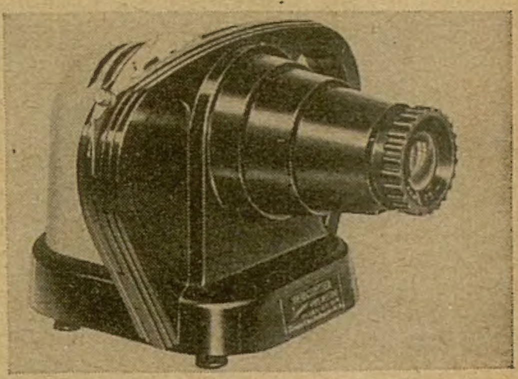
**Traveling man or not**—he's going to appreciate a Clipper kit. In a neat leather case, he'll have on hand a lifetime clothes brush, comb, file, bottle opener, nail nippers, and a shoe cloth treated with polish for a last-minute shine, plus an expandable pocket for a razor. Fits the traveler's suitcase and the office desk drawer of the stay-at-home. Crimmins Products, Norristown 40, Pa.; $3 ppd.



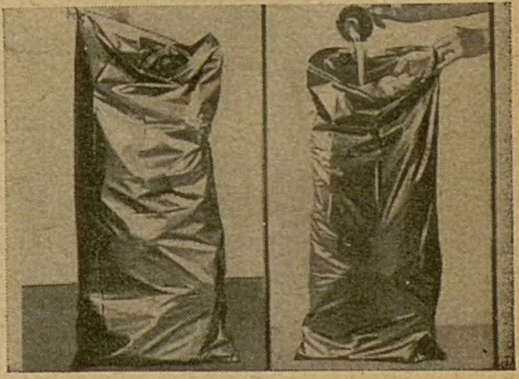
**Say "Happy Birthday"** or remember anniversaries with Flowergrams—a fresh corsage, or boutonnière, smartly packaged in a clear plastic box and sent with a greeting card. Flowers vary with the season, but you can always specify a rose. Send "to" and "from" details, and birthday date or anniversary occasion. Flowergram Co., 40 E. 21st St., New York, N. Y.; $1.25 ($1.50 west of Rockies) ppd.

Birthday Greetings
Flowergram

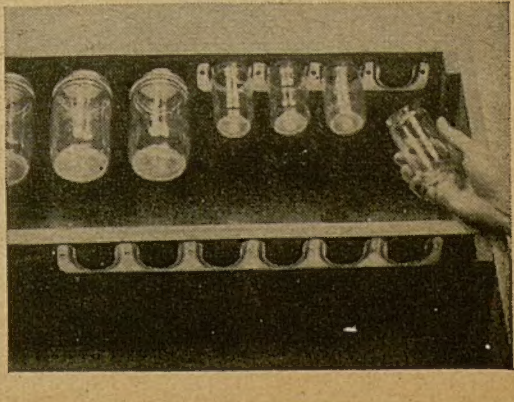
**The wonders of the world**—in full color—will delight your family if you have a View-Master junior projector, which projects 7-screen reels into 11"-by-12" pictures. The case is heat- and shock-resistant phenolic plastic. Start your collection with the special Easter story 3-reel packet. Many others are available. Western Photo Supply, Box 8808, Portland, Oreg.; projector, $9.95; 3 Easter reels, $3.10 ppd.

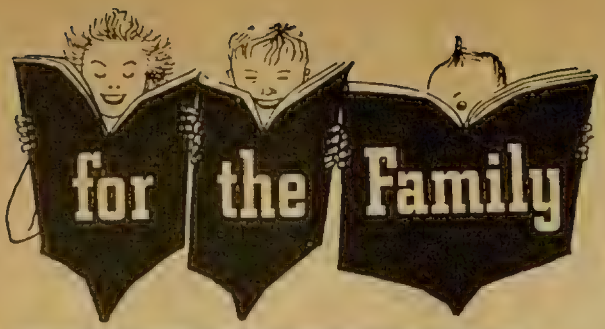


**Iron at your convenience**—not at the weather's. Secret is a Damp-Champ bag of sturdy, mildew-resistant vinyl plastic. Add warm water to the dry clothes in the bag, and you'll find them uniformly dampened, without hand sprinkling, whenever you're ready to iron. In metallic blue or green; big enough to hold a tubful. Humphrey-Callander & Co., 618 W. Adams St., Clinton, Ill.; $1.95 ppd.

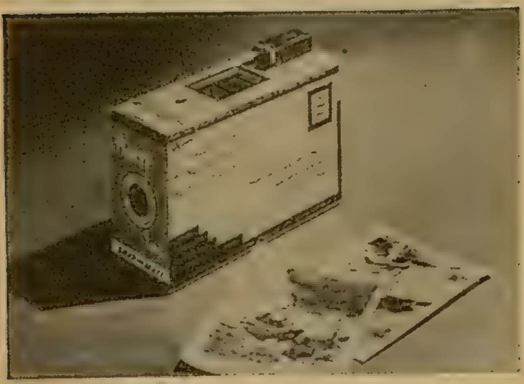


**A Klip-Jar bracket** plus empty baby-food jars equals an adaptable storage unit for kitchen, sewing cabinet, or workshop. Nail bracket to under side of shelf or inside of drawer and slip in the jars; use them to separate buttons, nails, spices, etc. Jars slide in or out smoothly. Two sizes, for 4 or 6 jars. Ideas, Inc., Box 184, Stratford, Conn.; plated steel, 30¢, 35¢; chrome-plated brass, 65¢, 80¢ ppd.





# for the Family

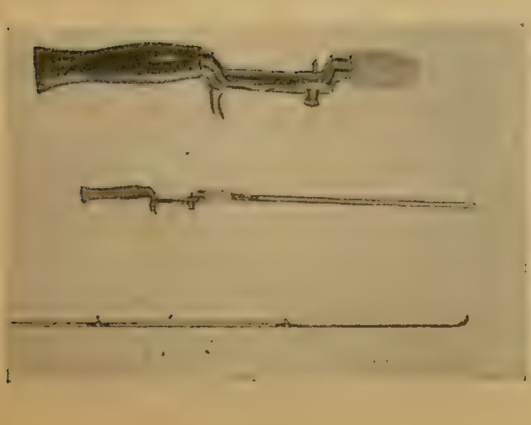


**It's a snap**—taking pictures with Photo-Pac. You invest in a camera pre-loaded with film for 8 snapshots, take the pictures, and mail the camera back to Photo-Pac without unloading film. They develop and send 3½"-by-4½" prints and negatives to you, free of charge. The camera is quality craftboard and wood, with meniscus lens. Photo-Pac Camera Mfg. Co., 5403 Greenville Ave., Dallas, Tex.; $1.29 ppd.

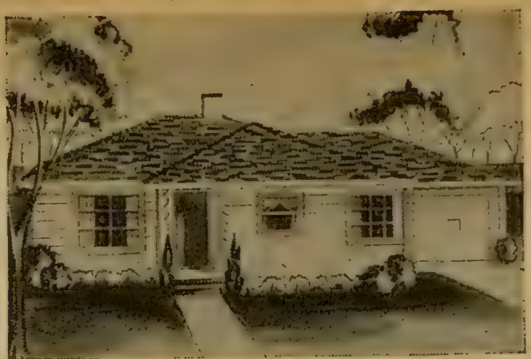
**An all-round cooking spoon**—with a flat tip. The WhipRstir's blunt edge fits into the bottom, corners, or sides of pans, effectively scrapes the bottom area, and prevents burning or sticking. Perforations speed the blending and stirring. The spoon is polished stainless steel with a rosewood handle that stays cool. The Plasticrafters, 301 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.; $1 ppd.

**No hammer, no nails,** no bashed thumbs when you install a Hook On screwless garment and towel bar. So if simple tools faze you but there's need for more hanging space, just hook the aluminum ends over opposite sides of a door. The center-section spring stretches to fit any door 24" to 34" wide. Door opens and closes as usual. B-W Manufacturers, 721 N. Webster St., Kokomo, Ind.; 59¢ ppd.

**It's automatic,** and it eliminates nasty bumps in the dark. With only a screwdriver, you can install the Dor-Lite switch in closet, pantry, or garage. The light goes on or off automatically when the door opens or shuts. The essentials are a switch, attached at top of a doorway, control socket to plug into light socket, and 6-foot cord. Dor-Lite Co., 300 S. Christiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.; $2.45 ppd.



**Look-ahead fishermen** who are lining up this season's equipment ought to be interested in the Southwester glass-fiber fishing rod, amazingly light and strong, with pistol-grip handle modeled to fit the palm snugly. Available in 4½- or 5-foot lengths. A case for the rod and a big catalogue of many other sporting goods are included. Klein's, Dept. L, 227 W. Washington St., Chicago 6, Ill.; $7.95 ppd.



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Two new plan books—one of frame homes, one of concrete block homes . . . offering the ultimate in functional comfort at a price you can afford. Books include starter and garage homes, three bedroom homes, duplex homes in ranch styles, modern designs, Cape Cods and many others. Complete blueprints available for any home in either book. Books are $1 each. Specify books you desire: Block Masonry . . . Frame Construction.

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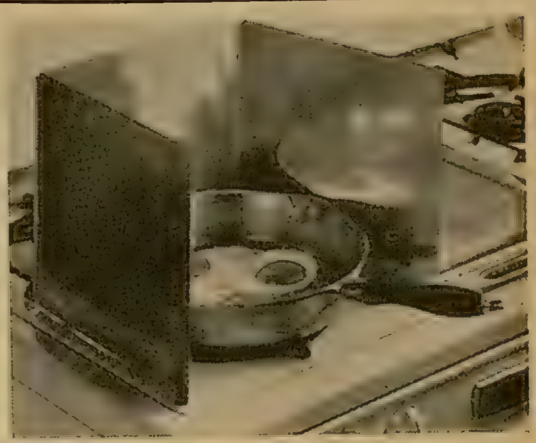
Authentic Early American Miniatures—made to scale 1" to 1' and available in genuine WALNUT, RED or BLOND MAPLE. All working parts on the hand turned Spinning Wheel, which is 3" high, actually move. The stool is included at $3.95 ppd. per set. The Trough Table 1¼" high, was used for fruits, nuts or sewing supplies, is $2.25 ppd. The hand turned Knitting Bowl 2" high, is $1.95 ppd. Send check or money order to:

PUEBLO GIFTS
P. O. Box 164 Madison, Wisconsin

**LIKE TO HELP US OUT?**

Try tackling the questionnaire on Page 14



*LET IT SPATTER!* . . . Fry anything spattery, and Mrs. Cordrey's Spatter Shield will keep your stove and walls CLEAN! . . . A KITCHEN GADGET THAT WORKS! . . . Used in Trailer . . . Camping . . . A necessity . . . Use folded, when warming rolls, biscuits, doughnuts, etc. . . . Let Hubby and the Children fry Hamburgers, and keep that new stove CLEAN! . . . *$1.00 postpaid* . . . Invented and manufactured by Mrs. Letha O. W. Cordrey, 4071 Kansas Street, San Diego 4, California.

# Blueprint for Bigger and BETTER BABIES

By JOHN E. GIBSON

*If science is on the beam with its formula for more brainy, six-foot-plus human beings, then maybe June brides should be persuaded to defer their nuptials until the frost is on the pumpkin*

**READING TIME 7 MINUTES** When Professor A. B. Fitt, dean of Auckland University's College of Education, put 21,000 human guinea pigs under observation, he tackled one of the most tantalizing scientific projects in history. The noted New Zealand research scientist and psychologist was determined to prove that a blueprint can be drawn to improve tomorrow's human being—to make him taller, stronger, and more intelligent. Professor Fitt's monumental study, just completed, offers concrete evidence that a formula for superior humans *is* possible.

There are no complicated biological equations involved. As Professor Fitt states it, the discovery is simply this: "Individuals conceived in the fall and winter of the year are, on the average, *definitely superior in size, strength, and mental capability* to those conceived in the remaining two seasons."

With the co-operation of the New Zealand government, Professor Fitt made an analysis of 21,000 men of the army draft. The study showed conclusively that persons conceived in the spring and summer are, on the whole, of appreciably smaller stature and not so vigorous or intelligent as those conceived in autumn and winter, the period from September 1 to February 28 on inclusive.

This, however, was only one phase of the extension research project. The New Zealand dean and his co-workers made another study—this time of 22,000 children. The height, weight, and I.Q. of those conceived in autumn and winter averaged consistently higher than those of children conceived in spring and summer.

These facts might be less impressive if Professor Fitt and his associates had only their *own* findings to back up their contentions. But such is far from the case. The Auckland University dean cites the studies of scientific investigators all over the world whose findings are in substantial agreement with his own.

Let's take a look at the other evidence. First, the claim that people conceived in the cold-weather months are heavier and more solidly built. In Switzerland, the noted scientist Stepanoff checked weights against birth records of 30,000 Lausanne school children; and in Russia, his fellow scientist Gerschenson did the same thing with 12,000 Russian children. Both studies showed that the winter- and autumn-conceived children averaged several hundred grams heavier than the others.

Now the height question. Professor Fitt points out that Stepanoff's study of the 30,000 Lausanne children showed that the tallest were conceived during the cold-weather season. Fitt's own exhaustive survey shows that while fall- and winter-conceived persons are of the greatest average stature, the first month of winter produces the tallest individuals of all. He found that *those conceived during that month averaged almost a full inch taller than those conceived in the spring.*

Next we come to the question of mightier muscles and brawnier biceps. Is physical strength influenced by the season of conception? Professor Fitt says it is. He conducted hand-grip tests on a specimen group of 1,500 ten-year-old children to determine muscular prowess. Those conceived during fall and winter achieved far higher ratings than all the rest. Those conceived in the first month of autumn averaged the strongest hand-grip measurement, and those conceived in the first month of summer assayed the

(*Continued on page 77*)

STRANGE
things happen here!

**The Dark Continents of Your Mind**

DO YOU struggle for balance? Are you forever trying to maintain *energy, enthusiasm,* and the *will to do?* Do your personality and power of accomplishment ebb and flow—like a stream controlled by some unseen valve? Deep within you are minute organisms. From their function spring your emotions. They govern your *creative ideas* and *moods*—yes, even your enjoyment of life. Once they were thought to be the mysterious seat of the soul—and to be left unexplored. Now cast aside superstition and learn to direct intelligently these *powers of self.*

**Accept this *Free* Book**

Let the Rosicrucians, an age-old fraternity of thinking men and women (not a religion), point out how you may fashion life as you want it—by making the fullest use of these little-understood *natural faculties* which you possess. This is a challenge to make the most of your heritage as a human. Write for the Free Book, "The Mastery of Life." Address: Scribe R.A.A.

***The* ROSICRUCIANS**

San Jose (AMORC) California, U.S.A.

# COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By TED SHANE

### HORIZONTAL

1 Up goes their song, down comes the flowerpot (plucky fellows, eh?)
10 Old-fashioned tannery
14 Hundreds of miles of deciding where to go, eat, stay, etc.
15 Indoor sparking place
16 Wicked seed, cultivated on one
17 Sing it, Pagliacci!
18 O, Mr. Praxiteles!
19 Cause of earaches in A flat
20 Bunch of squares who make the Scotch chilly (two words)
22 He tills with his hand in the U. S. till—the soily churl!
24 It's sure mixed up
25 It's sure not mixed up
26 Weighty things on Queen Elizabeth's mind
29 The servant class
33 One of the wordy Toppings
34 Dam obstructionists
35 Kinda nyah!
36 Lightning radio conversationalist
37 Hillbilly sit-me-downs (burns me up)
38 Difference between Lake Erie and the Atlantic Ocean
39 Prominent José
40 Ambitions Notre Dame students often realize
41 The has-been of tomorrow, *i.e.*, the is-to-be of today
42 Towering (get it?) French beauties; female optick-lers
44 Situated in the dumps
45 Act like a sick hoarse
46 Six-gun Canasta
47 Garlic-scented hard-rubber tire, made in Italy
50 People who find things in books nobody knows are there
53 Ed Sunev
54 Riffled, carved, and passed out
56 Der I's of Heine
57 Train, making air hideous with clickety-clacks, snorts, and screeches
58 Joker (what a card!)
59 Step out with an old nag
60 What Danes have in their pamts
61 Li'l' Mo's

### VERTICAL

1 Remove the outer skin from peaches
2 First Red to come to America
3 Grain calloused ends
4 Grub snobs
5 Albuquerque's full of them
6 Products of thin mints
7 Pre-depression apple sellers
8 Her evening gown after a few wearings
9 They screw things up with monkey wrenches
10 Eyeball popper
11 What I'll not do to pussy, her coat is so warm
12 Lake with state inside
13 Hon
21 District out of boundski (even Stalin daren't trespass)
23 Maker of Alpha-Bombopollouses
25 What bebop does to the young-hinged
27 Inglemay
28 A la insect eyes—think of a geometricality
29 Fur-coated channel swimmers
30 Pardner, it made Corregidor look like a picnic!
31 Sissy hurricanes
32 They hate to travel in the middle of the road
34 Ya big squirt!
37 Ran into an old friend in a new car—a Gnash, of course!
38 Fraternity with hairpins
40 Kind of chewer you meet in the South Seas
41 Hearty, isn't it?
43 They hold a collection of family mugs, are sometimes cracked
44 What is this? Never mind!
46 Part of the sole put out with French-fried nails
47 Body minus germ; 36 Horizontal backward
48 Kind of money you buy astringents with in Reno
49 When it reaches the Irving Berlin point, it's hot
50 Zees aire Jacque's dunking places—Leeree, Meechigaine, Supérieure, etc.
51 You can start a little settlement with one
52 What Odin's boy was
55 Eggheaded Muddlers Exult! (abbr.)

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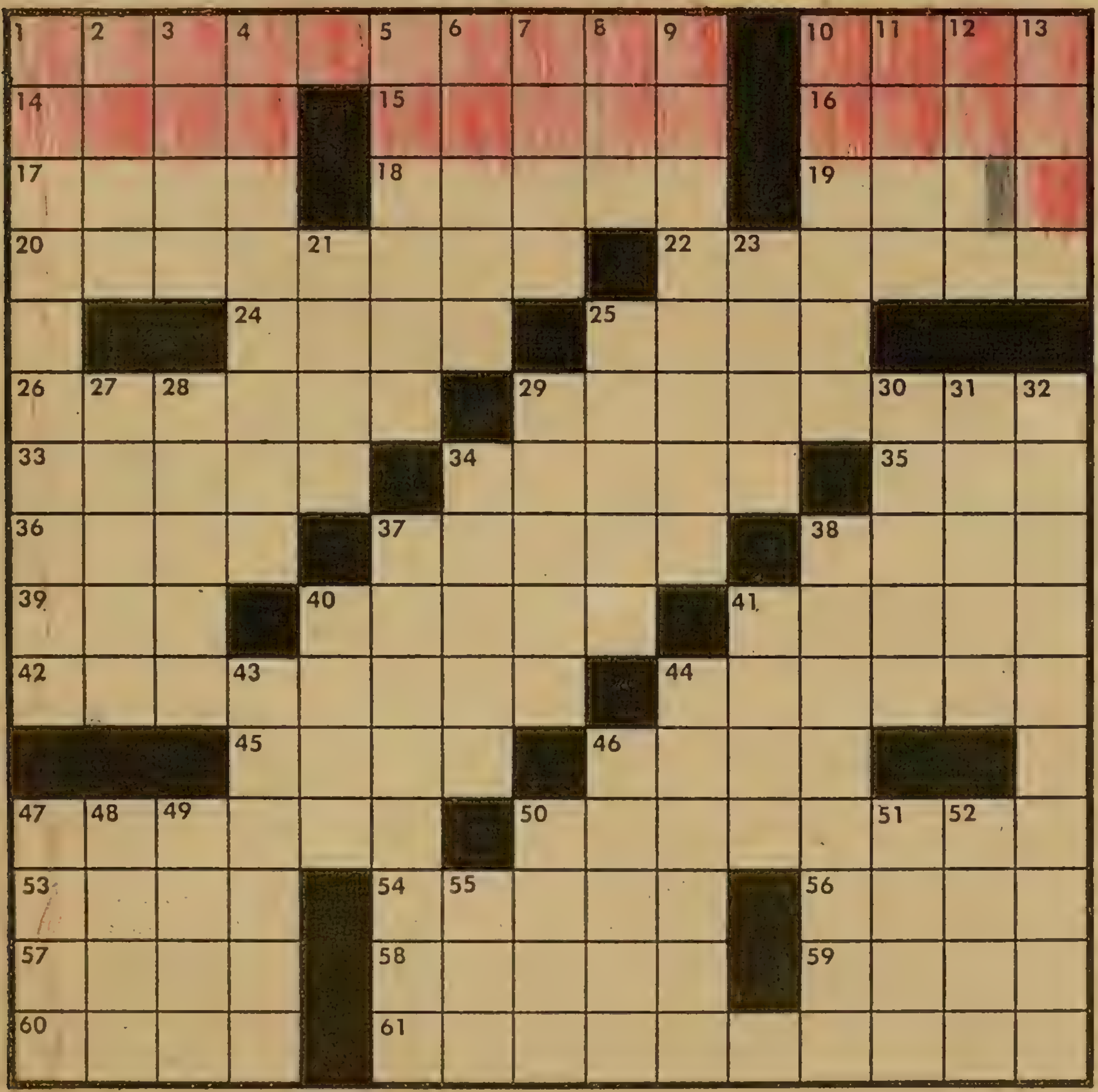
February Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

# How a doctor helped

## millions of women

**Several years ago** a doctor in a western state began to think about the problem of monthly sanitary protection and the common practice of using external pads supported by pins and belts. "Why not *internal* absorption instead?" he thought. It would obviously require a much smaller bulk. There would be no chafing, no odor. Disposal would be easy. . . . This internal principle was already a familiar story to physicians. Why not apply it in a convenient form available to women generally?

**It was wisely decided** that this Tampax (as it is called) should consist *only* of pure surgical cotton, firmly cross-stitched and of great absorbency, contained in a patented disposable applicator. It is so efficient that your hands need never touch the Tampax while inserting. The whole idea seems a little novel at first, but we can assure you it's all quite scientific and physiologically correct.

**It means a lot to a girl** or woman to know that Tampax just simply *cannot* cause any bulge or ridge because it is worn internally. Now you need not choose your dresses so carefully to wear on those "exasperating days." You need not worry whether everything is arranged "just right!"

**With her mind at ease** at such times, a young woman has a great advantage. She does her job better. If a student, she studies to better effect. Socially, she handles herself and her situations with more confidence and skill. So you see the use of Tampax can make a real and important difference in your life—not only on the days in question but throughout the month.

**They sell this Tampax** at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. A full month's average supply slips right into your purse. Make a note of it now — *Tampax.* Millions of women use it monthly. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*(ADVERTISEMENT)*

# Your Liberty wants Your Advice

***Below is a set of questions we'd like your help with. As we told you on page 5 of this issue, we need your help and want your opinions so that the new Liberty will be designed more and more to bring you the type of editorial content that will provide greater entertainment and happiness than ever before.***

**-----Please tear off here and mail to Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.-----**

**(1)** What features of Liberty do you like best?———— (Please check—1, 2, 3, etc.—in the order of their importance to you) Articles —— Fiction —— Cover —— Puzzles—— Home Section Articles —— Cartoons —— Book Condensation —— or ——————————.

**(2)** Would you like to see more about: Sports? Yes —— No ——; Travel? Yes —— No ——; Hobbies? Yes —— No ——.

**(3)** What subjects not used now would you like to read about? ——————————————————

——————————————————————————

**(4)** Do you like articles about people who have run a small nest egg into a fortune? Yes —— No ——.

**(5)** In our fiction would you like to have: More Mysteries? Yes —— No ——; More Westerns? Yes —— No ——; More Romance? Yes —— No ——; More Serials? Yes —— No ——.

**(6)** Do you like the "Reading Time"? Yes —— No ——.

**(7)** Do you think the ideals of the American Way of Life are good? Yes —— No ——.

**(8)** Do you think the high ideals and traditions of the founding fathers of our nation are being observed in public office? Yes —— No ——; in business? Yes —— No ——; in labor? Yes —— No ——.

**(9)** Who are sincere in their efforts to "Make America Work"? Public Officials? Yes —— No ——; Business Men? Yes —— No ——; Labor Leaders? Yes —— No ——.

**(10)** Does the thought of visiting American Shrines excite and elate you? Which? (Please check) Liberty Bell——; Statue of Liberty ——; Plymouth Rock ——; Mount Vernon ——; Valley Forge ——; Bunker Hill ——; What other? ———.

**(11)** Do you think men and women could achieve happiness and success if they had the right inspiration and direction? Yes —— No ——.

**(12)** Do you think there is still plenty of opportunity in America for those who will study and work hard? Yes —— No ——.

**(13)** Do you prefer foods that are healthy and nutritional rather than those that taste good and look good? Yes —— No ——.

**(14)** Do you think people could do a better job of budgeting and managing their money if they knew how? Yes —— No ——. Do you think articles on such subjects would be helpful to *you?* Yes —— No ——.

**(15)** Do you think there is room for efficiency and conservation of energy in running a home? Yes —— No ——. Would you like to see articles on such subjects? Yes —— No ——. Did you miss the calendar cover in January? Yes —— No ——.

★ ★ ★

It is not necessary to sign this, but you may do so if you wish.

NAME ——————————————————
ADDRESS ———————————————————
ZONE AND STATE ————————————————

Liberty
MARCH 1950
VOL. 27, NO. 3.

# HIJACKERS AT YOUR DINNER TABLE

By MYRON STEARNS

*Every day you pay tribute on your hamburger, chicken, or leg of lamb to truck thieves who operate on an unbelievable scale and help swell the price of food*

**READING TIME 10 MINUTES** When you sit down to dinner tonight you can count on having a guest. An uninvited guest—the shadow of a brutal robber whose meal you're paying for. On your hamburger, your chicken, your macaroni, your steak or roast or leg of lamb, if you can afford it; on your cigar or cigarettes, if you smoke; on your liquor, if you drink; even on the clothes you wear, tribute will have been collected. Even though it's only an infinitesimal part of the price you pay for your food and clothing—and for nearly everything else under your roof that's transported in a truck—it's one of the totally unnecessary fractions that today swell the high cost of living.

It's still spot news to most people that hijackers—truck robbers, big and little—are with us today on an almost unbelievable scale. Left over in part from the gangster days of prohibition, and born in part of our general American carelessness and indifference to crime and justice, hijacking is a threat to every cargo that rolls along the highways.

It's not small pickings either. It runs from robbing candy wagons (as road drivers call light trucks) to armored cars.

Last November, for instance, a Chicago payroll truck carrying $32,992 rolled to a stop to make one of its regular deliveries. The guards were slugged as they stepped to the sidewalk. Just as in Hollywood movies, armed gunmen from a black sedan parked across the street drove the truck away. One of the guards, who had been quickly trussed up and thrown on the floor, was murderously slogged on the head with a pistol butt when a blanket that had been thrown over him slipped off his face. A couple of hours later the armored truck was found abandoned in an alley, empty.

Twenty-four hours later two gunmen hijacked another Chicago truck loaded with $20,000 worth of women's clothes.

# HIJACKERS AT YOUR DINNER TABLE

*Continued*

In a single week, in New York City, major hijackings totaled $185,000. Over a nine-month stretch, one firm was robbed of $137,600.

Last June 29 two Chicago bandits jumped aboard a truck driven by Vernon Potz, 32 years old, when he stopped at a traffic signal. They made him lie on the floor while they drove to a rendezvous where they "jackassed" the truck with another (backed them up against each other) and transferred the load—$27,500 worth of cigarettes. The incident rated exactly 14 lines—I counted 'em—in a daily paper. Small potatoes!

In 1946, which was called "the peak year" of hijacking, losses were reckoned at about $25 million. By 1948 they had risen to $30 million. For 1949 they are estimated at $40 million.

Los Angeles police list more than *15,000* truck thefts in that city annually. That's better than one every 40 minutes.

Major hijackings, averaging thousands of dollars apiece, occur about once every 24 hours all through the year. Here's a sample from last spring: March 3, Chicago, $85,000 in jewelry; March 3, New York, $10,000 in cotton goods; March 3, New York, $5,885 in television sets; March 5, Jersey City, $31,290 in cigarettes; March 6, Medford, Massachusetts, $20,000 in electrical goods; March 8, New York, $48,000 in industrial diamonds. That's $200,175 in six days.

◆

It's big business. A driver may haul a $10,000, $25,000, or $75,000 load. One job, watched and thwarted by the F.B.I., involved $100,000 worth of liquor. Occasionally there are loads valued at $200,000. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Boston are listed as the leading hijack centers, in that order. It's hard to figure totals because many robberies go unreported; like swindle victims, those who are robbed, if the loss is covered by insurance or the goods are recovered, prefer to keep quiet about it rather than have their reputation for safe delivery hurt. Last November a $45,000 load of television sets was hijacked in New York and recovered three days later, intact, on Long Island. That job wasn't mentioned in the newspapers. Only insurance men know the full figures, and even then only for their own company.

Anything that can be sold may be hijacked. A truckload of cotton, in 40 bales, valued at $15,000, was driven away at Auburn, Massachusetts, when the driver stepped into a diner for lunch. Last November 18 Boston thieves took a truckload of grocery items: coffee, vegetable shortening, and soap. One Boston gang specialized in shoes, because they had a receiver with an easy market for them. Last August a truckload of eggs, valued at $10,474, was stolen at Des Moines, Iowa; and in September $7,500 worth of meat was taken in Jersey City.

For the past three years textiles, clothing, liquor, jewelry, tobacco, food, and furs, in that order, have been the favorite hijack targets—but last year food moved up, with only clothing, textiles, and tobacco above it.

The main reason for such an appalling list of truck robberies—which, remember, figure as part of the story that made the Wall Street Journal headlines last fall: High Freight Costs Push Western Concerns Out of Eastern Markets, and which you at your own dinner table have to pay for in the end—is that unprotected trucks on our city streets and highways are such easy marks. Why should robbers run the risk involved by sticking up a bank defended by armed guards and all sorts of burglar and police alarms, on the chance of making, say, a $25,000 haul, when they can get as much as that, or more, from a single undefended, often even *unattended,* truck? Many a merchant or manufacturer who wouldn't think for a moment of leaving $40,000 worth of valuable merchandise unguarded in his store, still seems to think nothing of sending it out over the roads in a truck with a single unarmed driver. It doesn't make sense.

Trucks in operation during the ten years since 1939 have increased from three million to six. In 1948, 1,371,000 new trucks came off the assembly lines. Another million and a half were added last year. Truck ton-miles *quadrupled* during the decade from 20 billion to more than 80 billion. Each year, so far, sees bigger and better opportunities for hijackers.

Another point is that stolen cargoes are today horrifyingly easy to dispose of. The criminal middleman, the fence, finds plenty of merchants ready to accept cut-rate wares. Television sets, for example, are a favorite target. When at some questionable store you buy a cut-rate bargain, far below the regular price of a well-known make or model, you may be contributing to the hijack racket and raising the price on everything else you buy that comes over the road.

◆

You never, of course, pay to the thieves direct. It's not even the robberies themselves that alone raise the price of your butter and eggs and clothing and tobacco, but the insurance that has to be taken out to cover the risk of a crippling loss. Interstate commerce regulations require at least $1,000 insurance on every truckload worth $2,000. Robberies have raised the rates—which have to be reckoned into the transportation costs added to the retail price you have to pay ultimately—tremendously. Insurance premiums on truck cargoes in 1930 came to about $25 million. By 1948 interstate carriers were paying more than $100 million insurance, and with local truckers and all others added in, the total for last year is estimated at around $200 million. The American Trucking Association puts the potential premium total at half a billion a year. That, if eventually you have to pay your share of it on top of everything else in the price of your topcoat or tangerines, will not be hay.

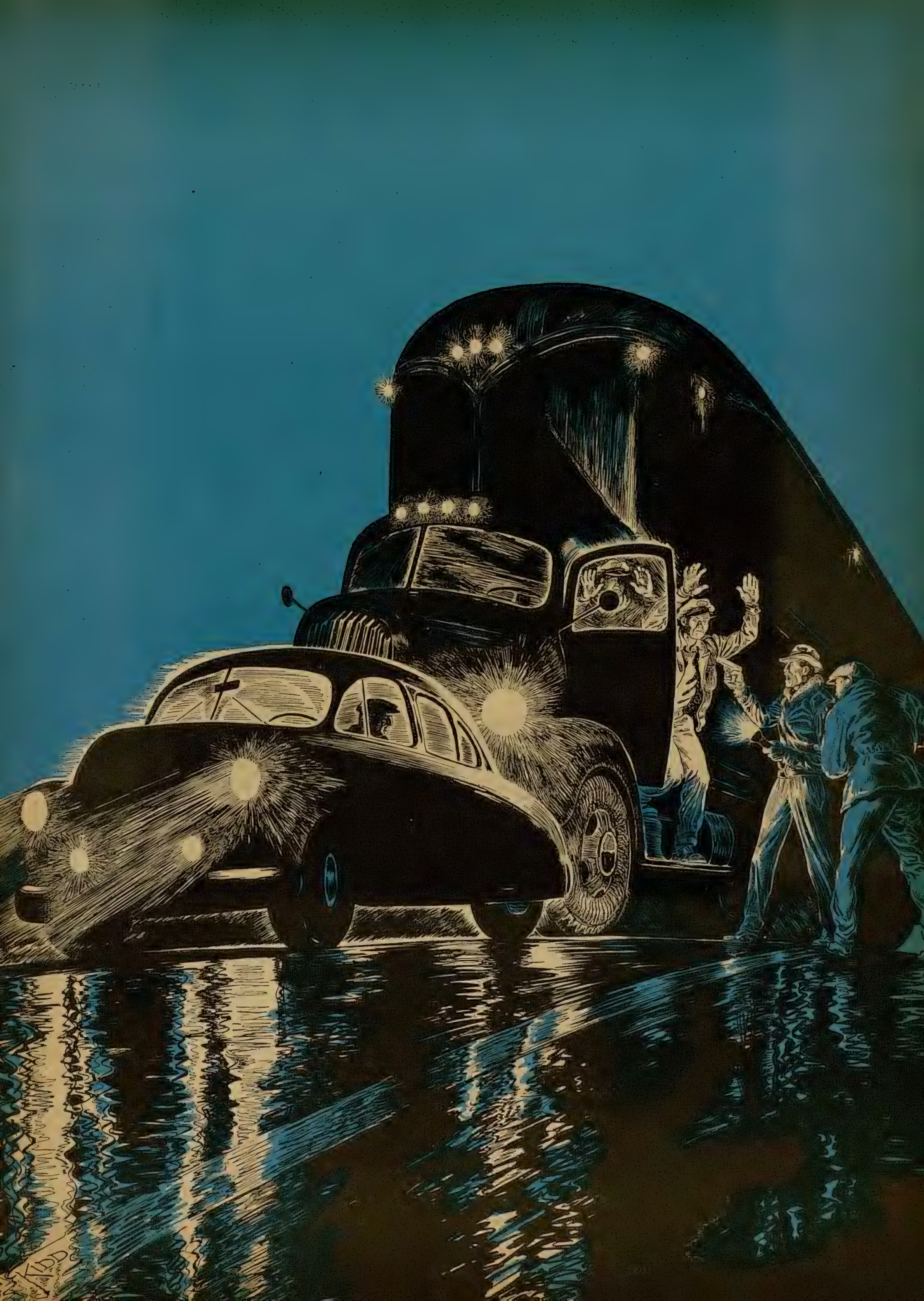
An amazing story of indifference to hijacking losses is told by Jack Seide, who has developed a truck burglar alarm that goes off like a fire siren, can be heard for miles, and screams for hours. When he first began manufacturing his alarm, which he thought would of course sell like hot cakes or horseradish, nobody was much interested.

"Why should we pay out money for your gadget?" the truckers asked. "It's not the *trucks* that are stolen; we get them back. Only the cargoes. You better talk with the shippers."

But the shippers had a similar answer. "It's the truckers' business," they said, "to deliver our goods. It's not ours. Besides, our cargoes are insured."

So Seide went to the insurance companies. Although put somewhat more diplomatically, their attitude was much the same. "After all," was the idea, "it's the risks that make our business. If there *(Continued on page 55)*

Drawing by Kidd


KIDD

# ADOPTION IS A TWO-WAY STREET

ANONYMOUS

*One proud papa discovered that you get as much happiness as you give when you adopt a child*

READING TIME 12 MINUTES The maternal instinct is a wonderful and terrifying thing. There's no satisfying it short of its goal. Paradoxically, this is demonstrated more forcefully by the woman who can't have children than by the one who can.

It begins with what is a common enough experience to many men in the 25 to 35 age bracket. Husbands unnumbered know what it's like to come home from work hoping to find the little woman knitting something dainty in pink or blue, and to find her instead in a high state of jitters and tears.

This month, like last month, and the month before that, and back for several more months, wasn't the month after all. Wheat germ, hormone shots, and watching the calendar carefully for the period of greatest fertility had failed once more. There was still no prospect of a son and heir, and every month made a further shambles of morale.

Modern medicine steps in for many childless couples at this point, to make natural children possible, but this was not so in our case, and we learned that our lot is far from uncommon. We went through the medical mill, a very time-and-money-consuming process, and came out with the knowledge that we were unlikely ever to have natural children.

With medicine's negative verdict behind us, I assumed we would resign ourselves to a *ménage à deux.* I soon discovered that I had been reckoning without the maternal instinct. The lady of the house, it appeared, had been harboring thoughts of adoption for a year or more. The first time she brought them out into the open, I showed polite interest but treated them purely as academic questions.

I've compared notes with other adoptive fathers on my initial response to having a baby dropped cold in my lap, and I found that I'm about average. It was an idea completely foreign to me. Adoption was something connected in my mind with sad-faced, neglected kids in an orphanage—a conception garnered, no doubt, from Hollywood tear jerkers on the subject. I had the feeling that it would be like minding someone else's kids. They would be like strangers in the house—wouldn't look like mine, act like mine, or feel like mine.

My education began with an orientation course. I found magazines thrust into my hands, and they were always obligingly turned to articles on adoption. Books, too, opened to the appropriate passage.

Our social life picked up considerably at this point. We visited more friends than I ever knew we had, and there, by the sheerest coincidence, was always a couple present who had adopted children. Classmates of my wife, whom I'd never laid eyes on before, began showing up for dinner, and invariably they were social workers.

Our new friends and acquaintances were all enthusiastic about adoption. They, too, had had doubts at first, but they assured us that everything had worked out beautifully.

One adoptive father described it to me this way: "You'll find that adoption is a two-way street. *You* get adopted as well as do the adopting. Your adopted children take you over wholeheartedly, unquestioningly, and unreservedly. You're their Pop, and that's that!"

On one piece of advice they were unanimous: Don't put off too long going to the adoption agency. They warned us that adoption agencies have several applicants for every baby, and high up on the list of questions they ask is the age of the prospective parents. In general, 40 is their deadline, but they like parents younger than this.

Everything we read and every social worker we talked to warned against the hazards of both the gray and black adoption markets. The warning came with special vehemence from a couple who had become impatient after waiting a year on an adoption agency's approved list. A friend knew a doctor whose patients included an unmarried girl of outstanding background, who was pregnant. Her baby, due in a few months, would be available for adoption. Arrangements were speedily completed, before the baby's birth.

They got the baby. But from the very first day the adoptive mother felt uneasy with the child. She struggled with feelings of guilt, but her antipathy to the baby grew greater with each passing day. Finally, in desperation, they arranged for its adoption by another childless couple.

This story scared me to the point where I was ready to forget all about adoption. But my wife assured me it could never happen to us if we went to a reputable adoption agency, because—

First, because a good agency never places a child for adoption unless it is sound physically and mentally. That's why they keep the baby in a foster home for the first few months.

Second, because the agencies do their best to have the child match the adoptive parents in mental capacity and in physical appearance as nearly as possible, which helps to make adjustment easier.

Third, the prospective parents are given a preview of the baby the agency decides upon, and if there's the slightest doubt in either parent's mind, they are shown other babies.

And fourth, the law imposes a probationary period —in most states one year—before the legal adoption can take place. If it turns out, as it did with the gray-market couple, that the adoptive parents and the baby are not suited, the agency takes the child back.

We selected the agency which seemed most appropriate, most convenient, and most likely, and the next thing I knew we were seated across the desk from a most charming and sympathetic woman who, in a painless and competent way, extracted our life histories.

She was interested in (*Continued on page 60*)

Photo by Constanco-Bannister

# GRANDMA

## Wins the Jackpot

By JIM OLIVER

*Taming a wild mother-in-law was a job Joe hadn't signed up for*

**READING TIME 25 MINUTES** I could truthfully say that Joe and I had never had an argument, because when we got mad, we just didn't talk at all—like a couple of mummies. But, having flowing blood in our veins, we eventually reached a climax when we both were like a pressure cooker with no safety valve. Something had to happen, but the news I had for Joe would have to keep. I couldn't tell him now, when he was leaving.

Joe took the kids to school, and when he got back to the house, he packed his suitcase and went out to the car. We hadn't exchanged a word all morning. I put my make-up on, slipped into a dress, and joined him.

"You drive," he said.

"I'll have to stop and see Grandma."

"Can't she stay out of this?"

Well, that was about as close as we could get to a good verbal free-for-all. I glanced over at him as I backed the car out of the garage. But he was glowering out the window. "I just want to ask her to stay with Baby while I'm gone," I said.

He shrugged. I stopped the car at the foot of the hill and got out. Grandpa was sitting in the rocking chair on the front porch, and next-door-neighbor Sally Jones was with him. Grandpa's expression was strangely like Joe's, and Sally looked like the cat that had swallowed the canary and couldn't wait to meow about it.

"Where's Grandma?" I asked.

Grandpa and Sally both pointed to the roof. Just then the porch shook, and it sounded as though a meteor had struck the house. I stepped back so I could see. There was Grandma, in an old torn house dress, and stockings that had so many runs it was a wonder they stayed together. She didn't see us. The porch shook again as she swung the sledge hammer against the chimney, and a rock bounced out of it and buried itself in the lawn.

"Grandma!" I yelled. "What on earth are you doing?"

She looked down at me out of soot-rimmed eyes, but I could see the determined gleam in them.

"What does it look like?" she retorted, pausing to get her breath. "I'm knocking the chimney down."

I glanced at Grandpa. He had a guilty expression, but he stood his ground. "Don't say it," he said. "I know when I'm too old for such monkey business, even if she doesn't,"

Joe got out of the car too, and called to Grandma: "You get off the roof, Grandma. I'll have someone come do that for you."

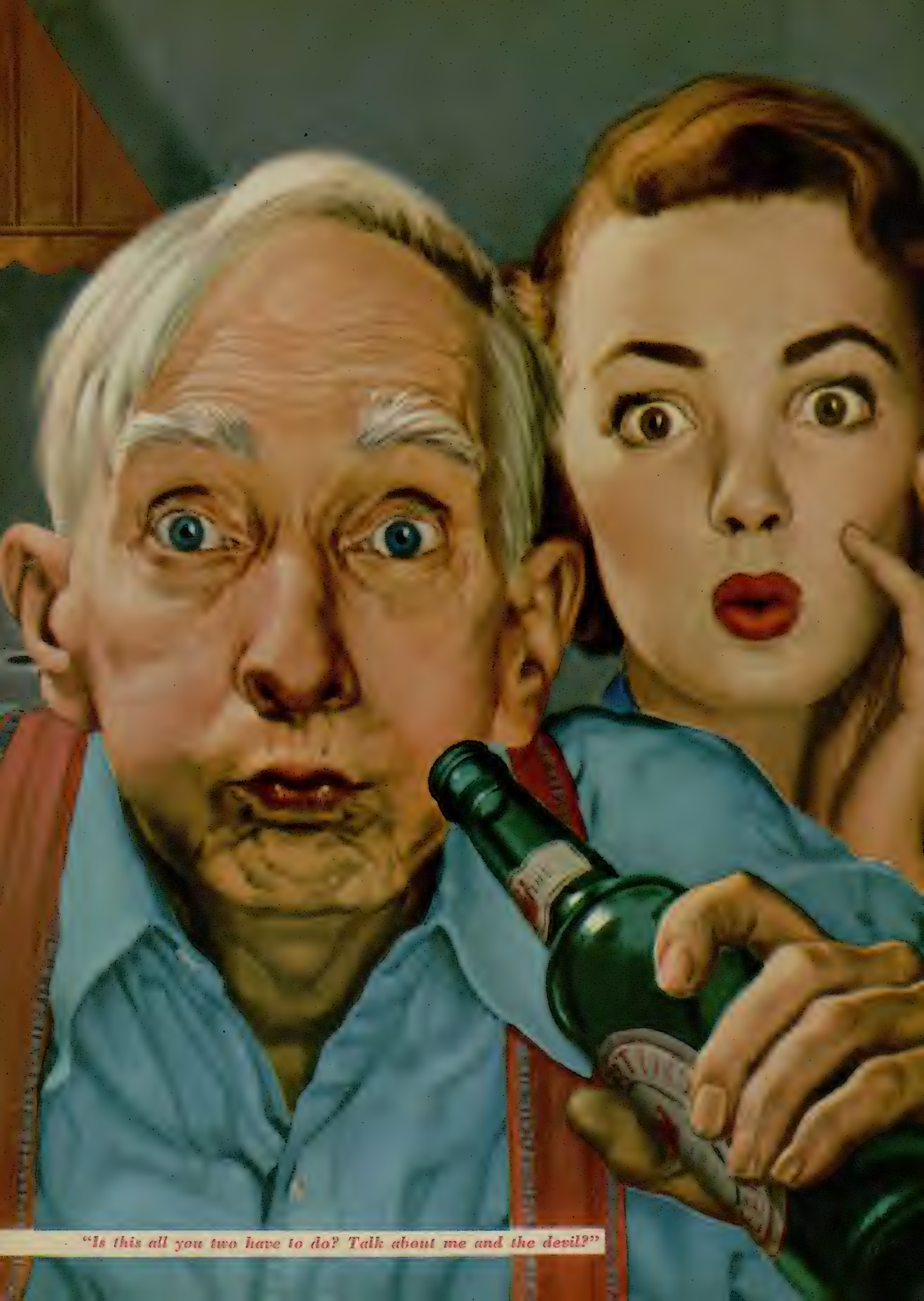
Grandma gave us her grim smile. "Thanks just as much, Joe. I'll do it myself."

"If you miss that chimney just once," Joe said, "you'll fall off on your head."

"I won't miss it," said Grandma. (*Continued on page 62*)

Illustrated by Gilbert Fullington

*We didn't see Grandma come in, but there she was, standing in the doorway.*



*"Is this all you two have to do? Talk about me and the devil?"*

In 17 league cities throughout the country, National Basketball Association games are pulling in the crowds. The pros have

# Dribble for Dough

By HY TURKIN

*Now drawing up to 20,000 fans a game, pro basketball has moved out of the dim dance-hall era into the big time of American sports. Here's the inside story of the turbulent past and flourishing present of the National Basketball Association*

READING TIME 14 MINUTES The game had ended half an hour before, yet the Original Celtics were still barricaded in their dressing room. Members of the greatest team in basketball history were as long-faced as if they had just lost instead of won their twenty-fifth straight. "Hurry up, Joe!" they yelled nervously to their center, who was using the only available shower: a single faucet in a rusty sink.

Though it happened almost a quarter of a century ago, Joe Lapchick recalls this as if it were just last week. "Our pulses were pounding, and not from the evening's exercise. Unfortunately we had made the mistake of beating the home team in this western Pennsylvania mining town by too big a score, and so the townies hammering on our clubhouse door wanted to autograph our faces with their knuckles. Instead of leaving the building like conquering heroes, we had to creep out through a secret exit Nat Holman found for us—the toilet window."

Today ensconced as coach of the New York Knickerbockers, playing in the National Basketball Association, Lapchick feels no disloyalty toward his heroic Celtic buddies in admitting the modern game has it all over the "good old days." Joe now points to big payrolls, unimpeachable referees, top-speed attacks, standardized courts, freshly laundered uniforms, brilliant lighting, streamlined rules, and (shades of the Celtics!) the luxury of blithely scoring all you can.

Photo by Alexander Archer

moved from back-street gyms to such big arenas as this.

Lanky Lapchick is equally zealous in the perennial pro vs. college controversy. Here, too, he has had experience on both sides of the fence, for he coached St. John's University 11 seasons before switching to the Knicks. Says Joe: "There's no comparison. Less than two dozen pro clubs have the pick of the finest graduating talent of about two thousand college teams, so it stands to reason we have more class on our squads. School spirit may be a fine incentive, but so is the American dollar, and you'll find morale high throughout the play-for-pay ranks."

Lapchick is too modest to drum-beat this fact, but metropolitan scribes know that his Knicks in pre-season scrimmages regularly swamp the New York City colleges, whose teams are among the best in the nation.

Augmenting the Shangri-La aura of modern major-league basketball, their peak performers are watched by peak crowds throughout the nation. Attendances in 17 league cities range up to 20,000 a night.

This NBA prosperity is no overnight miracle. Nor is it the culmination of a smooth evolutionary process. Even after avoiding the pitfalls and dead-end roads that ruined preceding pro leagues, this new circuit had to survive franchise crises, player raids, interleague warfare, and assorted growing pains.

Everybody likes to hear details of a success story. In the case of the NBA the explanation can best be tabbed as dollars-and-sense. First came "cash" in the framework of the largest indoor arenas in America, available to pros as home courts for the first time in history. Next came "common sense" in the form of responsible administration, expert scouting, liberal contracts, clever promotion, and a daring concept that the rules must be tempered to playing personnel and fan interest instead of vice versa.

Nor should you overlook gimmicks like "territorial rights" which give NBA clubs first call on the greatest college senior in each respective area.

Another real lode is the regular clinic program run by most teams. They send out two or three regular players to schools, YMCAs, settlement houses, etc., to lecture kids on basketball technique. The players don their uniforms to illustrate their lessons. They're also armed with movies (of the pro games) to show the ever-eager audience. It all adds up to fine missionary work for the game of basketball, as well as invaluable good will for the respective clubs, later plowed back as gate receipts for future games.

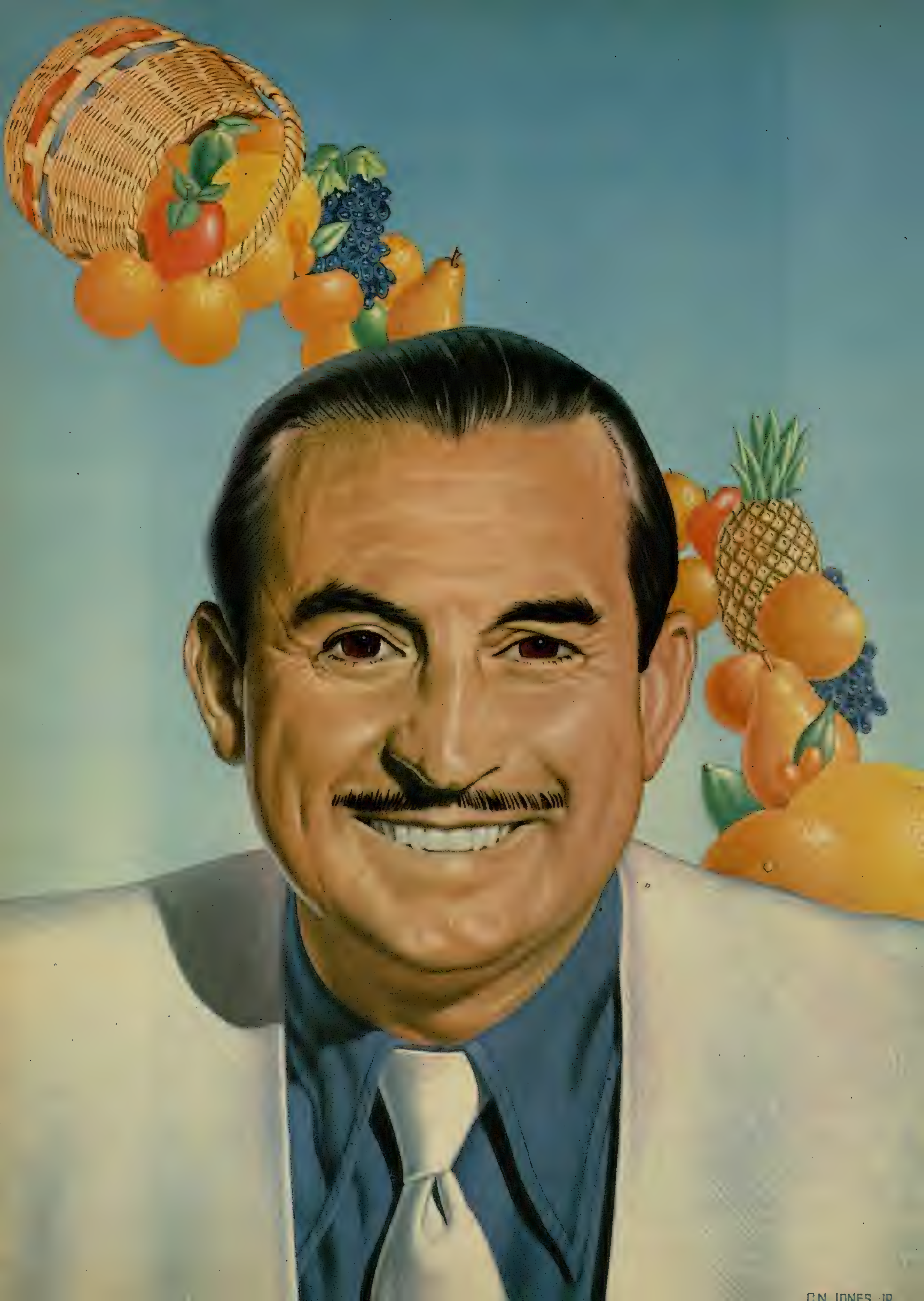
Examine the corpses of the half-dozen-odd pro leagues that have expired since the turn of the century, and you'll find the fatal wound was always dealt by some evil stemming directly from poor league administration. But administration is the NBA's strong point.

The pros have had many legendary teams over the years, like the Buffalo Germans, Original Celtics, and Harlem Renaissance quintets. These would tour the country and win about 95 per cent of their games. Yet there were never enough outstanding teams as contemporaries to form a solid league. Nearly all the players had outside interests.

The chief evil was the common caprice of footloose players. Leagues were lax in enforcing affiliations, so the same player would appear in different uniforms (and use different names) in the same town during a season. Fans

*(Continued on page 72)*

The administrative genius behind the NBA is stocky, silver-haired Maurice Podoloff, who used dollars and sense to make pro basketball a successful sport.


C.N. JONES JR.

# BROOKLYN'S GIFT TO THE ORANGE GROVES

### By BEVERLEY OWEN

**READING TIME 10 MINUTES** Out of the Miami suburb of Little River recently came a rude and startling question aimed at all Americans:

“Are you cutting your throat with your tongue?”

It was a business-plus-family man speaking—Henry Cobbs, bantamweight fate-fighter, who in 15 years parlayed a ten-dollar bill into an international fruit-and-jam industry with an annual gross of more than two million.

Cobbs' voice, using advertising ink as a loudspeaker, reached across the country, rebounded from a Presidential sounding board in the White House and echoed through newspaper columns.

“If you don't want to talk us into a depression,” Cobbs shouted, “then keep your big flannel mouths shut!”

**In 15 years Henry Cobbs of Florida parlayed a ten-dollar bill into an international fruit-and-jam business**

The caustic injunction, blared in a Miami newspaper, needed little explanation. In praising Cobbs' blast against loose mouthings, President Truman put all that could be said by way of benediction in a short letter. It required only a couple of paragraphs of Eleanor Roosevelt's simple phrasing to underline the Cobbsian warning. Tide Magazine slapped on the seal of business journalism in hailing Henry's outburst as a peak performance in morale building.

These high-level tributes helped the one-man war on wailing, but the force of the fruit-and-jelly merchant's crusade for national self-gagging may be appraised best against the background of his own personality and record. Many of the uncountable citizens who caught the message no doubt said, “Me shut my mouth? Who says so—who's Cobbs?”

Nobody in Florida asks because “Cobbs” in a neon scroll is as well known in the palm-tree state as the name of a baby syrup on the barns of thousands of rural counties. He is hailed as Brooklyn's gift to the orange groves and as the millionaire-messiah of a problem-bound basic industry.

Along the trade lanes of the nation Cobbs is a prize specimen of what many dolefully regard as the real vanishing American—the business individualist who runs on rails of his own casting and manages to stick on the track.

While granting a trace of arrogance in Cobbs' make-up, there is no boasting; indeed, he contemplates his business and social experience with humility. He denies there is anything unique or supernatural in the pyramiding of ten dollars to a million or in the philosophy of faith the President commended. Both, he says, reflect the time-honored, down-to-earth American way, which, if a little more crowded than it used to be, is still as free as ever to individual traffic.

“There are no red lights against ideas,” Cobbs reminds us. “Nor are there any laws against hard work, initiative, accuracy, and cultivating personality.” Getting ahead, he holds, is largely a matter of mental slant and an appetite for punishment. Slipping back 15 years, the record shows how such a recipe worked for him.

He was then in his thirties, small and muscular, with dark burning eyes, a pencil mustache, and a face of Hindu brown. Energy had been his main asset and he had spent it lavishly in trying to get his toes fixed in Florida's coral terrain. The Cobbs family of four had migrated from Brooklyn with the remnant of a jackpot Henry had hit by inventing a liquid-soap dispenser. A lot of it had gone down the stock-market drain, another slice slipped when he fancied himself as a Broadway impresario, and the Cobbses saw the last of it fade in the Florida slump when a mortgage company moved in on the Redlands orange grove on which they had staked high hopes of lush profits. Trained as a chemist, Henry turned to making insecticides, but a hurricane hurled his little plant into the ocean.

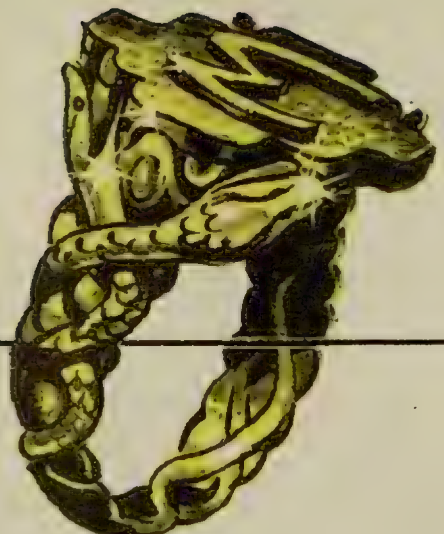
So when the American Legion trooped down the peninsula to Miami in 1934, the Cobbses' income for several years had never risen much above the problem of the next day's groceries. Henry had nursed expansive ideas about fruit and preserves but, lacking a break, they had remained as flat as the depression and as unpredictable as the tropical state itself.

Henry thought hard and fast and came up with the obvious turn. No matter what the Legion lads might lap up at night, come the dawn they would crave citrus juice. So he paid five precious dollars for a secondhand orange squeezer and set up a street bar by knocking the front out of the hole-in-the-wall jam-and-jelly shop he ran on Biscayne Boulevard. He laid out another two dollars for dime-store glasses.

Henry hauled oranges and limes during the night and began squeezing at the first peep of the November sun. His wife, not too robust, helped and the children Peggy and Jimmy made a romp of it. Leather-tongued revelers crowded five deep against the little white stand. It lacked running water and a rinsing sink and Henry wallowed in rinds, got citrus in his hair, in his nose. Raucous voices kidded him, called him “Juicy” and “Hurricane Hank,” laid bets on his skill in flipping coins over his shoulder into a basket.

At the end of the Legion frolic, Cobbs tallied a profit of $600—important money. He owed for rent, groceries, and fruit. Besides, the Cobbses needed a place with elbow room to prepare their products, having tested a score of jam and jelly varieties. He wanted to keep his flag of quality nailed to the mast. Merchants approved his merchandise but shied at the price; advised him to use cast-off fruit and go easy on sugar. But he stuck to his quality policy and began peddling his jams and marmalades among those Miami homes where *(Continued on page 70)*

Drawing by C. N. Jones, Jr.



# NO PLACE TO LAND

*By* ***HILLIARD WOLFE***

*It takes more than eyes of love*
*to see into a flying man's heart*

**Liberty** SHORT SHORT • • READING TIME 7 MINUTES

◆ Major Jack Morrison glanced at the overcast sky and wondered how long it would be before the thunderstorm would burst through. The air was hot and oppressive as he moved through the groups on the well-remembered campus. Some were new students, quick and eager for a new life. Others were older, like himself. They clustered together or walked in pairs, arm in arm. Some walked alone. It was much as in the old days.

"Jack!" He looked around sharply. Somewhere along the lane of flowered trees he heard the voice—familiar voice—of a girl. "Jack Morrison!"

She came to him, a slender brunette with a smile that was a little tired, with eyes that were not so bright as he had remembered.

"Jeannie!" he exclaimed. His thoughts moved quickly, and he covered them with a smile. "Jeannie Carter!" He wondered if there was a stiffness in his own smile, as there certainly was in hers.

"You seem much older, Jack."

"Five years make a lot of difference, Jeannie," he said, grinning down at her. "A lot of difference." There was an awkward pause; then he asked, in a voice he meant to be casual, "How's Carol, Jeannie?"

Carol's sister glanced along the walk as if she were looking for someone. "She's fine, Jack. She's at the inn." Yes. He had known she would be here this weekend. The words slipped from his lips: "Is she married?"

"No. . . . She *was* engaged, you know."

His mouth tightened slightly but the smile did not change. They talked lightly of trivial things. There were a hundred questions he wanted to ask, but he found himself shaking hands and saying good-by.

It was perfunctory and strained—definitely strained—Jack thought ruefully. Why, he wondered, as he made his way over to the Phi Gam house—why had he come back here at all? He had never been one of the rah-rah boys, to dash back to school at the drop of a banner and cry for the old days. What business had he here, really? And yet he had postponed the trip to Venezuela just to come back. Was Carol . . . ? He shook his head vigorously, annoyed at his own thoughts.

In the bar downstairs he found a few of the men he had known—Frank and Pete Moody, the touchdown twins; Dave Barton, who had been on the basketball squad a year before Jack; Frank Johnson and Bob Minton, talking about football scores. Frank's wife was there and Jack vaguely remembered her from a formal "Meet Jack Morrison, the best-known ace of them all."

It was stuffy in the small room and he found himself twisting his ring nervously as he searched the room with his eyes.

"What an unusual ring!" It was Bob Minton's wife, bending slightly forward, a little unsteady on her feet.

"Oh." He looked down at the ring, then moved his hands self-consciously. "It's guinea gold," he said. "A couple of us—fellow named Bill and I—flew up from Gusap. We got two of them from an old guy in the mines up at Wau and made them into rings with our insignia." *Fellow named Bill and I . . .* Suddenly he felt that he was being stifled by the smoke, the heat, the high shrill laughter, the babble of foolish voices; and he broke away and walked over to the window and rubbed a finger along the cool pane, watching the rain beat upon the outside.

A hand touched his shoulder. "Seen Carol, Jack?" said Frank Johnson with a friendly grin. Jack shook his head.

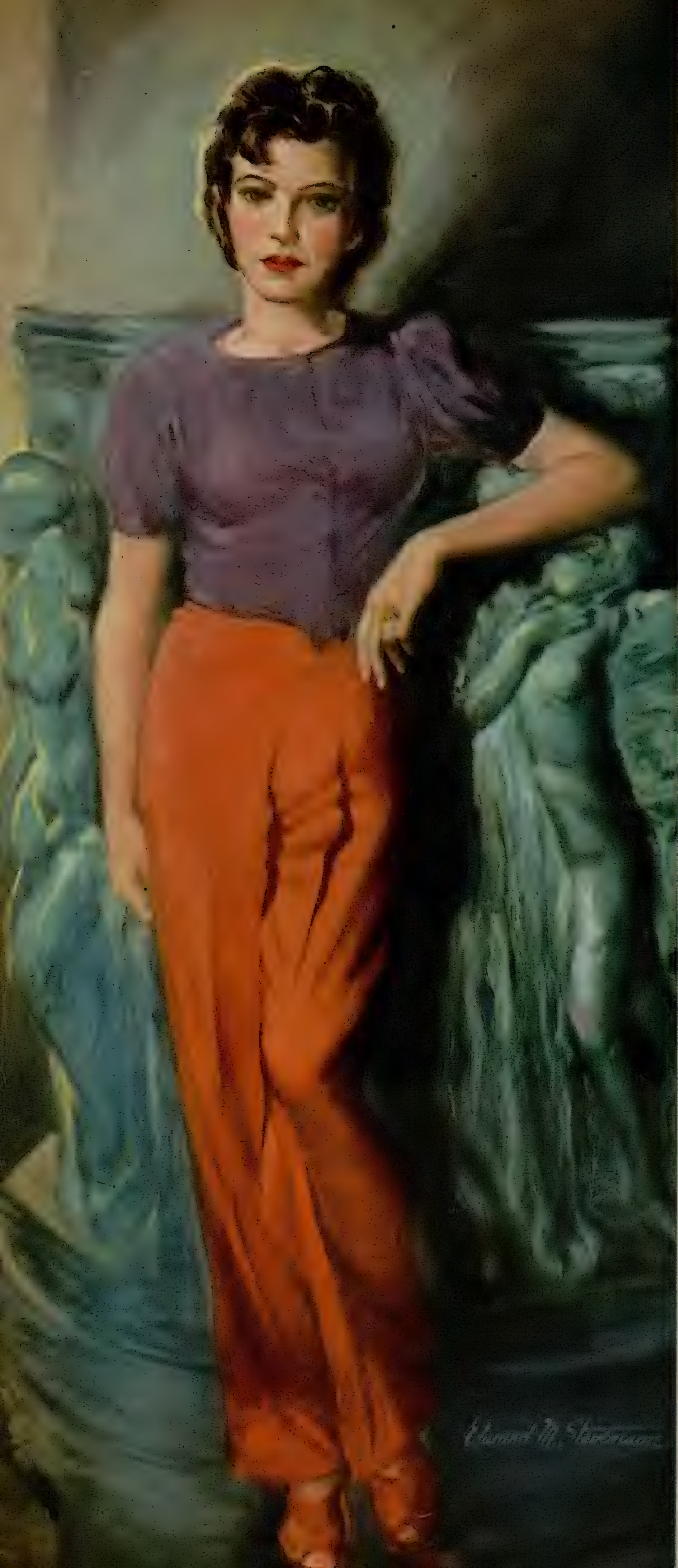
"She's around," said Frank. "Somewhere."

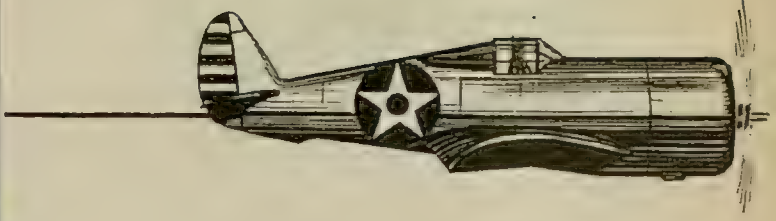
It was after the buffet supper that Jack saw her, standing alone. With a pang of regret, he wondered why he had not written. He had thought of her, talked about her, of course—every day. Yet he had not written; and often he had tried to analyze his reason. Was it because he had felt, almost subconsciously, that to write to her would have been to write away his freedom, letter by letter?

"Hello, Carol." Those eyes of hers. Deep, unfathomable.

"Jack! You old darling!" As he drew up a chair, she talked, and he found himself listening for a sign of constraint in her voice.

After supper he saw Carol standing alone. Those eyes of hers—deep, unfathomable. ▶





Their chatter was idle, aimless. Carol asked nothing about the war, for which he was grateful. It was over—four years of it—and the things you got out of it were gone—gone with the screaming whistles of Jap planes and that last white flash when he had yelled senselessly, "Bill! My God, look out!"

Bill had gone down, twisting and turning with a plume of black smoke trailing. And Jack had gone down after the Jap Zero, hammering slugs at it until the frail shell had seemed to fall apart like a broken ash in midair.

That was the ending everyone expected—and avoided mention of—during the hot nights at Dobadura and Nadzab, when they sat under the mosquito nets and talked away the hours. Jack had talked. He had told Bill all about Carol. But Bill, strangely quiet as always, had listened and had nothing to say. He never talked much about the people back home, and Jack had thought that perhaps Bill had been disappointed over a woman.

Then, after Bill went down in flames, Jack shipped all Bill's belongings home to his mother. The ring, a duplicate of his own, was carefully packed with a letter to Bill's mother. It was a tough thing to do, but Jack had written as understanding a letter as he possibly could to Mrs. Barnes.

"How does it feel to come home a hero, Jack?" Carol's smile took any sting out of her words, and he found himself looking at her

Illustrated by Edward M. Stevenson

## NO PLACE TO LAND

*Continued*

cool, smooth forehead as she brushed back her hair. With a start he noticed the ring, the ring of gold, on the significant finger of her left hand. He put his hand into his coat pocket and, carefully, with his thumb and little finger, slipped off his own ring. He did not answer her question, but said instead, "Congratulations, Carol," looking at her hand.

"Oh." She took off the ring and handed it to him. "I'm not married or engaged. It's just something to remind me I'm an old maid." She smiled wistfully at him. "I'm awfully glad you're back, Jack. Will you be here long?"

Will I be here long? he thought, looking down into her face. "I've been offered a place in Venezuela with one of the air lines," he said.

Was there just a trace of shadow in her eyes as she smiled at him?

"It's been a long time, Jack." For an instant he knew there was a shadow. "I waited a year, you know . . . and when I didn't hear from you . . ."

"I'm not much of a letter man," he said. "Those army flying camps didn't leave much time for anything but flying." Flying and thinking and wondering. With the tugging inside, the constant, antithetical tugging—the pull for home, the tug for freedom—for freedom, for home. . . .

"Jack." Loving eyes, hearthside, tenderly calling. Suddenly he heard, high overhead, the drone of a mighty plane throbbing its way through the thick night, heading away, heading away. . . .

He got up abruptly.

As he walked along the driveway in a rain that had subsided into a drizzle, he reached into his pocket. Whistling, he pulled out his hand, cocked his arm, and a glittering object sailed far out toward a clump of bushes.

"Flaps up, Bill," he murmured. "We've got plenty of flying time and no place to land." ◆ ◆

# Asthma Sufferers Breathe Again

### By MARGARET L. SMITH

Asthmatics from New York to California and from Canada to South America flock to Biloxi, Mississippi, to find health at the Gay Asthma Clinic

[*Editor's Note: Liberty offers this article as a report to its readers on what the Gay Asthma Clinic is doing for asthma sufferers. While Liberty naturally does not endorse or recommend the clinic, we have on hand statements from former patients praising it very highly.*]

READING TIME 8 MINUTES The Gays do better than build the best mousetrap: they cure asthma. And along the Old Spanish Trail, curving with the Gulf of Mexico between Biloxi and Gulfport, the world—the fortunate part of it that knows about the Gay Asthma Clinic—is beating the proverbial pathway to their door.

We found the door the hard way. Asthma had reduced my father to invalidism. Every breath was a battle. He was the color of lead from lack of oxygen, and so weak that he could not unbutton his shirt. Racked by violent coughing as soon as the sun went down, he could not sleep. He could not take nourishment except through a straw. He was a skeleton, barely kept going by shots of adrenalin.

After a second trip to the hospital for an oxygen tent and a course of "miracle drugs," with no results beyond temporary relief, our telephone began to ring.

"Take him to the Gay Clinic!" came the chorus, and each call added more testimony about what the Drs. Gay could do for asthma.

None of the dozen doctors who had worked on my father's case from the allergy, infection, and psychosomatic angles had suggested the Gay Clinic. We wondered.

Then we checked with a surgeon, a friend of the family. His reaction was positive: "Take him to the Gays immediately. They are the only doctors I ever heard of who *cure* asthma. If I had it, I'd go to Biloxi, if I had to crawl!"

◆

We did not crawl. We had my father in Dr. Elmer Gay's office within 24 hours. Dr. Gay made no promises (he admits that he can do nothing if a focal infection, a persistent bacterial infection of some organ or region, as a tonsil or root of a tooth, is the cause of the trouble); just said he'd try. But what he tried was all right. My father was on his feet in five days, and now he is leading a normal life.

One woman came to the clinic so weak that her husband had to carry her in his arms. After a few days of treatment she was taking walks along the beach. A bishop's wife, whose case had been given up as hopeless by three leading clinics, went to the Gays in desperation. Now she is doing all the things that a bishop's wife has to do—including housework.

Not all cases are so dramatic. But from New York to California, from Canada to South America, asthmatics of all ages, shapes, and sizes come to see the Drs. Gay. They come fighting for breath. But after a week to ten days of observation and treatment they go home rejoicing—and cured. For them it is a miracle to breathe again, and they use their breath to tell their friends.

There are nearly three million asthmatics in the United States, of whom about one million are children. Though some young people outgrow it, most adults with asthma are victims for life.

The beginnings of the Gay Clinic started about 30 years ago, when Dr. Fred Gay and his wife, Dr. Emma von G. Gay, moved from Illinois to Mississippi and put all their medical skill and will power into the task of curing an asthmatic member of their family. Experimentation with an ever-increasing number of patients yielded results. Now they have three nephews—Drs. Elmer Gay, A. J. Vandergrind, and M. W. Smith—working in the clinic with them. Though their treatment is fairly standardized, they adapt it to each individual, and experimentation continues. When we left, they were looking forward to working on their first case of miner's asthma.

◆

Now in their seventies, Dr. Fred and Dr. Emma are as keen as ever for medical research and community affairs. Dr. Fred, an ardent fisherman, is a member of the school board. His wife is a power in the W.C.T.U. and district chairman for the cancer drive. Their friendly personalities are reflected in the whole atmosphere of the clinic, a low, yellow brick building with porch and flowers.

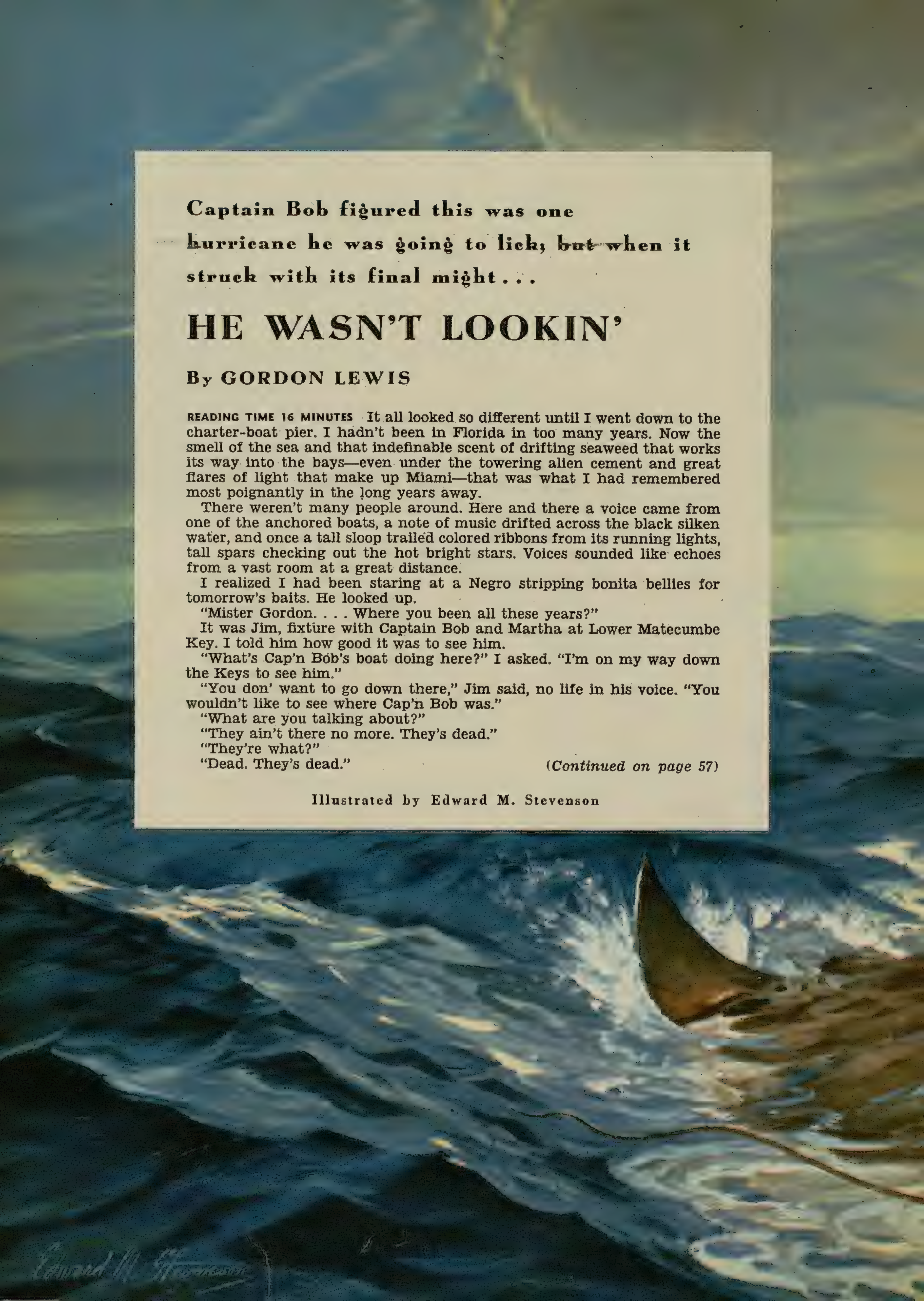
Dr. Elmer Gay is in charge of the clinic. His sympathetic, good-humored manner and quiet competence disarm the crankiest patient. Though greatly overworked, Dr. Elmer has an air of vast leisure. In his office there is none of the business of hustling off one patient to make room for the next.

"Some doctors say we are quacks," said Dr. Elmer Gay. "All I know is that they use orthodox methods of treating asthma and do not get results. We use unorthodox methods and do get results."

By way of proof he can point to the head of a big New York clinic who came to him jeering and wheezing, and left cheering and breathing normally.

Why isn't the Gay asthma treatment a standard medical practice, available to millions of sufferers? The Gays don't talk, but their admirers do. Some doctors think that the Gays don't trust the average physician to adjust the treatment to the patient. Plain citizens on the streets of Biloxi say that the Gays have refused millions from drug firms to patent their most original prescription because they do not want to see the public exploited and overcharged.

The movie mogul pays the same $100 as the coal miner. That $100 covers a physical examination, prescribed treatment, and then a daily check-up of chest, heart, elimination, and weight, with corresponding changes in medication. After a (*Continued on page 51*)



Captain Bob figured this was one hurricane he was going to lick; but when it struck with its final might . . .

# HE WASN'T LOOKIN'

### By GORDON LEWIS

**READING TIME 16 MINUTES** It all looked so different until I went down to the charter-boat pier. I hadn't been in Florida in too many years. Now the smell of the sea and that indefinable scent of drifting seaweed that works its way into the bays—even under the towering alien cement and great flares of light that make up Miami—that was what I had remembered most poignantly in the long years away.

There weren't many people around. Here and there a voice came from one of the anchored boats, a note of music drifted across the black silken water, and once a tall sloop trailed colored ribbons from its running lights, tall spars checking out the hot bright stars. Voices sounded like echoes from a vast room at a great distance.

I realized I had been staring at a Negro stripping bonita bellies for tomorrow's baits. He looked up.

"Mister Gordon. . . . Where you been all these years?"

It was Jim, fixture with Captain Bob and Martha at Lower Matecumbe Key. I told him how good it was to see him.

"What's Cap'n Bob's boat doing here?" I asked. "I'm on my way down the Keys to see him."

"You don' want to go down there," Jim said, no life in his voice. "You wouldn't like to see where Cap'n Bob was."

"What are you talking about?"

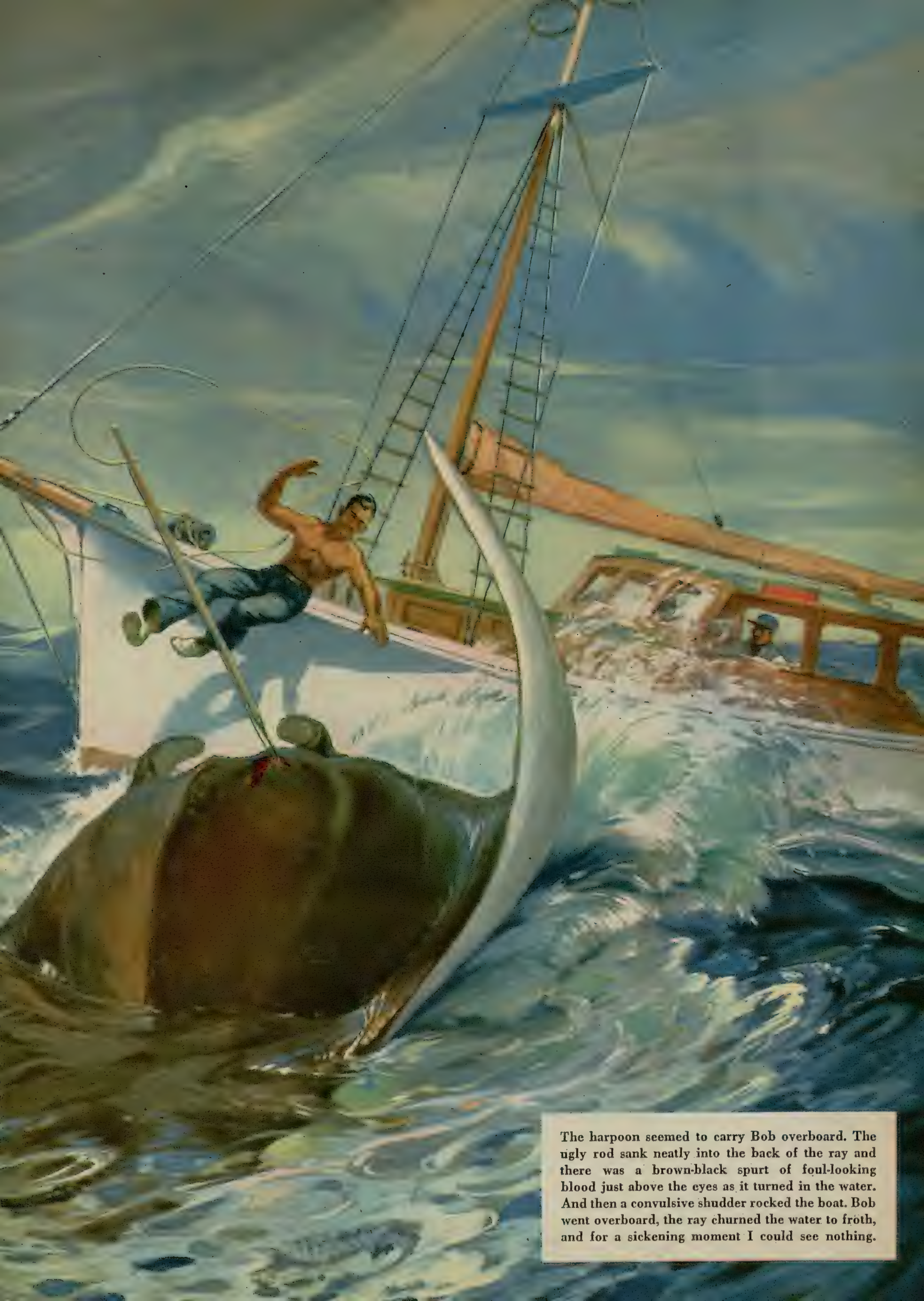
"They ain't there no more. They's dead."

"They're what?"

"Dead. They's dead."

(*Continued on page 57*)

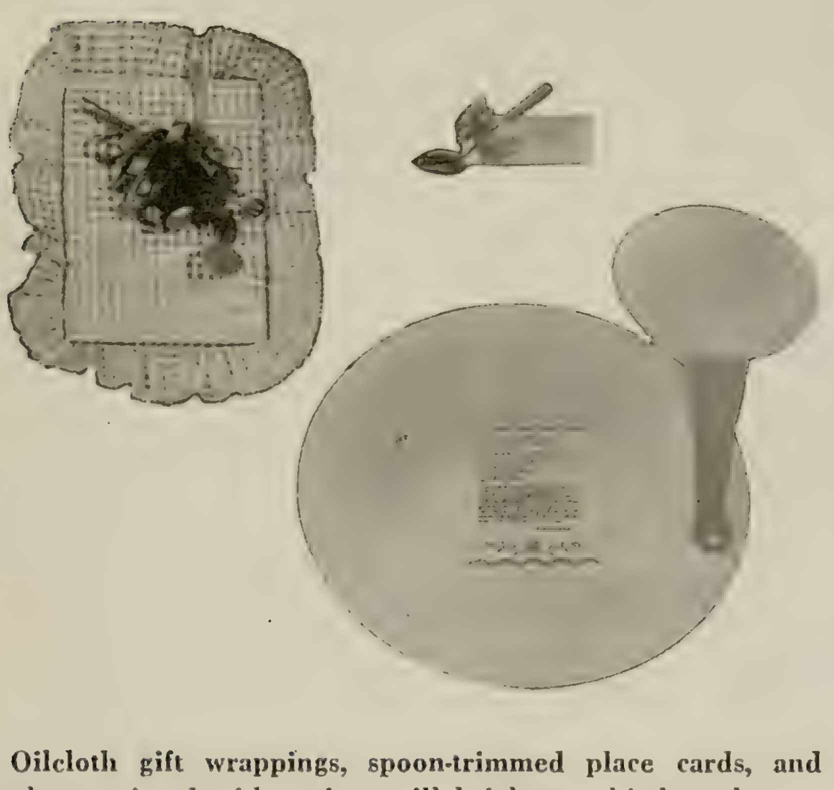
Illustrated by Edward M. Stevenson



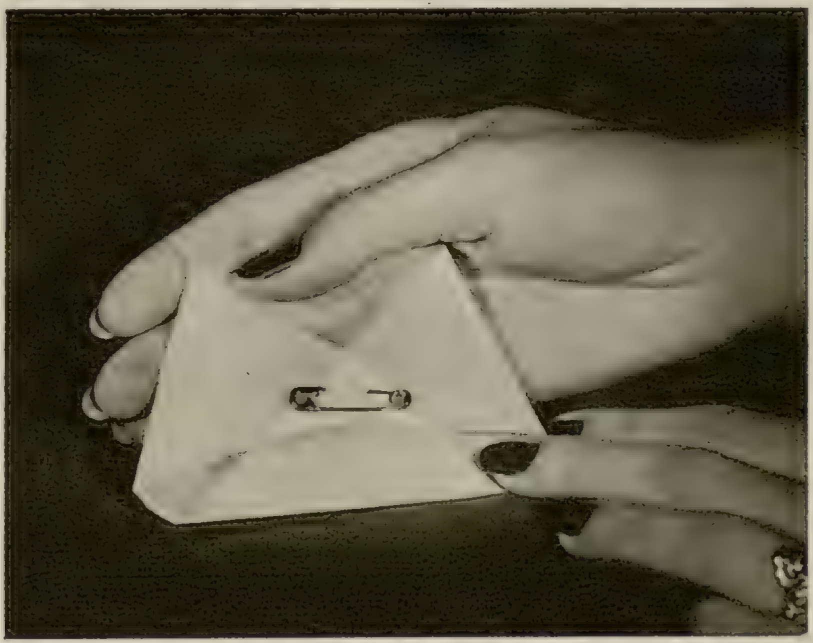
The harpoon seemed to carry Bob overboard. The ugly rod sank neatly into the back of the ray and there was a brown-black spurt of foul-looking blood just above the eyes as it turned in the water. And then a convulsive shudder rocked the boat. Bob went overboard, the ray churned the water to froth, and for a sickening moment I could see nothing.

Gift Wrapping

Joan Marsh (center) with two attractive customers. Dancer Ann Miller (left) and Actress Betty Garrett.

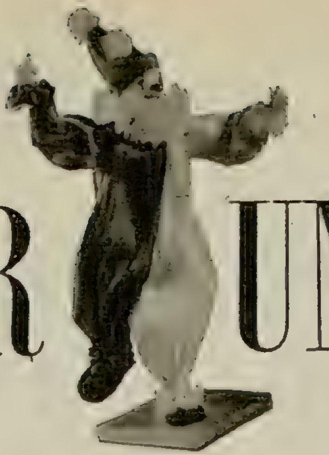


Oilcloth gift wrappings, spoon-trimmed place cards, and plates printed with recipes will brighten a kitchen shower.



For a baby shower given by Ann Sothern and Andrea Howard, Joan Marsh designed diaper invitations, complete with pin.

# PAPER UNLIMITED



By **ELIZABETH WILSON**

*A friend told ex-movie star Joan Marsh that she could make anything out of paper. She took him up on it and now has a shop that will make your eyes pop*

**READING TIME 7 MINUTES** Recently a car bearing a New York license pulled up in front of a small shop at 314 South La Cienega, Los Angeles, a section better known for its charcoal broils and French fries than for its shops. A woman got out of the car and entered the shop. "I'm from Buffalo," she told the manager, "and this is my first trip to Los Angeles. They told me back home that there are two things I must see—the Farmers Market and Paper Unlimited."

It was then that Joan Marsh, who starred in the movies in the '30s, knew that businesswise she had arrived. For Paper Unlimited (everything in paper for the home) is Joan's baby. Since she and her husband, John Morrill, set up shop in March, 1948, she has supplied paper novelties of all sorts to movie celebrities and has become a sort of Mrs. Anthony of the paper business. Party givers come to her with their problems.

Paper Unlimited stocks everything from nut cups to pocketbooks and Venetian blinds. All made of paper, of course. Personalized cocktail napkins can be delivered on 24 hours' notice. Most expensive item in the shop is a 9-by-12 rug that is guaranteed not to go up in flames if a guest carelessly drops a lighted cigarette on it. Cheapest thing is a one-and-a-half-cent paper plate.

Paper ash trays and paper pans are the most eye-popping to a shopper making his first visit to the store. Most striking items are handmade paper centerpieces. Most popular are paper gift wraps.

Shoppers at Paper Unlimited find everything on one floor. That is because Joan remembered that whenever she had shopped for paper things in a department store, she was likely to find paper napkins in the basement, fancy wrapping paper on the mezzanine, and have to take a trip to an upper floor to buy so simple a thing as a bridge pad.

"So why," Joan asked herself, "can't paper be centralized—all on one floor, all in one room and no elevators?"

And that's the way it is at Paper Unlimited. The store is divided into ten sections: gift wrapping, monograms, party, outdoor, household, utility, hostess, gifts, stationery, cards. There is an atmosphere of leisurely graciousness in the shop. You can take all day to select a five-cent birthday card if you like, and Joan will gladly take time to prove to you that the paper drapes don't blaze. They have been treated, as have many *(Continued on page 71)*

Photos by Bob Wallace

Marian
loves Joe

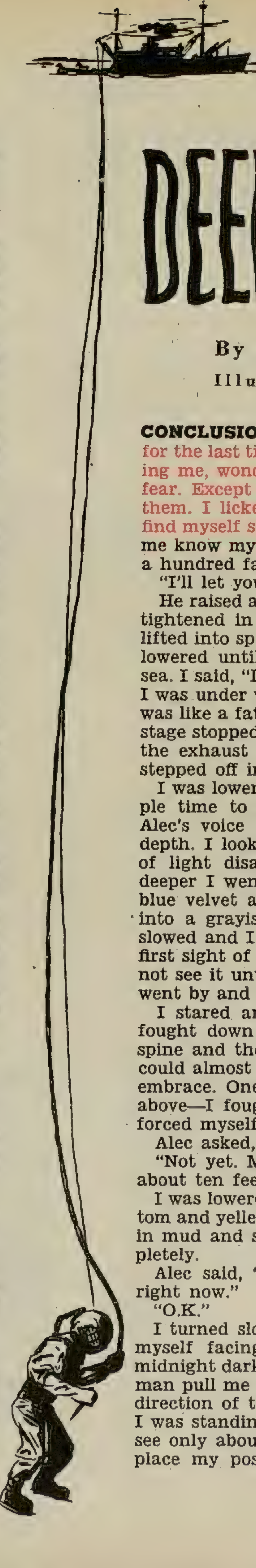
Cellophane nut cups, mailbox place cards, champagne-goblet decorations, engagement napkins are all made of paper.

Shower rental pieces are a Joan Marsh service. The pink paper bassinet costs $2, and the curled paper stork, $1.50.

# DEEP SALVAGE

By H. VERNOR DIXON

Illustrated by Ric Grasso



## SYNOPSIS

PART I

**PART I:** Red Donnelly had died diving on the torpedoed S. S. Vega in one hundred fathoms. I, Jim Bradley, suspected foul play and determined to carry on my friend's work.

Sam Wise, Red's lawyer, and Lieutenant Riley of Homicide agreed to help me. But Thomas O'Keefe, owner of the Vega, Mark Chandler of the Atlas Marine Insurance Company, and his son Gary were opposed to my trying to salvage the cargo of copper and the $36,000 in the captain's safe. Even Pat O'Keefe, Tom's younger daughter, begged me not to dive.

Then there was Karen O'Keefe Chandler, Gary's wife. She made an obvious play for me, which was unnecessary—and suspicious; the more so when, as she and I were driving from the Marine Insurance Building, a shot was fired that came unpleasantly close to my head.

At my hotel that night, Pete Jeffers, Red's pier caretaker, phoned me to come to a certain saloon; he had something to tell me. When I got there, I found he had been murdered. Across the street I saw Pat O'Keefe in a car, and met her brother-in-law, Gary Chandler. She was terribly frightened when I told her of the murder and of my resolve to carry on Red Donnelly's work, and begged me not to.

PART II

**PART II:** Though the Japs had torpedoed the Vega, the O'Keefes and Chandlers had certainly prospered since that event. Returning to my hotel after lunching with Karen, I found Pat there. Among other things, she told me Red had a girl, Irma Gibson, a cocktail waitress. I finally located her in a flat on Nob Hill. She admitted being Red's friend, but that was all. With a threat of cops and a charge of vagrancy, I told her she'd better be at my hotel the next day. On my way back, and not far from the hotel, I was set upon by two thugs, but I put up a good enough fight and chased them. I went to my room and found Wise and Riley there, playing gin.

**PART III:** I told Sam Wise and Lieutenant Riley of the fracas, and they came around to my hunch that Red's death had not been an accident, not when one took into account Jeffers' murder, the attempt to shoot me, and this last attack. They told me there had been a fire on Red's trawler, but not much damage was done. It had happened while Pat and I were dining together! But I couldn't suspect her of being mixed up in all this dirty work.

Pat phoned me to say that Red's relief diver, Alec Browning, was in town. I quickly hired him. She also invited me to her home. O'Keefe and the Chandlers were there. When I said I thought whoever was trying to prevent my boarding the Vega was in that room, Gary tried to knock me down; but I laid him out cold.

PART III

The following day I was arrested "for unprovoked assault on Gary Chandler." Riley got me out, and introduced me to Frank Barton, Coast Guard officer and U. S. marshal. He was to be a member of my crew. Riley told me Mark Chandler was paying Irma Gibson's bills; also that O'Keefe had chartered a yacht, so I was likely to have company on my job.

The second day at sea, my engineer said someone had put sugar in a fuel tank. Who? I myself had hired every man, even Alec Browning, and Pat had put me in touch with him.

We located the Vega on the third day. I prepared to make the first dive. Knowing there was a saboteur aboard, cold sweat covered my forehead when Alec Browning snapped: "All set?"

**CONCLUSION** READING TIME 30 MINUTES I looked for the last time at the crewmen curiously watching me, wondering which was the man I had to fear. Except for Barton, it could be any one of them. I licked my dry lips and was startled to find myself saying, "O.K. Let's go. Be sure and let me know my time on the bottom. I can't stay at a hundred fathoms more than twenty minutes."

"I'll let you know," promised Alec.

He raised a hand to the winchman, a hard knot tightened in my stomach and the diving stage lifted into space, swung over the water, and then lowered until I was standing chest-deep in the sea. I said, "Down," and the sky disappeared and I was under water and the bottom of the trawler was like a fat black dirigible above my head. The stage stopped at twenty feet down and I adjusted the exhaust valve to the correct pressure, then stepped off into watery space.

I was lowered slowly in the sea, giving me ample time to adjust pressures as I went down. Alec's voice droned in my ears, giving me the depth. I looked up and watched the refractions of light disappear and the water darken the deeper I went and turn to twilight and then a blue velvet and, at eighty fathoms, shading off into a grayish blue-black. Rate of descent was slowed and I kept my eyes turned down for the first sight of the wreck, though knowing I would not see it until actually upon it. Ninety fathoms went by and then I was stopped at a hundred.

I stared around in the darkly quiet sea and fought down the fear that was tingling in my spine and the wild desire to get out of there. I could almost feel the sea caressing me in a fatal embrace. One false move from one of the men above—I fought it out of my mind and finally forced myself to relax.

Alec asked, "No sign?"

"Not yet. Maybe I've missed it. Let me down about ten feet or so."

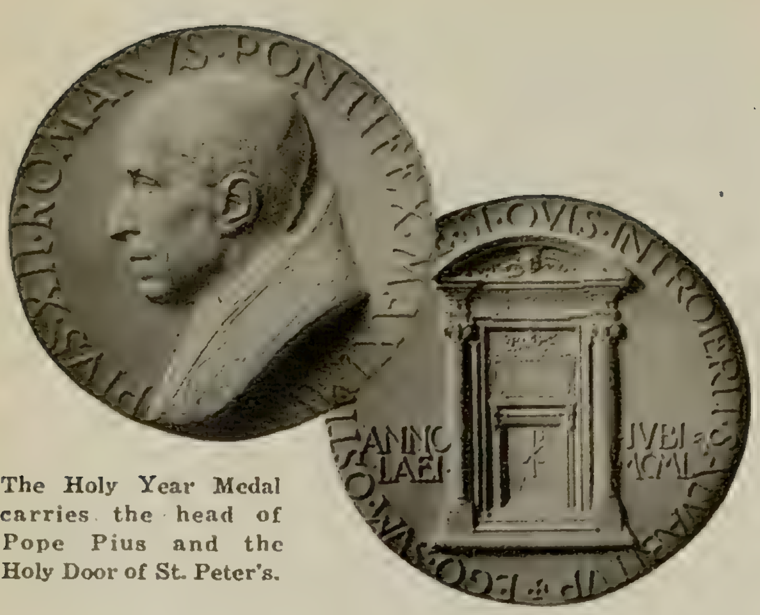
I was lowered again and suddenly bumped bottom and yelled to stop and found myself standing in mud and sand. I had missed the wreck completely.

Alec said, "I'm starting your twenty minutes right now."

"O.K."

I turned slowly around in the mud and found myself facing a rising wall blacker than the midnight darkness of the water. I had the winchman pull me up a few fathoms, swing me in the direction of the wall, and then lower me again. I was standing on the deck of the Vega. I could see only about eight or nine feet, not enough to place my position. I

(*Continued on page 38*)



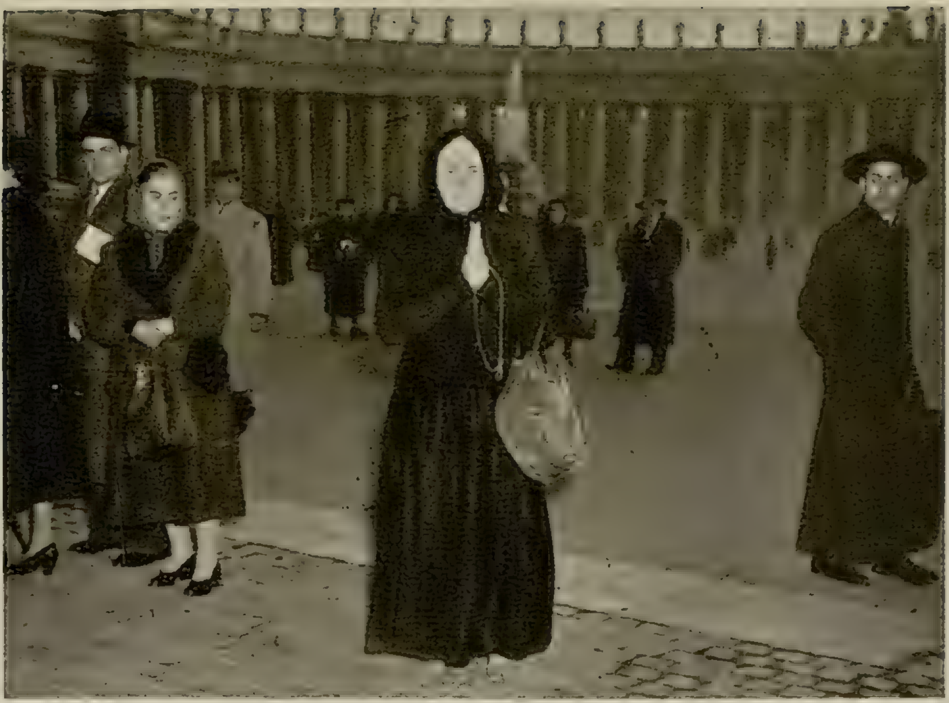
The Holy Year Medal carries the head of Pope Pius and the Holy Door of St. Peter's.

# ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME

*Modern-day pilgrims are using everything from primitive carts to airliners to reach the Eternal City in this Holy Year of 1950*

◆ In mode of travel lies the most striking difference between the early pilgrimages to Rome and the present one. The first pilgrimage, in 1300, was simply a spontaneous migration of devout believers, who made the tortuous journey from all over Europe mainly by foot. True, in this Holy Year of 1950, pilgrims are still making their way to Rome by precisely the same means. Many of the faithful, in fact, prefer to walk as an act of devotion. Many of them could not make the journey otherwise. Yet the greatest number of the 4,000,000 Catholic worshipers, as well as non-Catholic visitors, who will visit the Eternal City this year, will arrive via the planes, ships, trains and automobiles of our mechanical civilization. And since for many of them the trip is a once-in-a-lifetime journey, not only will they pour into the Basilica of St. Peter's but they'll sight-see in Rome's numerous shrines and relics of Roman antiquity; in the museums, shops and public buildings of the modern city along the Tiber. In religious devotion, however, the Catholic of today differs not at all from his fellow believer of earlier times. Down through centuries of Holy Years, the rewards of the pilgrims to Rome have been the most enduring and best of all . . . the rewards of the spirit. Always the Holy Years have brought about a renewal of faith and a stronger unity among Catholics in all the countries of the world.

Photos by Acme, Wide World, Holisher-Black Star

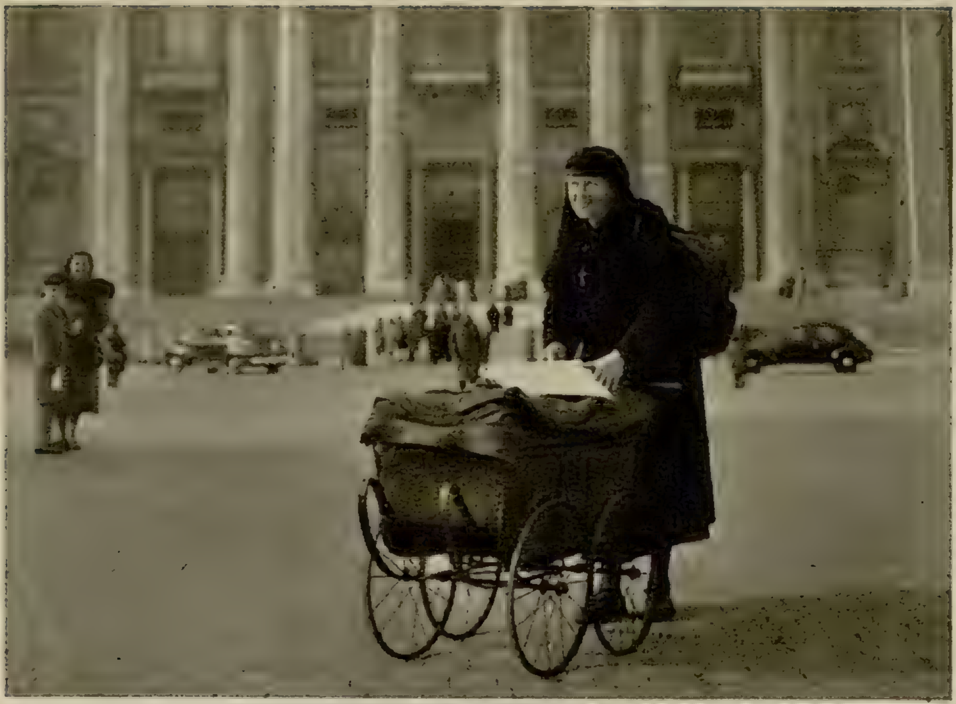


Though pilgrims from all over the world are no unusual sight in Rome this year, a devout peasant woman praying in St. Peter's Square garners curious stares from near-by pedestrians because of her bare feet.

LA BENEDIZIONE DEL SANTO PADRE

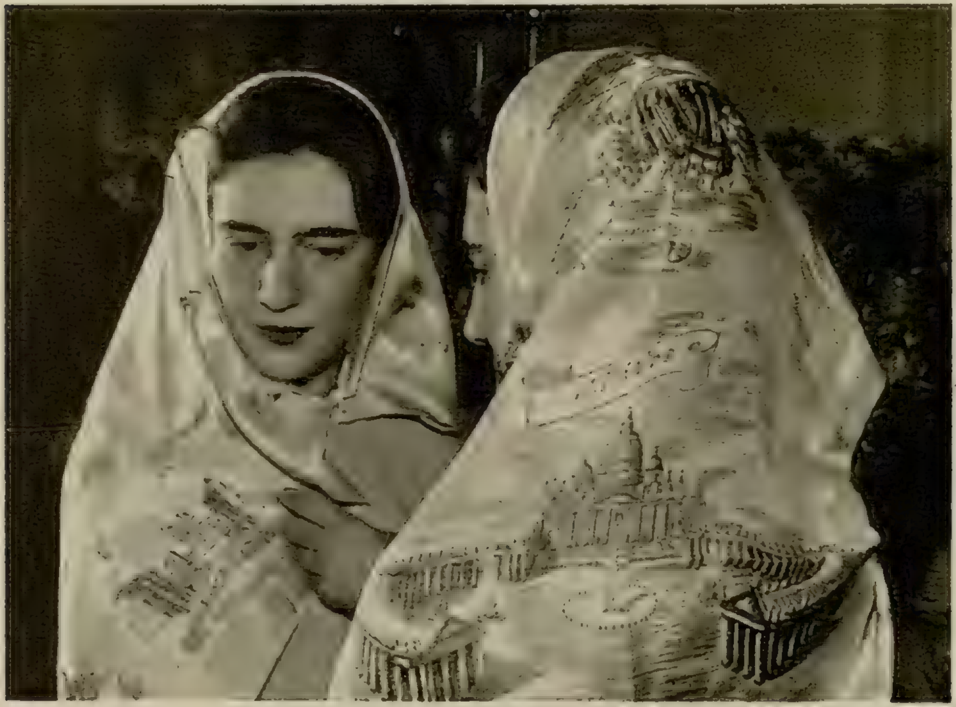
Faithful Catholics from every country, who were unable to be present for the Papal blessing in St. Peter's Basilica at the opening of the Holy Year, can receive the benediction from this special recording.

These nuns who restore old tapestries, flags and altar cloths in the Papal Tapestry Workshop, patiently select the correct shade of thread to match the original of one of Raphael's famous tapestries.



On October 7, Paolina Irma Vanhamme, 60, left Brussels, Belgium, on her third journey by foot to Rome to attend the opening of the 1950 Holy Year. She pushed a baby carriage full of luggage and food.

Two pilgrims from Turin cool their weary feet in St. Peter's Square. They wore out two pairs of shoes apiece, had an audience with the Pope and returned home as they came, on foot.

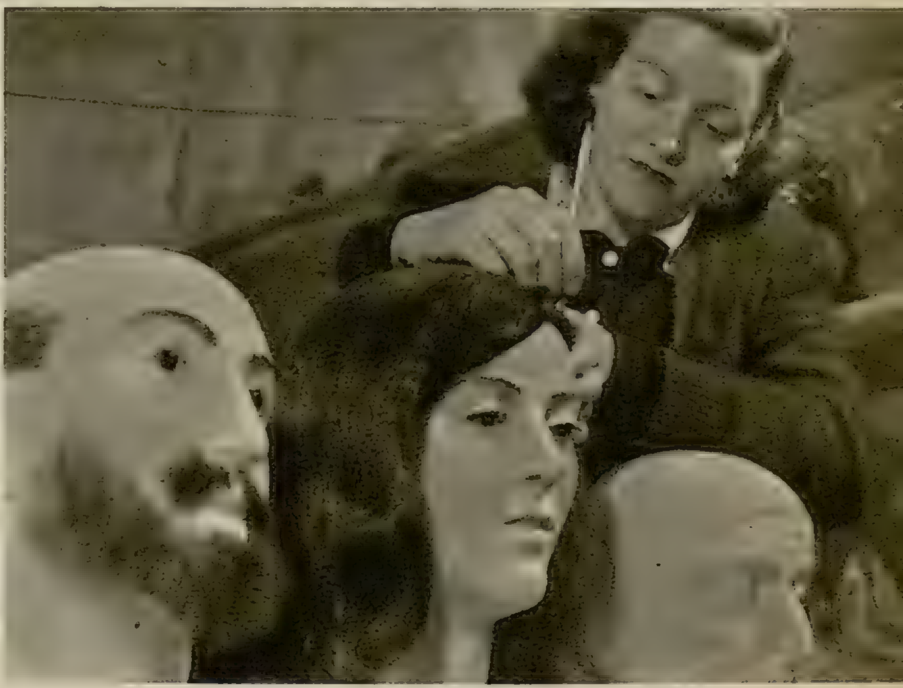


An Italian girl models one of the religious souvenir scarfs which are available in Rome during this Holy Year, which is expected to set a record for the sale of rosaries, crucifixes and holy medals.

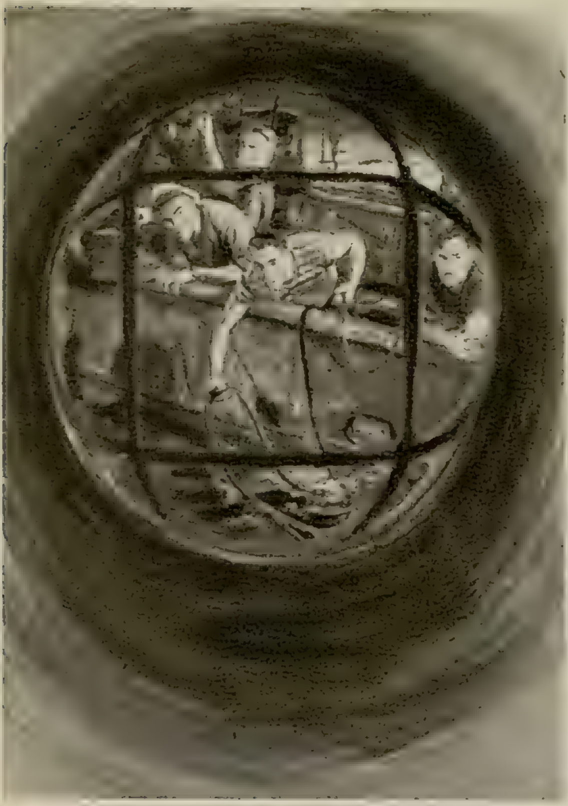
AÑO SANTO
PILGRIM'S PRAYER BOOK

Visitors to Rome during 1950 receive an identification booklet, a guide to Rome and a pilgrim's prayer book. All of the books are printed in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian.

An employee of an Italian foundry working on the silver-and-ivory hammer, designed by Roman sculptor Aurelio Mistruzzi, with which Pius XII opened the Holy Door in the first ceremony of Holy Year.



A hair stylist works on the hair of a wax Italian saint, one of 150 life-sized figures depicting 21 episodes of Christian history, arranged for pilgrims at the Catholic Wax Museum in Rome.



moved slowly sideways and came against the bulwarks. I moved ahead a bit, and there was a lifeboat davit before me. I felt around until I had found the lowering gear and then was able to place myself on the port deck facing forward.

I gave my position above and had them winch the trawler in line with the wreck, so that after that positions could be construed relative to the trawler itself. Alec gave me ten more minutes, so I moved cautiously forward along the deck and then ran into an arm of the superstructure affording a cover over the port deck. I knew, then, exactly where I was—on the aft deck. I couldn't risk fouling my lines in the superstructure, so climbed up on the bulwarks and made my way around the superstructure arm by crawling along the outside of the ship. Then I lowered myself down to the foredeck just as Alec said, "Five minutes."

I crossed the deck to the cabin structure and found steel rungs leading up to the wheelhouse and bridge. Then I untied the guide line and secured it firmly on one of the rungs. We could follow that up and down in the future. I still had a few minutes left, so went up the rungs and came out on a wing of the bridge. The captain's cabin would be just aft of that. But as I started in that direction, Alec said, "Time's up. We'll boost you to eighty fathoms."

I went back to the guide line, looped an arm around it and told them to raise me. The ship disappeared from under my feet, or at least what little of it I could see, and I was raised in the water. When my ascent came to a halt, Alec said, "Eighty fathoms. Stay there and exercise for thirty-two minutes to decompress."

I asked him, "Do you have the decompression chart there?"

"Right in my hand."

I hung onto the guide line and kicked my arms and legs around to decompress and rid my system of nitrogen bubbles. The broken bridge of my nose felt as if a knife were sticking through it and the sinus passages in my forehead were throbbing with pain. But it was not as bad as I had imagined it would be.

While I was kicking around, Alec said, "You expecting visitors, skipper?"

I stopped swinging my arms and said, "Maybe. Is it a yacht?"

"Yeah. Big white yacht coming in from starboard."

"How close?"

"I'd say maybe ten minutes."

"Keep me informed."

"Sure."

I was raised to sixty-five fathoms and halted again for another period of decompression. Alec said, "The yacht's anchoring just outside our spider web. I can't read the name very well. Looks like Whitney, or Whitey— Oh, no. It's White Wings. That's the name. They're putting off a boat."

As I was raised in the water, which took almost two hours altogether, I learned that O'Keefe and his daughter Pat had come aboard the trawler with Gary Chandler. They were waiting for me when I finally hit the diving stage and was raised out of the water and swung aboard the trawler. I had them go around on the other side of the cabin so I could get out of my gear. Then I went into the cabin, stripped down, and then dressed in working clothes. I ate a half pint of honey and then went out on deck.

Pat came toward me, but Gary Chandler got in the way and said, "Hope you don't mind our visit, Bradley."

"Suppose I do?"

He grinned weakly. "Still burning about that assault-and-battery charge? Frankly, I'm ashamed about that. I was pretty mad at the time, but—well, I'm sorry. Let's forget it."

"Sure. It didn't work." I turned to O'Keefe and asked him, "Just why are you out here?"

"Well, after all, we are all interested in the Vega."

"Don't you mean you're interested in what I might discover?"

O'Keefe said frankly, "Perhaps. You have posed a number of questions. I am as interested as you in the answers."

"We'll have a few before very long."

Pat went with me when I went around to the other deck to see what Alec was doing. He had already changed clothes and was in a diving rig marked with red crosses. I hadn't thought of any more dives that day, but Alec laughed and said, "I may as well start earning my pay. You made it O.K. and there's plenty of the day left."

"Good idea. Now listen to me. The guide line is anchored on the port side of the superstructure and forward of the deck arm. You've studied the blueprints, haven't you?"

"Certainly."

"Then you know the steel rungs leading from the main deck up to the bridge. That's where you'll land. Stay on the bridge, port side, and make your way aft past the wheelhouse to the captain's cabin." I looked over at O'Keefe, who had walked around with Gary to join us, and asked him, "Just where is the safe located in that cabin?"

"It's against the aft bulkhead and next to my bunk."

"Is it bolted to the deck?"

"No."

*(Continued on page 76)*

**CAVIAR FOR THE COLONEL**

The hospitable Crocker family did not dream that a guest so mild-appearing as the distinguished Colonel would turn their living room into a danger zone and expose a shocking secret. And that was not the only surprise the Colonel sprung.

**In LIBERTY Next Month**

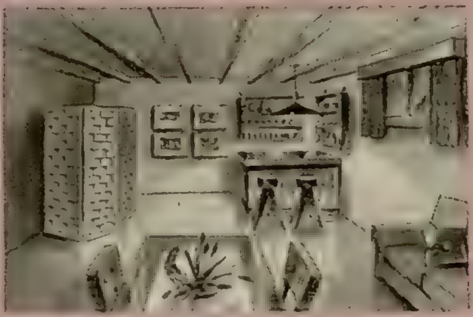
# LIBERTY HOME

MARCH 1950

Page 44

**BEULAH KARNEY** interviews Dione Lucas of Cordon Bleu fame to bring Liberty readers her professional secrets for making French and specialty omelets.

**A RUMPUS ROOM** is a joy when it is planned for by the entire family designed and built by Pop to everyone's taste.



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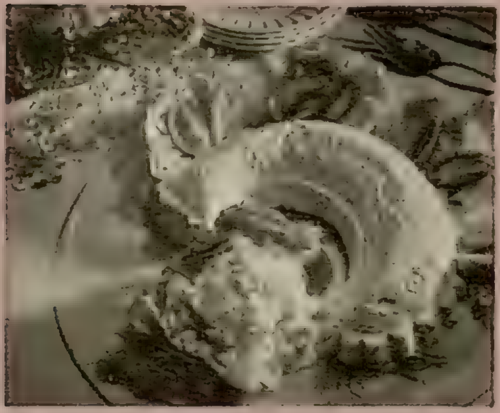


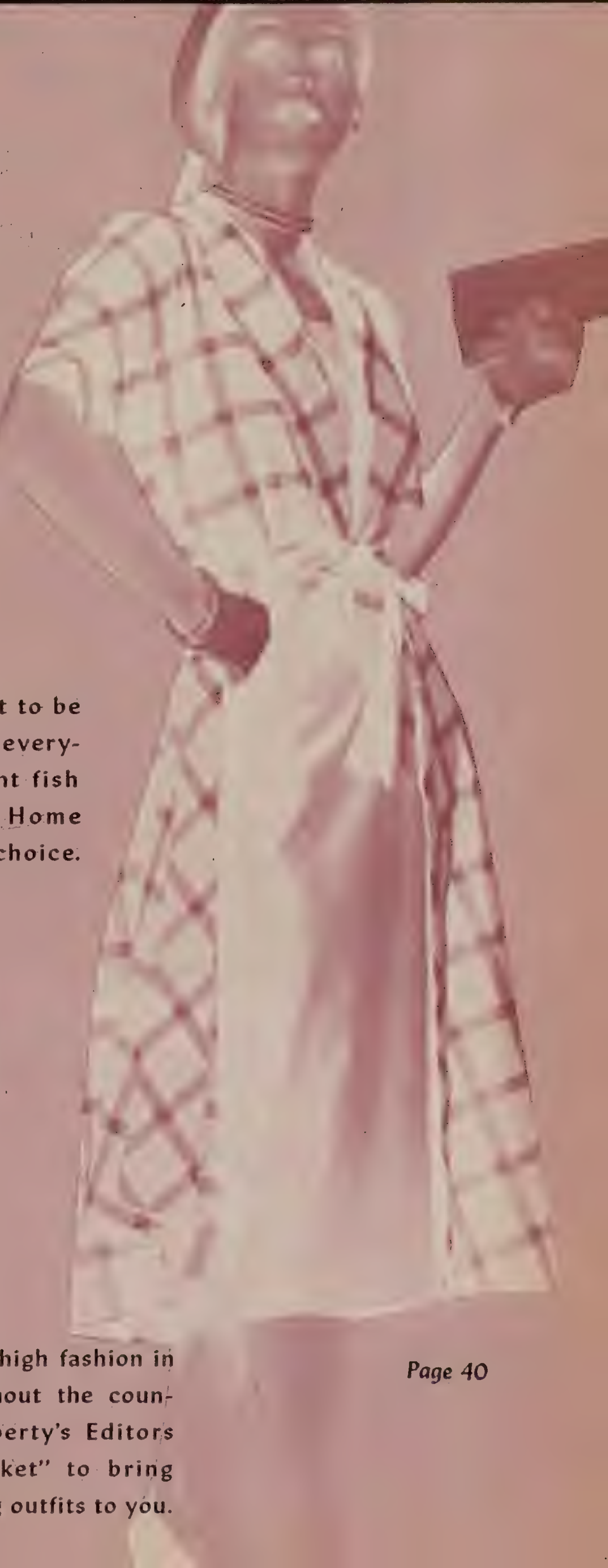
Page 46

**LENTEN MEALS** turn out to be mighty good eating for everyone when these excellent fish recipes from Liberty's Home Kitchen are the cook's choice.

**THESE MALE** perfume experts couldn't keep their secrets when Liberty's Jean King Marshall begged them to tell all. Here's what they have to say.

Page 50

**COTTONS** are high fashion in stores throughout the country today. Liberty's Editors went "to market" to bring these charming outfits to you.



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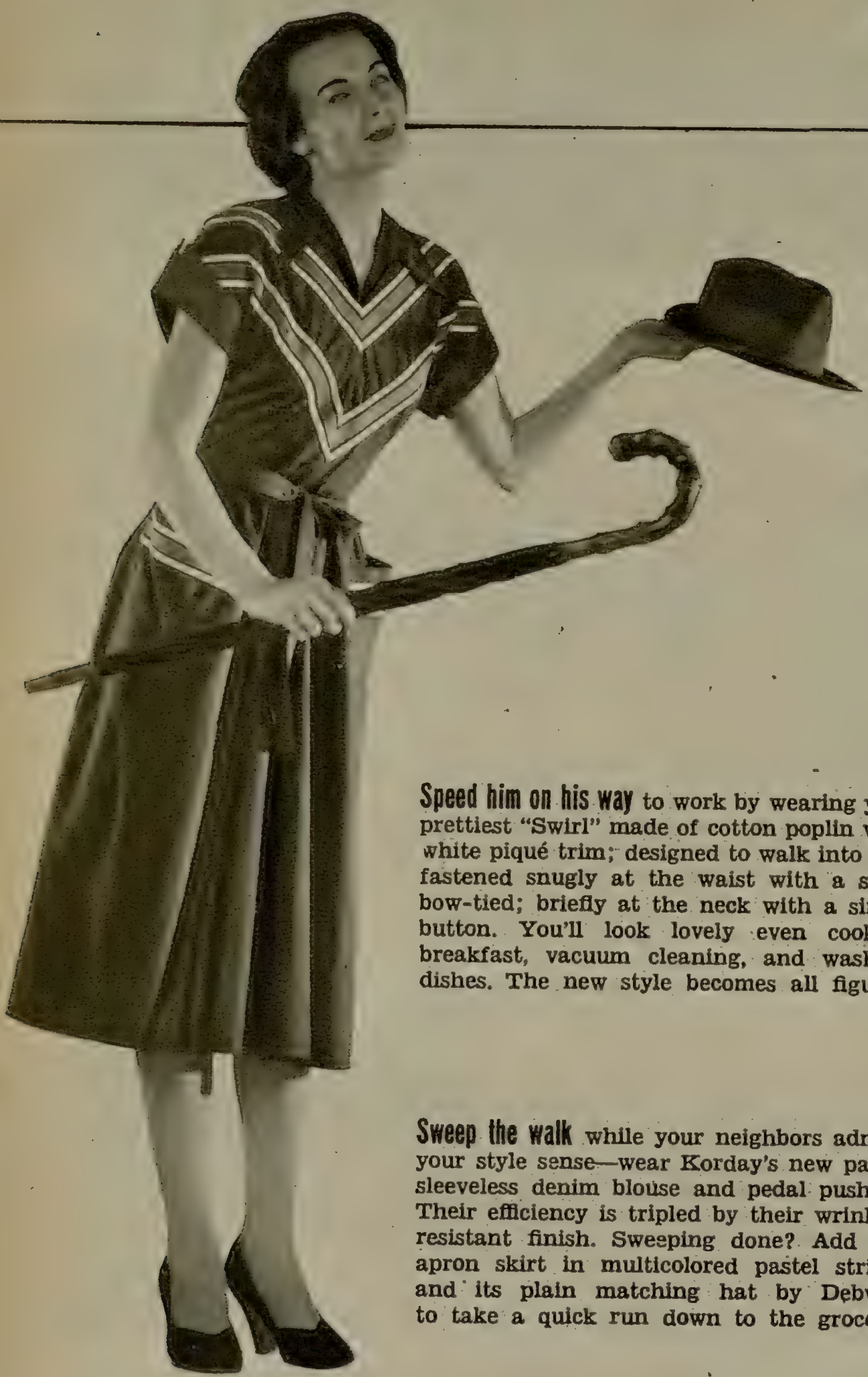
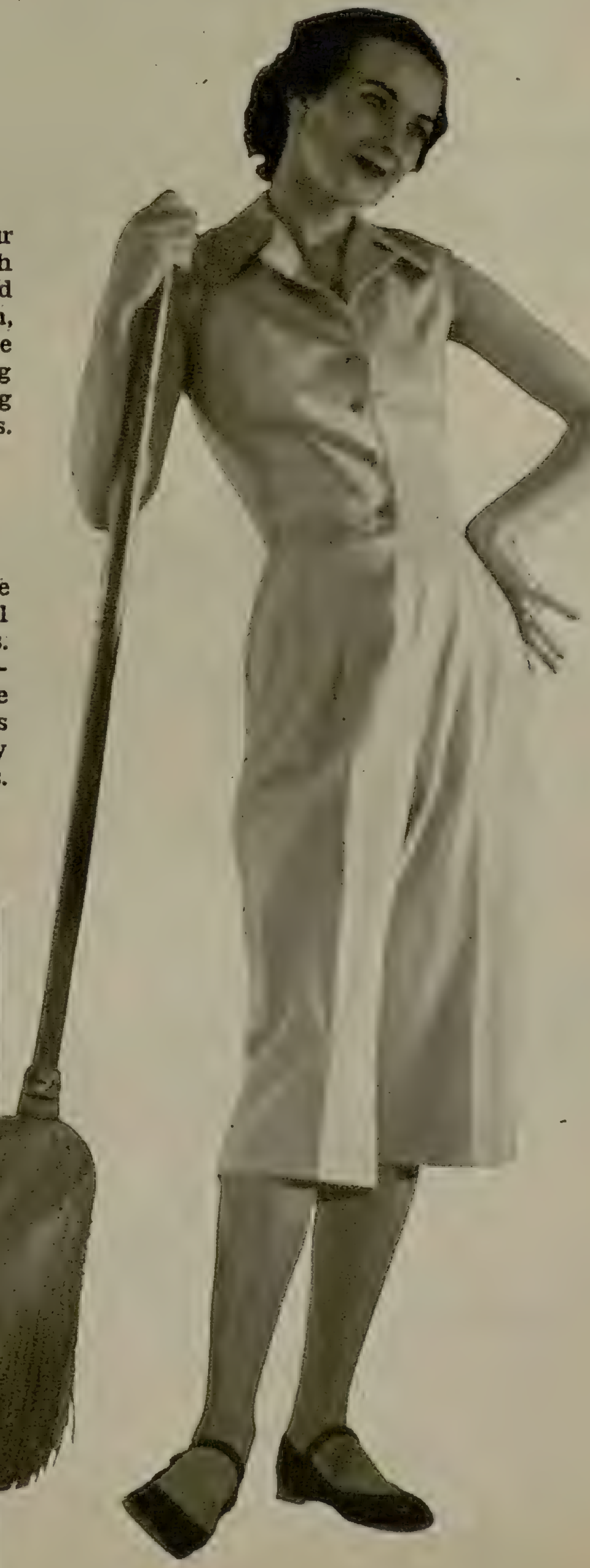
# COTTONS FOR

## look smart at breakfast, doing

◆ If you love pretty clothes, your home and your family, there's a complete fashion story in American cottons you'll want to hear. Just listen to the experts. This time they'll stump you, for the high styling of your wardrobe starts with fresh, crisp tubbable cottons. Ask the average woman about style, and her mind leaps to expensive afternoon and evening clothes. Ask the cotton stylists the same question, and the answer is an enthusiastic account of American-made and -styled cottons for all.



**Speed him on his way** to work by wearing your prettiest "Swirl" made of cotton poplin with white piqué trim; designed to walk into and fastened snugly at the waist with a sash, bow-tied; briefly at the neck with a single button. You'll look lovely even cooking breakfast, vacuum cleaning, and washing dishes. The new style becomes all figures.

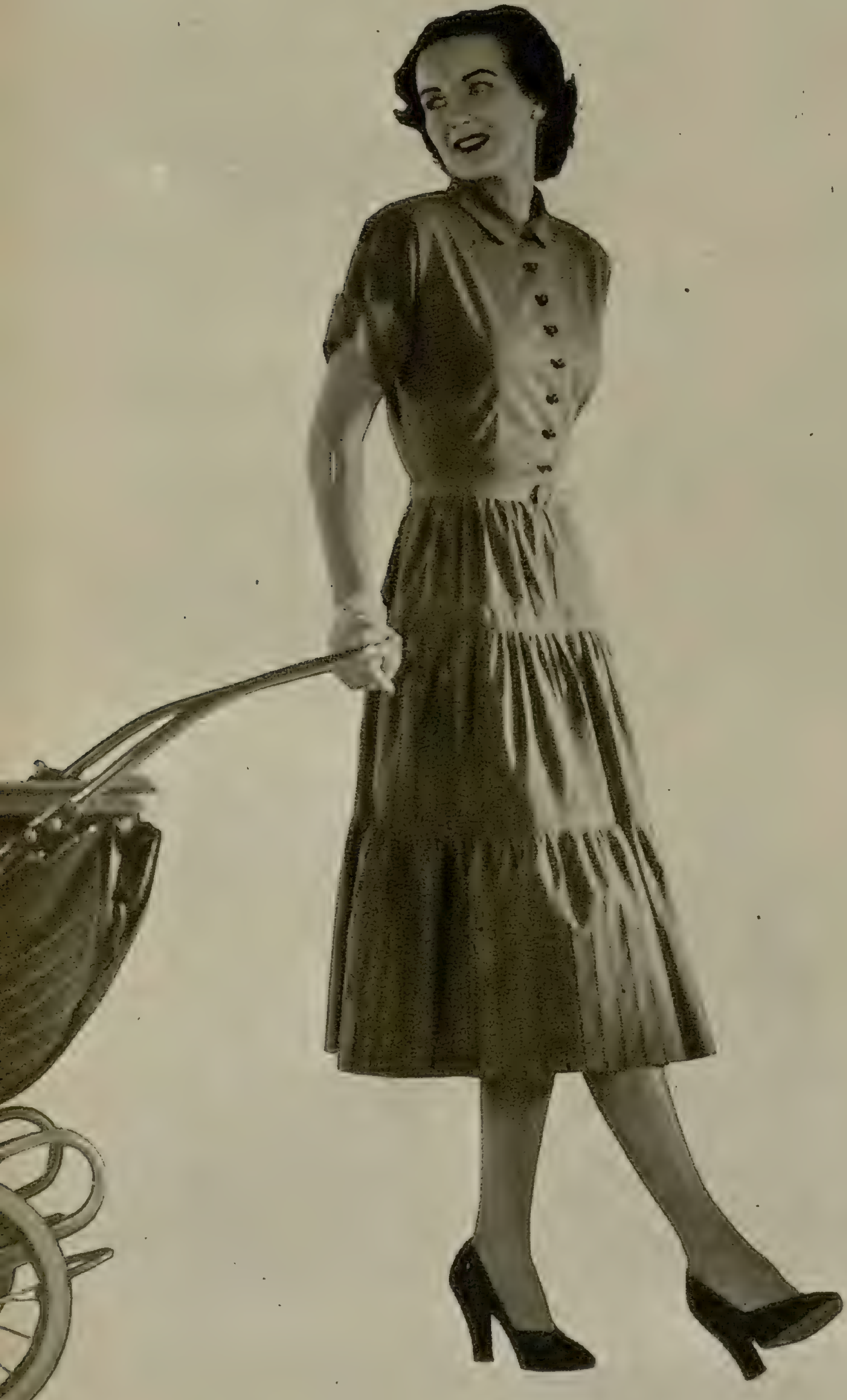


**Sweep the walk** while your neighbors admire your style sense—wear Korday's new pastel sleeveless denim blouse and pedal pushers. Their efficiency is tripled by their wrinkle-resistant finish. Sweeping done? Add the apron skirt in multicolored pastel stripes and its plain matching hat by Debway to take a quick run down to the grocer's.

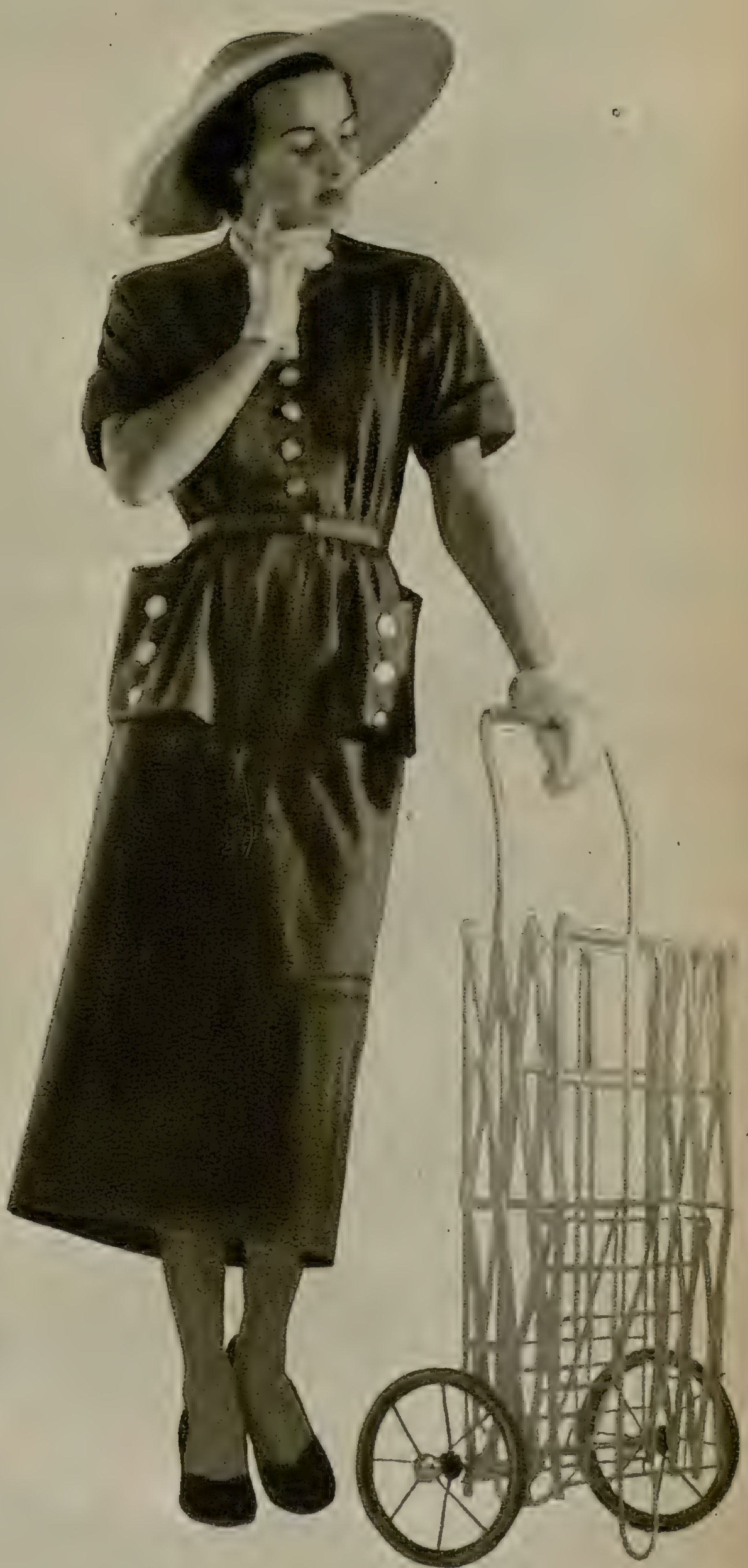
Photos by Martin Munkacsi

# HOMEMAKERS AT WORK

## your homework, walking the baby, and going shopping



**Vie for attention** with your child by wearing a feminine cotton broadcloth dress by Queen Make. A soft shirtwaist bodice tops a three-tiered skirt of vertical pin tucking gathered into bands. For easy washing, the tucks have all been stitched down. Coro jewelry adds the finishing touch and completes the charming outfit for strolling.

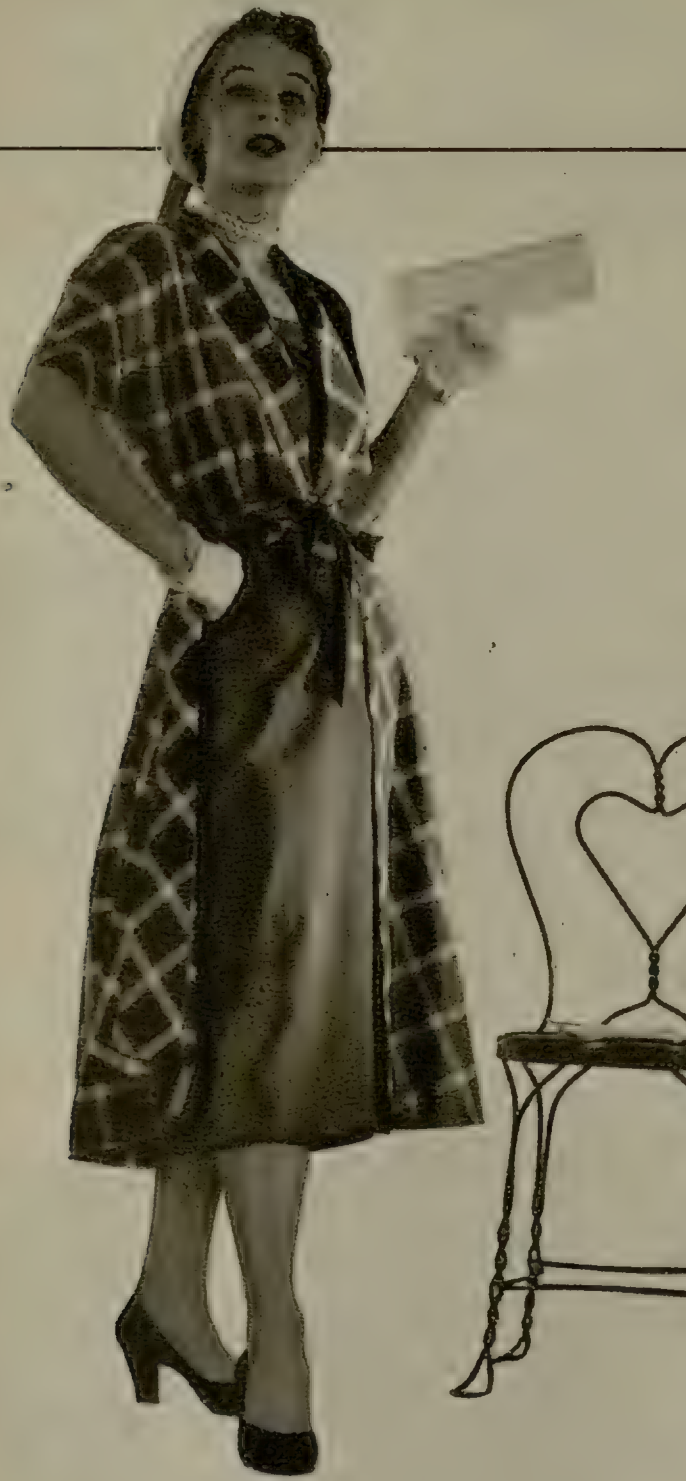


**Make shopping an occasion**—wear a smart two-piece McKettrick suit dress made of woven plaid in sophisticated dark colors. You won't notice the price of eggs when your attention is attracted by the well-cut skirt, the new bloused fullness of the jacket, its big hip pockets, and gray mother-of-pearl buttons. Add fresh cotton hat and gloves.

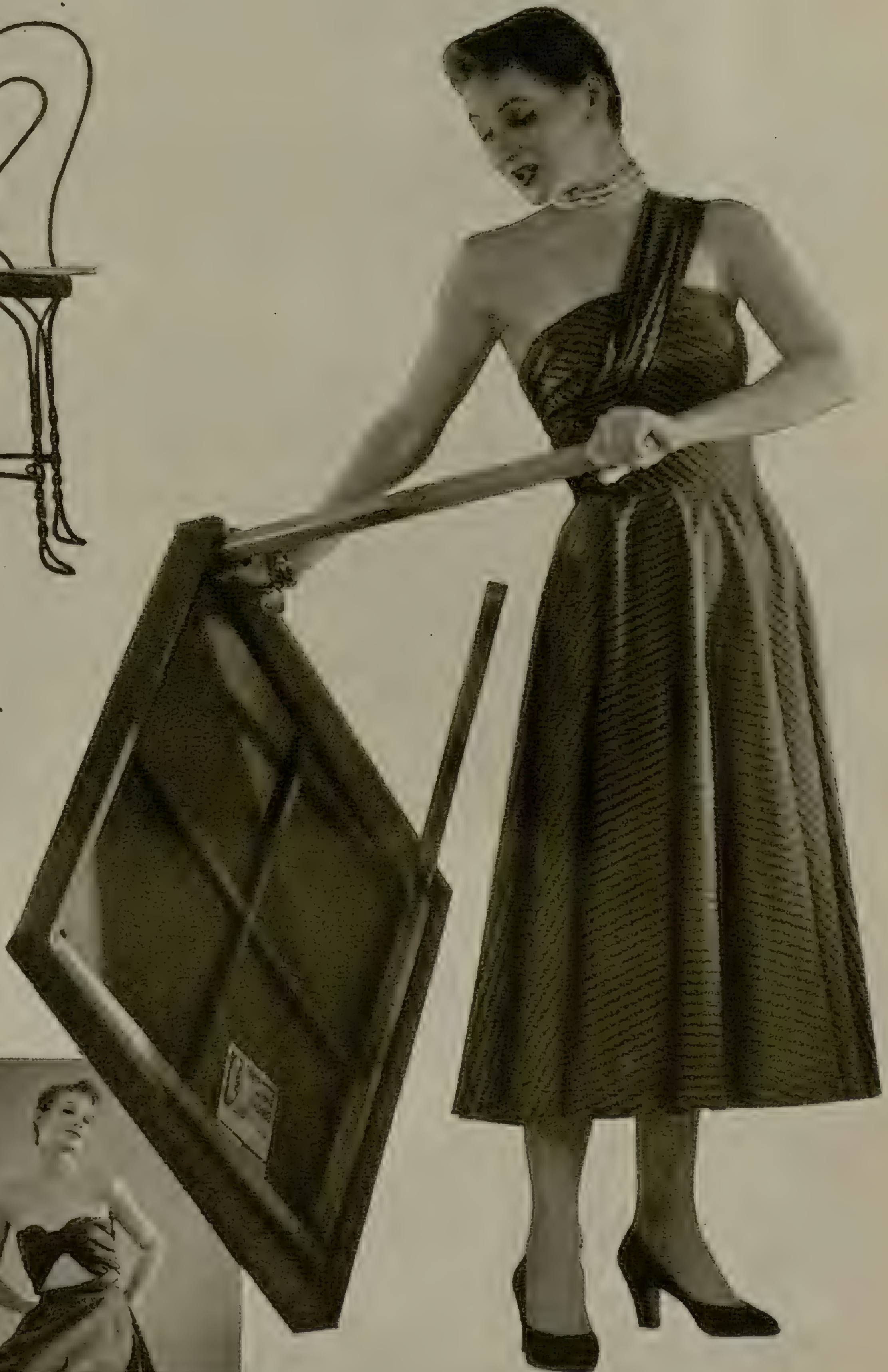
# COTTONS FOR

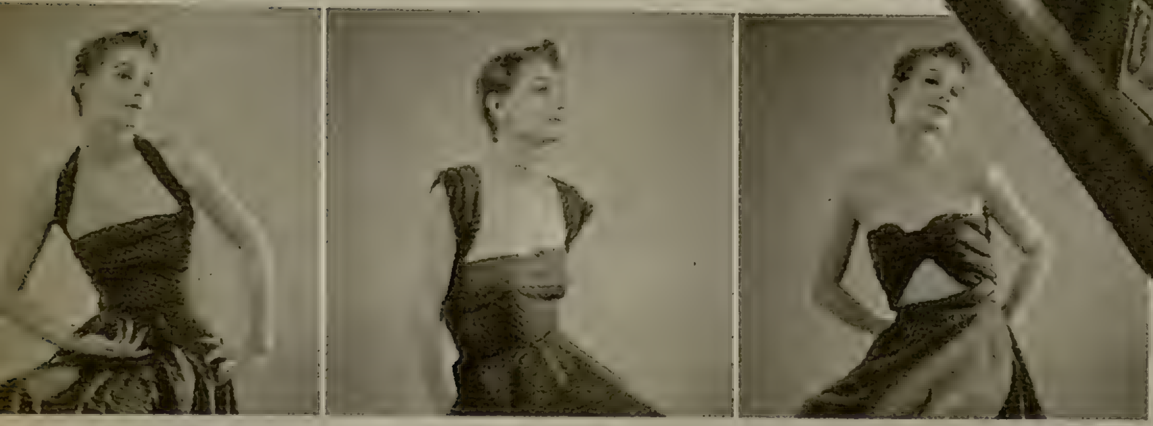
## be the belle in cottons at the

**Looks like a dress,** doesn't it? Yes, but it's actually a Toni Owen design known as a "Sorcery Skirt" which, by clever manipulation of its long sash, can be draped and shaped into various bodice treatments. For the effect shown below, wrap the long sash end around, across one shoulder, and tie in the back modestly, with an effective bow.



**Madame Chairman attracts** all eyes with her companion-woven plaid gingham redingote and sheath dress by Tommie Austin. As shown here, it is the ideal daytime outfit. Take off the redingote for sunning or dancing. Cotton accessories—a piqué hat by Betmar and gloves by Dawnelle —are all perfect for casual daytime wear.



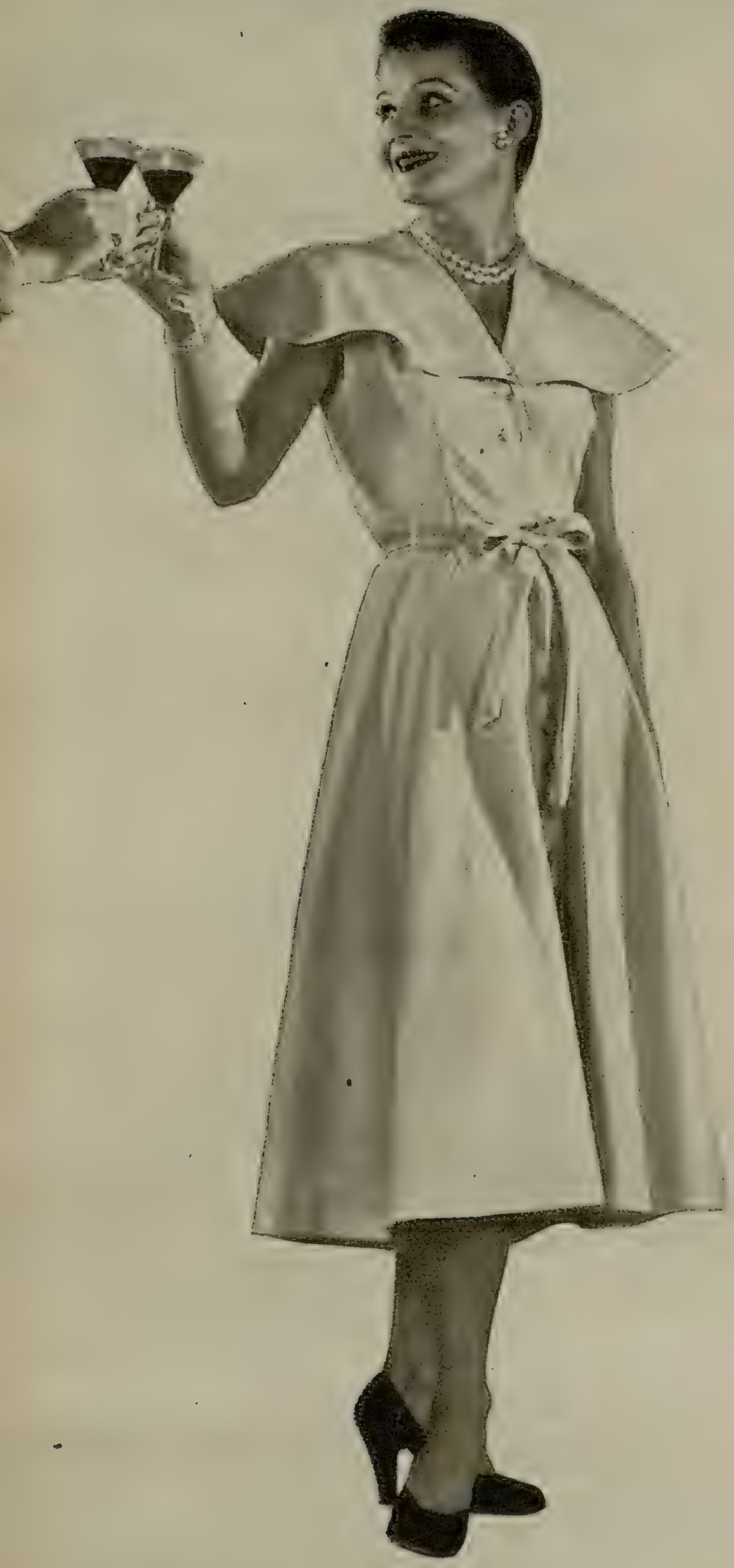


**Variations?** From neckline to bare midriff let your imagination run riot.

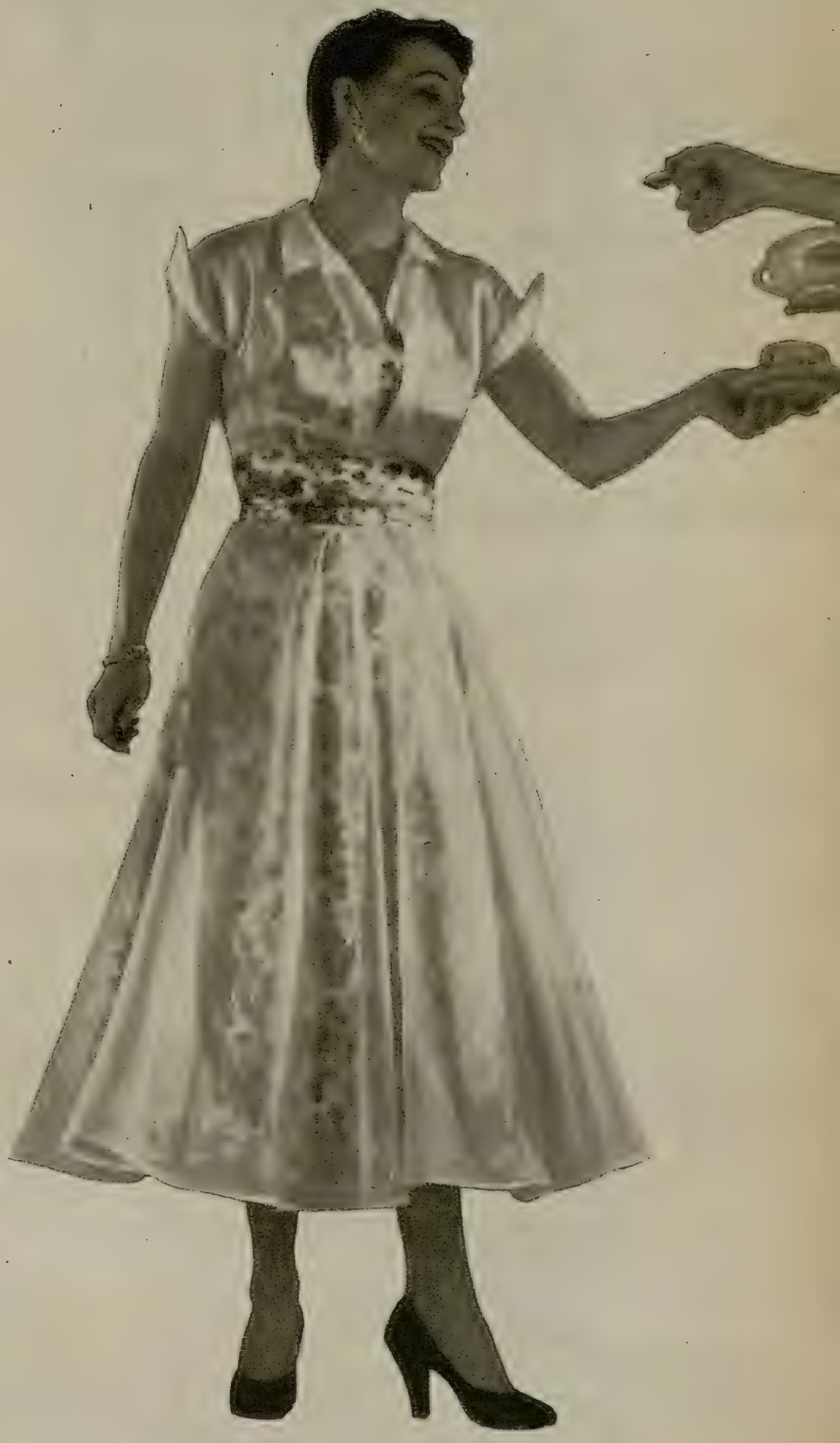
Photos by Martin Munkacsi

# HOMEMAKERS AT PLAY

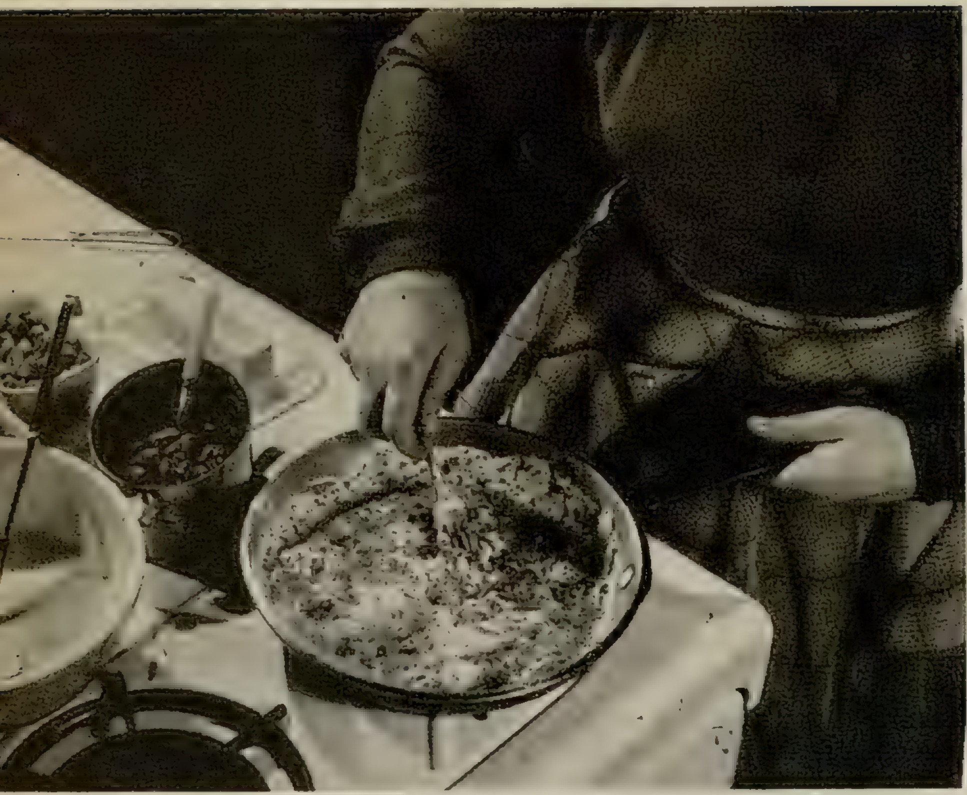
## P.T.A., at the bridge club, the cocktail party, and for the tea



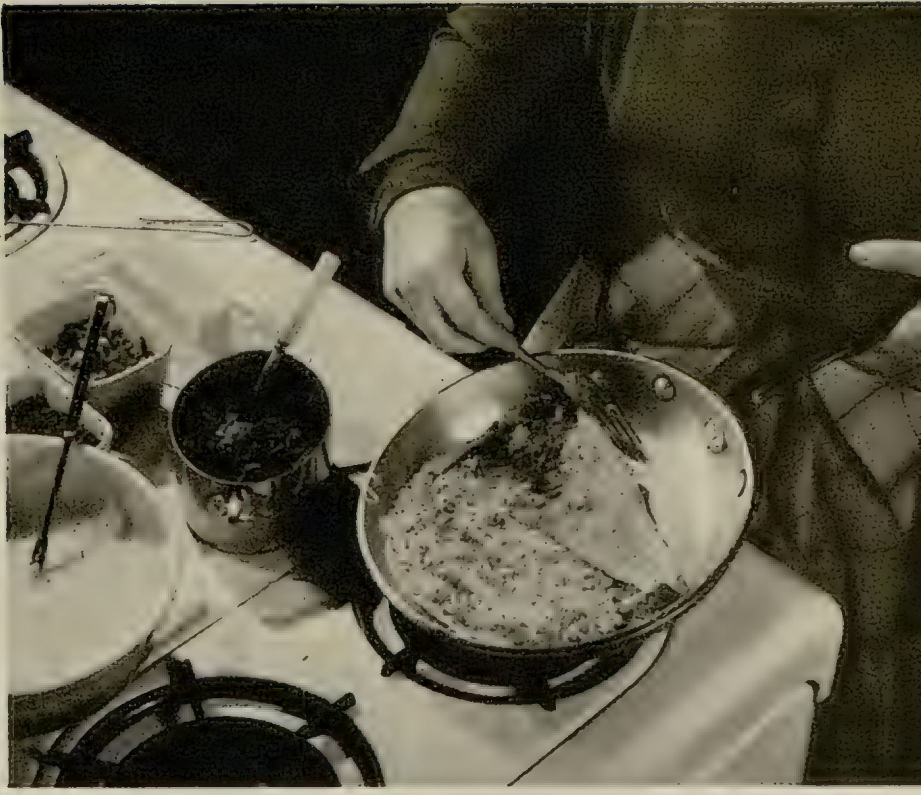
**For that super afternoon party** choose the new, new, new matelassé piqué; woven, too. Henry Rosenfeld makes it in a princess line with a self-fabric belt which ties in a bow in the front. The dress buttons from neckline to hemline with pearl buttons dyed to match the color of the dress. The cape collar is Paris-inspired for elegance.



**Parties are fun** when the dress you wear is really two dresses. For afternoon teas and bridge parties wear Emma Domb's fragile organdy overdress with exquisitely patterned glazed chintz beneath. For evening, wear the chintz dance dress with its whirling skirt and wide crushed belt and bare shoulders. It has the simplicity women demand.



The first step in making a perfect omelet is to shake the pan briskly with one hand while stirring the mixture rapidly with a silver fork. Make every motion brisk, but smooth and even.



The instant egg begins to set, tip pan away from body and roll mixture over and over until it makes complete roll. The motion must be light but deft. Always turn omelet away from self.

# LENTEN

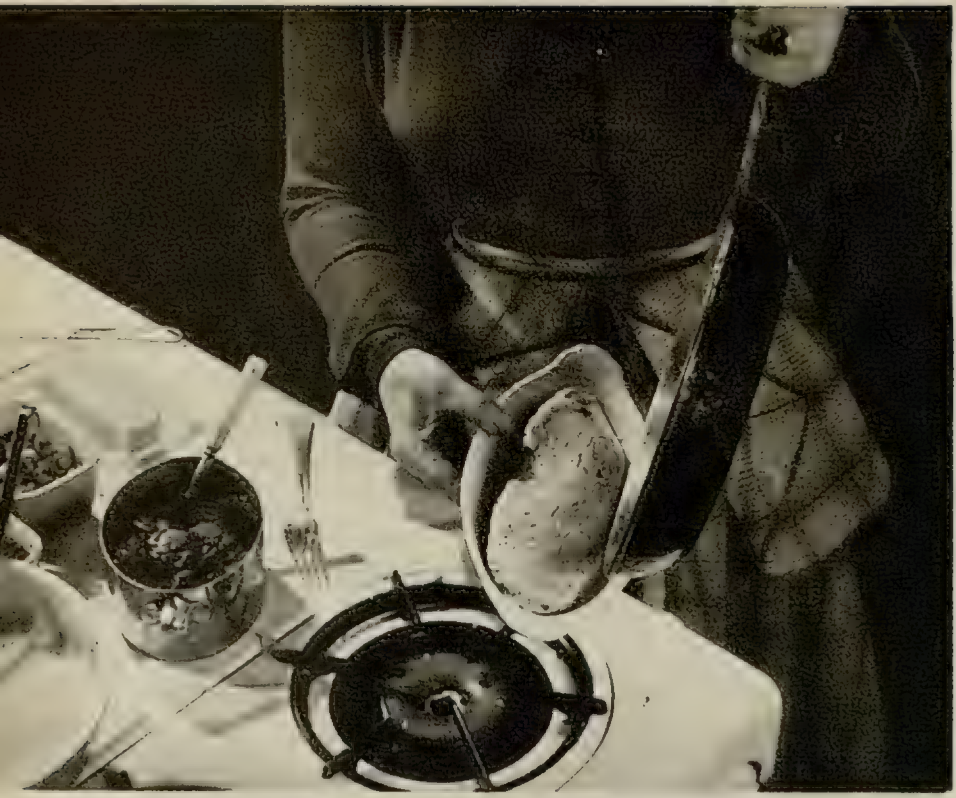
### By BEULAH KARNEY

Dione Lucas, Cordon Bleu, 3 East 52d Street, New York City, makes fluted mushrooms: Choose firm white ones, wash in cold water, do not dry. Revolve mushroom in hand and peel in strips with blade turned for ease and speed.

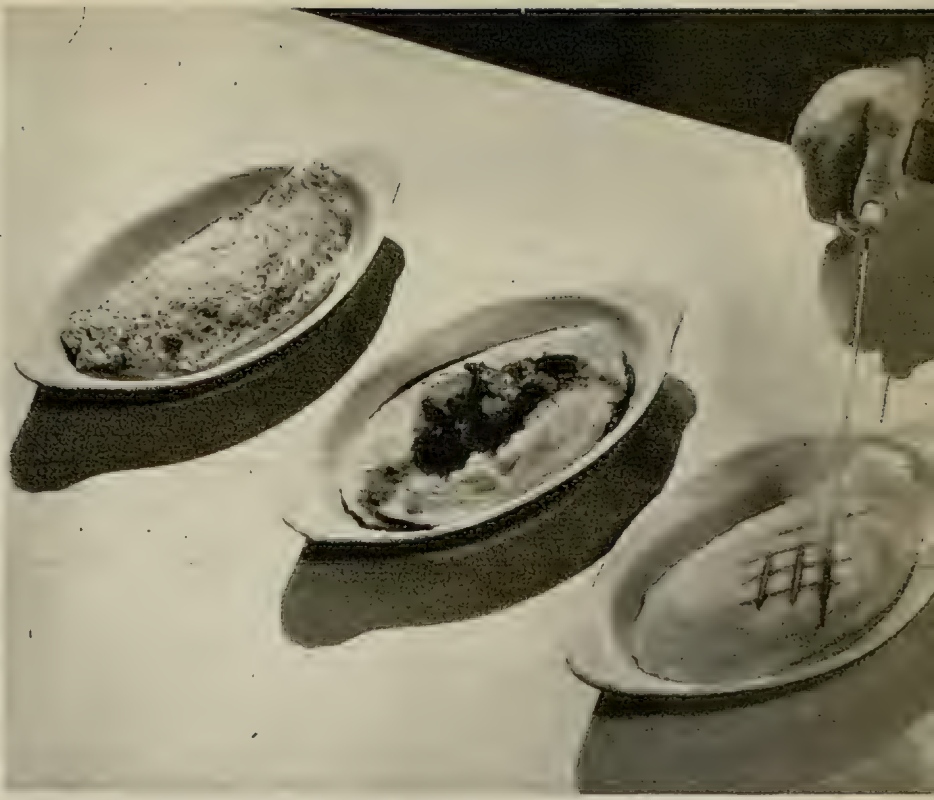
Photos by George Lazarnick

◆ An omelet a minute! Dione Lucas, international authority on fine cooking, has stirred up a revolution in a bowl of eggs. Toss out all your conventional omelet recipes; try this minute-omelet plan. The secret lies in the pan and in the shake-an'-stir method. Don't be a fraidy-cat: shake and stir like mad. But the omelet must be made in a special heavy omelet pan made of cast aluminum with sloping sides. Before you use the pan for the first time, "season" it by filling the pan to the brim with salad oil. Let stand for 24 hours, pour oil off, to be used for cooking. Wipe pan dry. When ready to make omelet, heat pan over low heat, add bit of butter; if it melts and sizzles immediately, heat is just right. (If butter browns, pan is too hot. Remove from heat, let cool a little. If butter melts slowly, it is too cool.) Melt one square of butter quickly. Shake quickly, add ladlefuls of egg mixture, start to stir mixture with silver fork, shaking pan constantly. As egg sets, quickly roll it over from edge of pan toward center until entire mass has rolled over to far edge. Now comes the famous Lucas touch. Says this culinary genius: "Brown omelets are tough, so turn the omelet out at once into a well-warmed boat-shaped casserole. In the meantime, while all the preparations are going forward, heat a skewer red hot and make a crosscross pattern of golden brown on the omelet's top."

For the stuffed omelets, Mrs. Lucas uses the traditional method of slitting the cooked omelet down the center and adding the hot mushrooms, chicken



The critical step is turning out omelet. Hold warmed dish in one hand, tilt pan directly over dish, with handle held straight against body, grasping handle firmly so pan will not slip.



An individual omelet is more attractive served in its own dish. Note how the skewer is held between thumb and fingers to make golden-brown crisscross patterns on the finished omelet.

# omelets take a bow

*Liberty's Food Editor tells you how Dione Lucas turns the key to everyone's heart at her famous omelet bar*

Beulah Karney, Liberty's Home Editor, is beloved in the Midwest for her homey, human radio and TV programs. A homemaker herself, she is famous in Glen Ellyn as a wonderful cook and hostess.

livers, or creamed salmon—choose any filling you find is popular. You will love crisp croutons.

### CHICKEN-LIVER-AND-MUSHROOM OMELET

| | |
|---|---|
| 4 chicken livers | ½ teaspoon B.V. meat glaze |
| 2 large mushrooms | Chopped parsley |
| 1 tablespoon butter | Salt |
| 1 tablespoon flour | Black pepper |

Brown the chicken livers in 1 teaspoon of very hot butter. Remove. Slice the livers. Add to the pan they were cooked in 2 teaspoons flour, and the meat glaze. Stir until smooth. Add 5 tablespoons water, salt, pepper. Stir over the fire until mixture comes to the boil. Put the chicken livers back and simmer 2 minutes. Slice the mushrooms, sauté briskly in the rest of the butter. Add salt, pepper, and stir in the rest of the flour, stirring until it comes to the boil.

Make a plain omelet in the usual way and turn it on a serving dish. Put a generous serving of chicken livers at one end and mushrooms at the other. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve at once.

### PLAIN OMELET

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 eggs | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 teaspoon cold water | ¼ teaspoon black pepper |
| | 1 teaspoon butter |

Beat the eggs, water, and seasonings together until well mixed, but not frothy. Heat the omelet pan, add the butter, pour in egg mixture and stir with a fork until it begins to set. Fold over, turn out on a hot serving dish, and serve.

### FILLING GRANDMERE

2 tablespoons chopped mixed fresh herbs
4 tablespoons fried croutons of bread

Use the same egg mixture as for plain omelet. Heat pan, melt butter. Put in the croutons and herbs and then the egg mixture. Cook in the same manner and serve hot. The following recipe is the sauce to serve with the Salmon Mousse (page 46).

### CUCUMBER SALAD DRESSING

1 cucumber
Salt and pepper
½ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons vinegar

Dice cucumber and season with salt and pepper. Beat cream until thick but not stiff, then add vinegar. Continue beating until it peaks. Gently fold in cucumber.

# fish—a top favorite

*There's a wealth of detectable treasure coming out of the briny deep. Here's how to make the most of it*

◆ When you're planning your Lenten menus, think of the great tuna that live in ocean depths off our Pacific coast; the shad that run up the coastal rivers every spring; the New Orleans shrimp fleet, blessed at the beginning of the shrimp season; the Gloucester fishing industry with its yearly memorial service; the Maine lobsterman with his individually colored lobster pot. To Americans the country over the aspects of our fishing industry spell adventure and good eating. Not only is fish available at the peak of the Lenten season, but modern methods, filleting, quick freezing, and transportation by highway, rail, and air make fish available all year around.

## SALMON MOUSSE

¾ tablespoon granulated gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
½ tablespoon flour
1½ tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
2 eggs
¾ cup milk
¼ cup vinegar
1½ tablespoons melted butter
1½ cups flaked salmon, cooked or canned
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Soften gelatin in cold water. Mix flour, sugar, and seasonings in top part of double boiler. Add eggs and stir until smooth. Add milk, then vinegar slowly. Mix well. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add butter. Add softened gelatin, stirring until completely dissolved; then add fish. Chill, stirring occasionally. When slightly thickened, fold in whipped cream and turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce.

## SCALLOPED OYSTERS

1 quart oysters
⅓ cup cream
1½ cups broken crackers
½ cup butter, melted
Salt, paprika

Drain oysters. Combine liquor with cream and set aside. Mix crackers with melted butter. Grease shallow casserole dish well. Spread with layer of crackers, then oysters. Use two layers only of oysters. Cover top with crackers, dot with butter, and bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 15 to 18 minutes.

Drawing by John Teppich

# for your LENTEN meals

Photos by Demarest

## GRILLED WHOLE FISH

*OUTDOORS:* Any small fish such as butterfish, flounder, porgies, or sea trout may be used. Clean and dress fish and place on the barbecue grill. Sprinkle with garlic, salt and pepper. Place a square of butter on each fish. Cook for 10 minutes over glowing coals. Grill should be about 3 inches from the hot coals. While fish is being grilled, grill large onion slices with slice of tomato atop each. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

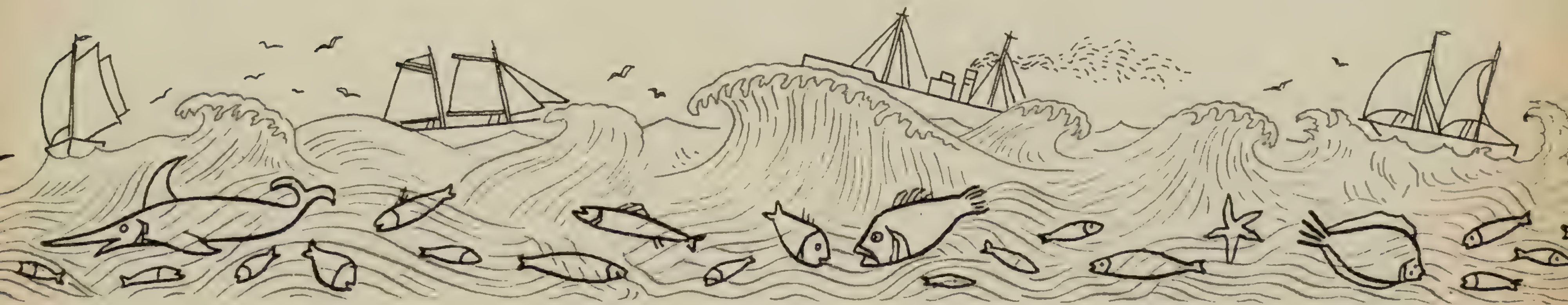
*UNDER BROILER:* Any small fish such as butterfish, flounder, porgies, or sea trout may be used. Have fish cleaned and drawn. (Do not have heads and tails removed.) Sprinkle with garlic salt and pepper. Place square of butter on each fish. Place on preheated broiler. Broil 5 to 8 minutes.

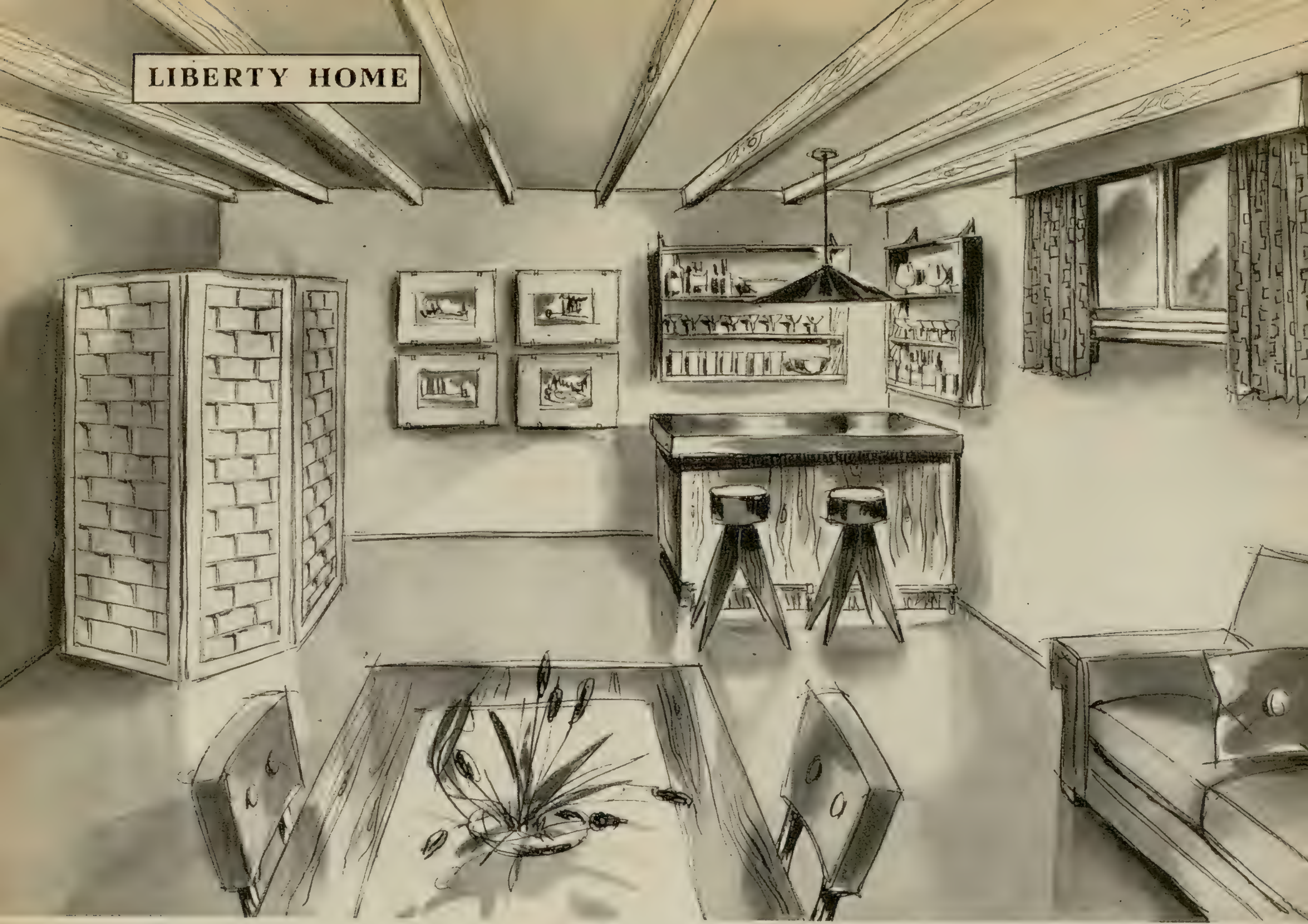
## SPINACH-STUFFED FILLETS

1½ pounds skinless fish fillets
1 pound spinach or kale
1 onion, chopped
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Salt, pepper
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup bread crumbs

Fish fillets must be completely thawed. The preferred way is to thaw in the refrigerator, but this takes longer than by room temperature or in front of an electric fan. Any of these methods are satisfactory.

Wash spinach or kale thoroughly. Cook spinach and onion together with only water that clings to leaves. When tender, drain and chop. Add butter and seasonings to taste. Cool. Meanwhile cut fillets in 2-inch strips. Add egg and bread crumbs to cooled spinach. Spread the mixture on each fillet, roll, and fasten with toothpick. Place, cut side up, in greased baking dish and bake at 400° F. for 20 minutes. Serves 6.





Drawing by J. M. Halpert

# A Bar for Your Rumpus Room

*You'll have more fun and so will your guests if your rumpus room is designed, equipped and furnished for easy entertaining*

*By ROBERT SCHARFF*

◆ If you've been wishing your house were bigger—that it had an extra room for entertaining—here is the answer. It can be found in your basement, attic, or utility room. With little expense and ingenuity, this space can be made as comfortable as any other room in the house.

For the most year-round enjoyment the basement is the easiest area to convert into a fun room. Here parties are gayer and the hostess relaxes, knowing that cleaning up will be simple.

Wonders can be done with bright paint. Floors painted with rubber-based floor paints are colorful, practical, and will really wear. More ambitiously, shuffleboard layouts and courts for other games can be painted right on the floor. Dampness—Public Enemy No. 1 of all basements—can be overcome by the use of special paints for this purpose. Simple to apply, these paints not only waterproof your basement, but will also brighten it. Of course, fiberboard or plywood can be applied to walls, ceilings, and partitions and is not hard to install, but it is more costly than paint.

A little ingenuity gets surprising results with the simplest of materials. For instance, curtains of inexpensive material will make cellar windows as cheery as a room upstairs. Pillars, posts, and pipes can be painted and decorated with decalcomanias, or they can be used to support circular tables, benches, or couches. To give height to the room, the beams can be painted a light color, while the underflooring and bridging may be a darker shade or a contrasting color.

The problem of camouflaging unsightly household necessities can be solved with a little thought. For instance, a movable cabinet for the tubs not only hides their ugliness but also serves a useful purpose as a table. The furnace can be enclosed by using decorative shades, porch blinds, or a screen. Storage places can be hidden by means of curtains. You will have good ideas of your own when you start planning your fun room. Put them to use, too.

## *How to Build a Bar*

A center of attraction in any fun room is the permanent bar built in a corner or at one end of the room. The primary objective of the bar is not necessarily for adult use only, but to serve the entire family as a counter for cola, ice cream, snacks, or after-school parties.

The home bar detailed below is easy to construct since it was designed to be made only with the simplest of hand tools—a hammer, saw, and screwdriver. The framework of the bar is made of 2-by-3-inch surfaced No. 1 grade stock, cut into the following lengths and widths:

STEP A

4 pieces, 42 inches long.
2 pieces, 19¼ inches long.
1 piece, 63¾ inches long.

STEP B

Place the 63¾ inch-long piece on the floor.

STEP C

Attach a 42-inch piece at each end of the 63¾-inch front base with a 2-inch angle bracket, as shown in Figure 2.

STEP D

Attach the 19¼-inch piece to the 42-inch front corner post to make the side base, as shown in Figure 1.

STEP E

Attach the remaining 42-inch piece to the ends of the side base, as shown in Figure 1.

### *Plywood Shelf—Figure 3*

To add rigidity to the bar, as well as storage space, a shelf should be installed next. Cut it out of ¾-inch plywood, as shown in Figure 3. Locate an angle bracket on each of the corner posts 18 inches from the top of frame (Figure 1). Then place the shelf on top of the bracket and fasten from underneath with ⅝-inch screws.

### *Covering the Frame*

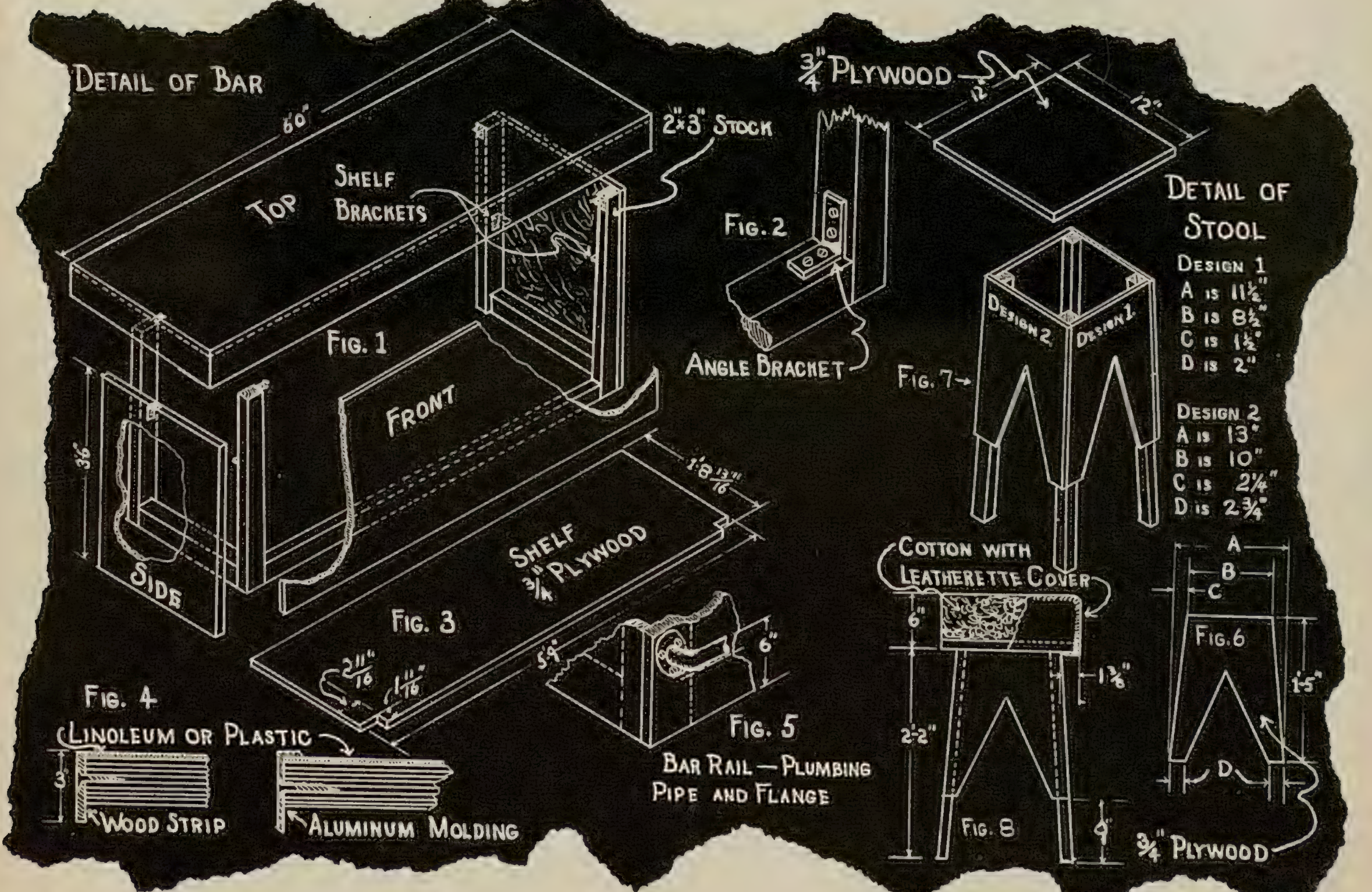
It is on the front and the two exposed sides that the builder can lavish his decorative ability. One of the simplest methods of covering the frame utilizes ¼-inch plywood or hardboard, which may be painted, stained, or left natural when finishing. A more striking but easily applied covering is the small tiled wallboard used in kitchens and bathrooms, which is available in a variety of glossy enameled colors which require no further finishing.

After selecting the material desired for the bar faces, cut two panels 22½ inches wide, by 42 inches high, and one panel 69 inches wide by 42 inches high. Panels should now be nailed to frame members with fourpenny common finishing nails or No. 19 brads spaced 6 inches apart. Set nail heads and fill with wood filler. When this is done, nail holes are virtually invisible and certainly unobjectionable.

(*Continued on page 51*)

**READER SERVICE BULLETINS**

| | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Special Lenten Recipes | 3-cent stamp |
| ☐ Buying Clothes | 3-cent stamp |
| ☐ How to Choose Perfume | 3 cent stamp |


Detail of Bar
60"
Top
Shelf Brackets
2"×3" Stock
Fig. 1
Front
36"
Side
1'8 13/16"
Shelf ¾" Plywood
Fig. 3
2 11/16"
1 1/16"
5¼"
6"
Fig. 5
Bar Rail—Plumbing Pipe and Flange
Fig. 4
Linoleum or Plastic
3
Wood Strip
Aluminum Molding
¾" Plywood
12"
12"
Fig. 2
Angle Bracket
Detail of Stool
Design 1
A is 11½"
B is 8½"
C is 1½"
D is 2"
Design 2
A is 13"
B is 10"
C is 2¼"
D is 2¾"
Design 2
Design 1
Fig. 7
Cotton with Leatherette Cover
6"
1⅜"
2'2"
Fig. 8
4"
A
B
C
Fig. 6
1'5"
D
¾" Plywood

**LIBERTY HOME**

# Man has a nose for perfume

### By JEAN KING MARSHALL

*These famous men say that selecting the right perfume for the right lady is a man's job*

Pierre Harang

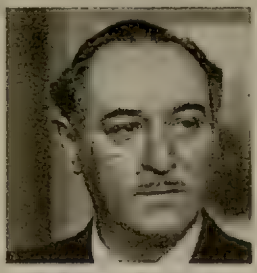
◆ Pierre Harang, a top executive of Houbigant, lives with perfume day and night. His experiences have convinced him that men like women to use perfume. "After all, men first made perfume popular here when the doughboys brought back perfume from abroad after the First World War," he points out. "If women would only realize how much men like perfume, they would use more fragrance. Every man likes a woman to be feminine and charming, and basically I would maintain that there is nothing closer akin to charm than light fragrance."

Julien Bellot

◆ "A man judges a woman according to her dress, her hair-do, her hat. But her perfume creates between them something intimate and indispensable, which can only be called 'the eternal feminine,' " is the opinion of Julien Bellot, one of the world's outstanding perfume blenders. "Men associate fragrances with personalities and events, just as they do music, and a wise woman will wear a perfume that men associate with her. Then the god of love will reward her. Tell me why else would I or any other perfumeur create a new perfume?"

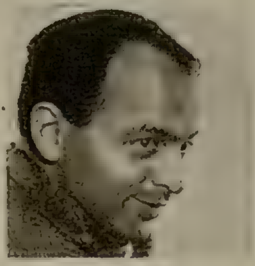
Norman Brokenshire

◆ "What man isn't conscious of perfume?" asks Norman Brokenshire, noted radio personality. "Personally, I think perfume should always be 'alive' and expressive of the woman. My selection for a tennis partner would be a light, flowery kind; while for my dinner partner I would choose a lingering, vibrant fragrance. My advice to men: If you like the scent a woman wears and want to replace it, maneuver to find out by analysis, or by asking her, but rely mostly on what you like her to wear. She'll like it, too!" Just trust a man to know that.



Michel Werboff

◆ Michel Werboff, well-known portrait painter, remarks: "As a portrait painter it is my privilege to be associated with many gracious women, all of whom use their perfume to express themselves. And I like that. Also I have noticed that a woman who wears perfume feels and looks differently, for a suitable scent gives her confidence in her attractiveness. A man is inclined to carry his own mental picture of a woman and he wants her to reflect the fragrance he associates with his private portrait of her. Her scent must be as right as a gown."



Mr. John

◆ "In my mind, perfume should have an electric quality that makes you sit up and take notice. Then you should photograph that fragrance with that person in your mind," says Mr. John, distinguished fashion and millinery designer. "If a woman uses a perfume which pleases you and which has become a personal part of her, encourage her to use that fragrance. Otherwise, play the role of a creator and choose a scent for her that you would like her to use to express herself. Men, too, should use scent discreetly for that appearance of faultless grooming."

Photo by Martin Munkacsi

## A BAR FOR YOUR RUMPUS ROOM

Continued from page 49

*The Working Surface of the Bar*

The top is made of 4-by-6-foot-by-¾-inch plywood covered with linoleum or laminated plastic sheet or any other stain- and alcohol-proof surface. The linoleum or plastic material is cemented to the plywood under pressure in accordance with manufacturer's specifications. If hardwood plywood is used for a top, it may be varnished with special alcohol-proof bar varnish. To finish the edge, a chromium molding (available at your hardware dealer's) or wooden strips may be used (Figure 4). This molding should be as wide as possible, to give the top of the bar a massive appearance.

When complete, the top is fastened to the frame by means of brackets placed on the four corner posts. The top should overhang the frame by 1½ inches in front and side and should be flush in the back.

*Brass Rail*

See your plumber for help. To complete the bar, a 1-inch plumbing pipe with flange is placed 6 inches above the base and fastened to the framing (Figure 5) to make a dandy "brass rail."

### *How to Make the Bar Stool*

The most expensive of all bar accessories is the high bar stools; but these, too, can be simply made at little expense. To make: 4 pieces of 2-by-2-by-27-inch surfaced No. 1 grade stock should be used for the legs.

Four leg supports—two of detail No. 1 and two of detail No. 2—are cut out from ¾-inch plywood, as shown in Figure 6. The two supports of Design 1 are then glued and nailed with eightpenny finishing nails to the legs so that the legs are flush with the edge of the support. A wood-to-wood adhesive is recommended and is applied with a brush to the legs before nailing. The supports will determine the taper of the legs—therefore the legs must be cut so that they set even on the floor and are flush at the top. Then nail and glue the other two supports to the legs (Figure 7) so that they overlap the other support.

A 12-by-12-by-¾-inch plywood piece is cut and then fastened to the top of each leg by means of 2-inch angle brackets. The padding of the seat—either cotton or foam rubber—is cut to fit. Remember the height, when compressed, should be 4 to 6 inches. Cover with leatherette or upholstery fabric. Tuck edges firmly under seat and tack down (Figure 8). A ready-made cushion can be used instead, if desired. The stool is finished in the same manner as the bar. ◆ ◆

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## ASTHMA SUFFERERS

Continued from page 29

week or ten days the doctor feels that he knows what his patient needs, gives him enough medicine to last a month, and hands him a set of directions to follow for two years.

For asthma is not cured in a day—even in Mississippi. The patient has to guard his sensitive bronchial tubes against recurring attacks. He has to give up smoking. His whole body has to be built up so that the factors which throw him into choking, rattling breathlessness do not affect him any more than they do other people. He must be able to take allergies, exertion, changes of temperature, emotional and nervous tensions in stride. To the average asthmatic, all that sounds impossible. But Gay patients live in smoky, damp cities, eat what they darn please, wrangle with their families, and enjoy life generally.

The Gays go about their treatment on several levels. First they reduce the racking asthmatic cough with a nondepressing cough medicine. Then they eliminate the mucus clogging the bronchial tubes with their "million-dollar prescription," a liquid to be taken in varying amounts on an empty stomach. To keep liver and bowels functioning properly (a condition usually overlooked in standard asthma "cures," they give bile salts and colopo after meals. The whole treatment is bound in with heavy dosage of calcium and is regulated according to the individual needs of the patient. Some half-dead asthmatics require forced feeding, fluids, vitamins, or a tonic to make them eat.

The Gays expect their patients to gain five pounds a week in Biloxi. Some double that amount. My father gained two pounds in one day on a liquid diet, but he was getting injections of folic acid and liver. Precautions must be taken against acidity.

"I'd rather have two broken legs than one attack of asthma," said a word-cautious lawyer. "In other ailments you can at least breathe while you hurt. With asthma you can't eat, you can't even lie down, much less sleep—and neither can anyone else in the house. You are literally choking to death."

A railroad man, not so cautious in his description of an acute attack, said, "The old devil has you

(*Continued on page 55*)

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# Do You Know Your Geography Within Your Geography?

By GERARD MOSLER

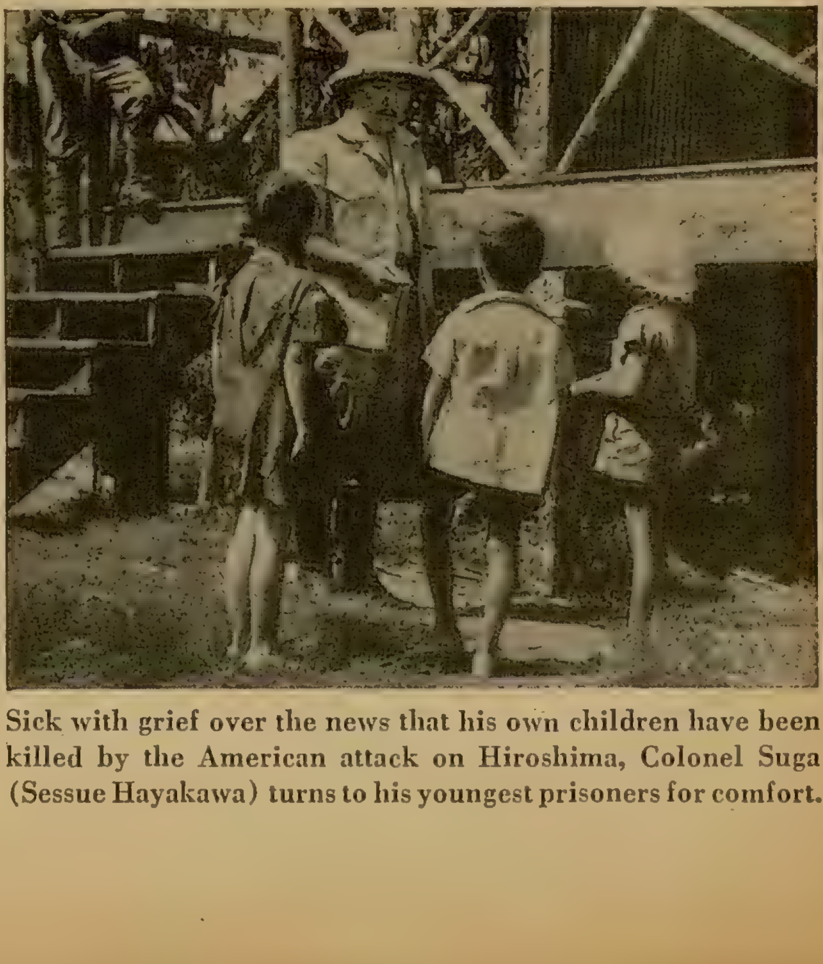
◆ Believe it or not, the names of quite a few geographical localities contain the names of other, quite different geographical localities, as for instance, ARKANSAS and PRUSSIA, in the names of which you can find KANSAS and RUSSIA respectively. These are, of course, easy examples. Below we have listed a number of geographical localities (with their closer identification put in parentheses). Look at them closely, for there is another geographical locality hidden in each of them which it is your task to find, as the name of a country, river, mountain, city, or island. A geographical super-sleuth you if you can find *and identify* 25 or more of the hidden geographical localities.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. **ARKANSAS** | (U. S. A.) |
| 2. **PRUSSIA** | (Germany) |
| 3. **HUNGARY** | (Europe) |
| 4. **LONDON** | (England) |
| 5. **NEVADA** | (U. S. A.) |
| 6. **GRENOBLE** | (France) |
| 7. **CZECHOSLOVAKIA** | (Europe) |
| 8. **GOBI** | (Desert in Asia) |
| 9. **BOISE** | (Idaho) |
| 10. **HIMALAYA** | (Asiatic mountain) |
| 11. **DAYTONA BEACH** | (Florida) |
| 12. **HELENA** | (Montana) |
| 13. **ANDOVER** | (Massachusetts) |
| 14. **ROCHESTER** | (New York) |
| 15. **TIRANA** | (Albania) |
| 16. **GRETNA GREEN** | (Scotland) |
| 17. **ORANGE** | (New Jersey) |
| 18. **INDIANA** | (U. S. A.) |
| 19. **POTOMAC** | (U. S. river) |
| 20. **JERUSALEM** | (Palestine) |
| 21. **VENICE** | (Italy) |
| 22. **TRENTON** | (New Jersey) |
| 23. **PERUGIA** | (Italy) |
| 24. **NAMUR** | (Belgium) |
| 25. **NEW JERSEY** | (U. S. A.) |
| 26. **MAINE** | (U. S. A.) |
| 27. **WIESBADEN** | (Germany) |
| 28. **CHARLOTTESVILLE** | (Virginia) |
| 29. **OGDENSBURG** | (New York) |
| 30. **BALTIMORE** | (Maryland) |
| 31. **ELBERT PEAK** | (Colorado) |
| 32. **MINNESOTA** | (U. S. A.) |

(Answers will be found on page 79)

Five-year-old Mark Keuning plays Claudette Colbert's son as they reach their new home—a Japanese prison camp in North Borneo.

The wife of an important British official, Agnes Newton Keith remains with her husband (Patric Knowles) while the Japanese troops occupy their small outpost. She is the only American.



Sick with grief over the news that his own children have been killed by the American attack on Hiroshima, Colonel Suga (Sessue Hayakawa) turns to his youngest prisoners for comfort.

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

# THREE CAME HOME

### By ELIZABETH WILSON

*Claudette Colbert ignores the powder puff to portray courageous Mrs. Keith, a Japanese prisoner of war, in this realistic film*

LIBERTY SEAL OF FAMILY APPROVAL

THREE CAME HOME (Twentieth Century-Fox) gives versatile Claudette Colbert her best dramatic role to date. As the American wife and mother held captive by the Japanese for three years in wartime British North Borneo concentration camps, she is uncompromisingly realistic—no heroics, no make-up, and no bangs—for the first time in her career. She gives a strong, simple performance that will put her in the Academy Award running once again. Agnes Newton Keith's book has been brought to the screen with loving care by Nunnally Johnson, producer, and Jean Negulesco, director. English actor Patric Knowles plays Claudette's husband, who also has harrowing adventures in a prison camp. Former big-time star Sessue Hayakawa is cast as a humanitarian Japanese colonel. The Japanese soldiers were portrayed by many Nisei veterans of the U. S. 442d Combat team which fought in Italy and France. Three Came Home makes no effort to portray the Japs as anything but what Mrs. Keith described in her true, factual story. This is not another war tale—it's the real struggle of a woman and her son to keep alive.

Claudette Colbert sees the Japs lead her husband to torture.

There are no washing machines at Jap prison camps. Florence Desmond (left) ranks with Gracie Fields as one of Britain's top entertainers. She plays Claudette Colbert's companion.

The Keiths part as the Japs ship all women and children to a dismal prison. They meet once again during their three-year separation when both are imprisoned on the same Jap island.

# Liberty's MOVIE REVIEWS

By Beverly Hills

With Jane Russell around, it's surprising that Billy the Kid (Jack Beutel) finds time to be an outlaw. Walter Houston plays bad man too.

**THE OUTLAW** (RKO), Hollywood's most controversial picture, is coming to the screen this winter after being held up three years by the censors. It's the picture with the famous haystack scene. Jane Russell heads the cast and Jack Beutel plays Billy the Kid, the famous youthful bandit of the Old Southwest. Co-starred are veteran actors Walter Houston, portraying Doc Holliday, and Thomas Mitchell as Pat Garrett, two other noted gun fighters of that region. Telling a vigorous and colorful story of New Mexico in the tumultuous era of the '80s, The Outlaw is motivated by romance and adventure revolving about a fiery half-Mexican girl, a primitive creature who can hate as easily as she can love. In its first showings the picture was hailed as a superb satire on movie Westerns. And now, at long last, it will be coming to your neighborhood.

Donald O'Connor and Francis — Hollywood's newest four-legged discovery, a talking mule — plan the strategy of the Burma campaign.

**FRANCIS** (Universal-International) is a refreshingly different comedy. For the first time in his career Donald O'Connor, instead of getting the girl (Patricia Medina), gets a G.I. mule named Francis, and a talking mule at that. Francis, hep and tough, has knocked around with the army for a long time, and when he finds Donald, a second lieutenant, lost in the Jap-infested Burma jungles, he not only takes him back to his base, but tells him how he can wipe out a Jap observation post and become a hero. When the top brass is given the story about Francis, Donald is sent to the psycho ward, where he is taught basket weaving by nurse ZaSu Pitts. Though a stubborn fellow, Francis backs up his pal and talks to the general (John McIntire) and the inquiring members of the press. Francis is a real joy and one of the best actors to hit the screen in ages.

There is nothing so sad as the face of a thirsty man, and John Gregson, Morland Graham, and Wylie Watson haven't seen a drop in days!

**TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND** (J. Arthur Rank) is just about the most unusual picture you will be seeing this year. Adapted from Compton Mackenzie's novel, Whiskey Galore, and with Michael Balcon as producer, the picture was made on a rocky island in the Outer Hebrides. It's a comedy, but a comedy that starts out on a somber note. Sergeant Odd (Bruce Seton) goes home to the island of Todday in 1943 to visit his sweetheart, pretty Peggy Macroon (Joan Greenwood). Tragedy has struck at Todday. Not the Nazis, Just—NO WHISKEY. The sergeant and his lady want to get married, but there are no spirits for a party. A ship carrying 50,000 cases of Scotch to America founders in the fog. However, it's Sunday and local blue laws keep the thirsty islanders from their prey. Quick thinking outwits the law, saves the whiskey, and the betrothal.

(*Continued from page 51*)

by the throat. Every now and then he loosens one finger and lets you have just barely enough air to keep you suffering."

Heart-breaking and purse-breaking, asthma demands of its victims all their strength and all their money. A friend of ours figured his asthma bills for the last eight months: He had paid hospitals, doctors, and druggists $1,300—and he was still wheezing.

Baffling diseases like cancer and polio engage first-rate medical thinking and public support. But asthma, possibly because it does not kill—merely makes you wish you were dead—has not had the attention which its prevalence and debilitating effects warrant. The newly formed American Allergy Foundation should show some results from the study of one aspect of asthma. There is need, however, of a national foundation, similar to that for infantile paralysis, to investigate all aspects, for asthma is not a disease but a group of symptoms whose cause and treatment are obscure.

Everyone who has sat through the night watch with an asthmatic knows the horrors of an acute attack. They take drugs and are too logy and exhausted to do any work the following day. It is a vicious circle, with worry and exertion sparking the wheel. Hospitalization and the oxygen tent are the last resort—or were until the Gays got busy.

Allergies, climatic conditions, and occasionally focal infections have long been suspected as causes of asthma. But specific treatment along these lines has not yielded permanent results. The Gays do not try to alter conditions which produce asthmatic symptoms. Rather, they alter the patient so that he can stand the conditions.

The latest medical theory is psychological. Doctors argue that nervous tensions — frustration, anger, fear — cause constriction in the bronchia which makes it nearly impossible for the patient to exhale moisture. The result is a mucus which interferes with breathing, and that, in turn, produces more mucus. They point to case after case where severe attacks follow emotional upsets. Children, they say, often throw themselves into an asthmatic spasm to get their way or to attract motherly attention. The care of a psychiatrist is indicated, doctors believe. The Gays, on the other hand, work to reduce nervous tension by relaxing the patient, and a long sleep is the first reaction to the Gay treatment.

Hay-fever sufferers, unfortunately, cannot look to the Gays for relief. "We have had some luck with hay fever, but not enough permanent cures to brag about," said Dr. Gay.

Since my father's recovery our phone continues to ring. This time it is people wanting to know how to get in touch with Dr. Gay. We add a few cautions:

Don't go without an appointment.

Don't take a bedridden patient, as we did, for there are no hospital facilities. Wait until the acute attack passes.

Go in a car if possible. You may have to stay miles from the clinic; and, while some hotels run a service to the station, the bus trip is not easy for a sick person, and taxis are expensive.

Results rather than theory are what the Gays work for. And 30 years of the trial-and-error method have yielded astonishing success.

The 12-mile stretch of coast between Gulfport and Biloxi is lined with hotels and tourist courts, each with a large quota of Gay patients—like cripples converging on Lourdes. They leave with the boon of "sleep and quiet breathing." Their gratitude to the Gays borders on evangelism.

"They are God's own assistants," said one woman who had graduated from the Gay treatment after a lifelong struggle with asthma. "They perform miracles!" ◆ ◆

## HIJACKERS AT YOUR DINNER TABLE

*Continued from page 16*

weren't any losses, nobody would buy any insurance."

That was nearly 20 years ago, and the attitude is different now. Recently two Seide Company alarms—now known under the name Babaco, from the initials of Brooklyn Automatic Burglar Alarm Company—were out of order on a couple of loaded trucks, ready to roll. A dispatcher called the insurance company to notify them of it. "Don't you let those trucks move a foot," they insisted, "until the alarms are fixed."

The word hijacking, incidentally, as used now is misleading. To most people it still means armed robbery, perhaps on a lonely road, as in the heyday of prohibition gangsters. There is little of that today. Even when trucks are hijacked by gunmen, it is more likely to be done on a city street, as in New York, where at least one such brazen job was pulled off within a block of a police station.

But a great deal more cargo stealing is done by "jumping" a truck that is left unguarded, or by slick shenanigans that throw owners or drivers off guard. Once, for example, gangsters drove an empty truck up to a terminal, asked for the load that was to go to Boston, and even helped the loaders put it aboard.

A full hijacking gang is a big mob. Besides the hijacking crews themselves, there are usually inside workers, spotters, lookouts, bail bondsmen, mouthpieces or lawyers, garage men for "drops," and receivers or fences to handle the stolen goods—in some cases more than 100 in all.

The first job of such a crowd is to get someone employed by the truckers as a "finger man" to furnish information as to loads, driver guards, if any, and so on, and finally indicate the cargo to be taken. Nearly a third of the big jobs have an inside angle.

Success is often dependent on getting the stolen cargo to a suitable drop or hiding place in the shortest possible time. One amateur gang tried to get a truck stolen in New York across to a Jersey City drop, and were promptly caught; the alarm went out too soon. Amazing records have been made in emptying stolen trucks; often less than an hour passes between the robbery and finding the abandoned truck, possibly only a few blocks away, empty. That is why hijackers stick to big cities. The whole crime is carefully worked out in advance of its commission.

With many jump thefts it is different. Any unattended vehicle may be taken. Roadside diners patronized by truckers, hotels where they are likely to put up overnight, are watched for unattended trucks. A Lakewood, New Jersey, concessionaire put $1,400 worth of novelties in his panel truck and left it parked, locked, outside the hotel where he was staying. In the morning it was gone. He found it at the foot of a long grade, less than a quarter of a mile away, empty. Unable to start it, the thieves had merely drifted it downhill to get it away from the hotel.

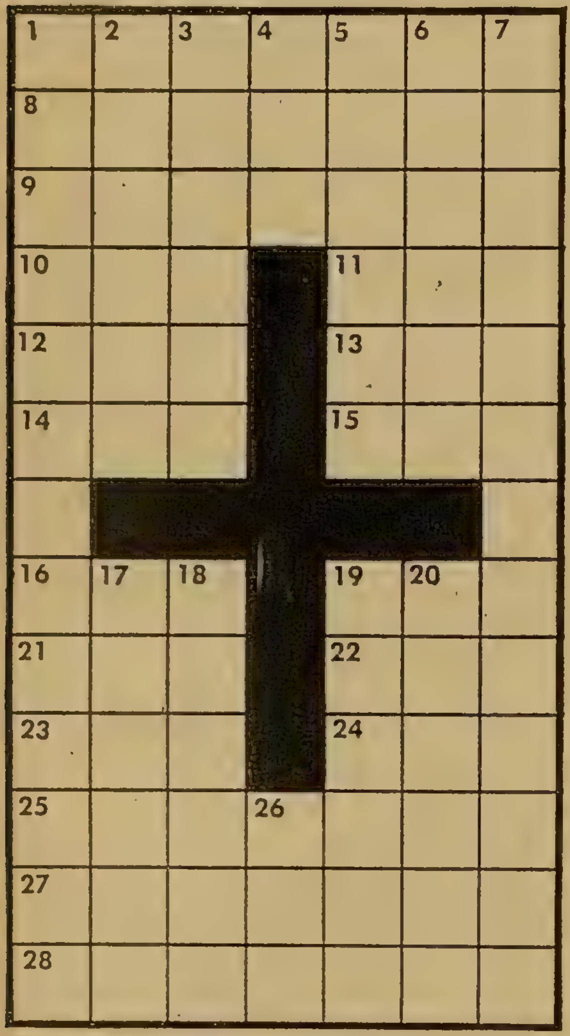
◆ The cure for hijacking is not easy. It already has a big head start. In some cities the police are already doing an excellent job. In Chicago particular patrolled routes are designated for loaded trucks, tarpaulin-covered loads have been done away with, and trucks with more than two men in the cab are at once stopped and questioned. In

**Liberty**

# SHANANAGRAMS

*An Anagramatical*
*Cockeyed Quizword*

BY TED SHANE



### ACROSS

1 Lusters in the flesh-and-bone sheaths
8 Seek a hen vine in ancient Assyria
9 Get milk, bread, Times; i.e., detail
10 Well-known article
11 What she was before marital **e'en**
12 Five less than a word meaning a long time contracted
13 Dunce dome didie; beanie
14 Medicine men (abbr.)
15 What's a house's tail? (pl.)
16 Indonesian Mindanaon (cf., - - - boy!)
19 There's **ore** in that fish
21 Eulenspiegel's **lit**
22 Here are the Times
23 My **lip** is twisted
24 What the battering ram can do
25 Tear ope the man
27 **Ego rant**—or No man (Russian)
28 Bartenders, cooks, or westers

### DOWN

1 No. of **units** in international body **detain** peace
2 **Hitler** sans flesh
3 Lip curls
4 Following a well-known pro
5 Display **nice** emotions on **VE** Day
6 Sealer, close that letter again!
7 Woolgatherers
17 **Pet, tip** the girl who checks grammaw's hangover
18 If **Lee** gets tangled with **gal**, reporters should use weasel verb
19 Second teamer, or take another plunge into the matrimonial sea
20 He stumps the country before election—and after, too!
26 **War** is bleeding rough

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ■ | G | L | A | M | O | R |
| C | H | A | L | I | C | E |
| R | E | T | I | R | E | D |
| O | T | T | ■ | A | L | ■ |
| U | T | E | ■ | G | O | T |
| C | O | R | S | E | T | S |
| H | ■ | ■ | K | ■ | ■ | A |
| E | N | T | I | C | E | R |
| D | A | R | ■ | A | M | I |
| ■ | D | E | ■ | S | E | N |
| S | I | N | A | T | R | A |
| A | R | T | L | E | S | S |
| T | S | E | T | S | E | ■ |

Feb. Answer

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

writes on

WHAT LIBERTY MEANS TO ME

in

April Liberty

Philadelphia the Theft Prevention Division of the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association, under Captain Jimmy Ryan, former head of detectives on the city police force, has done an excellent job. Ryan's men operate in unmarked two-way radio cars, and can usually reach the scene of a hijacking in their territory within ten minutes.

A few big companies like Railway Express and Associated Transport have "internal protection" systems, which do their own detective work, checking the history of employees, checking conditions at terminals, putting extra men on some loads, following others with armed guards in separate cars, and so on. Associated Transport, with more than 2,500 trucks, has its own private telephone wires from Georgia to Maine, from Pittsburgh to Boston. Within a few minutes after any hijacking is reported they can give local police anywhere in their territory full details of the robbery, descriptions of the trailers, tractor numbers, and all the rest.

Biggest of all the theft-prevention outfits is the F.B.I., which acts to protect interstate commerce. Although city and inside-the-state truckers are outside their province, last year (up to June 30) they secured 873 truck-robber convictions, $51,183 in fines, and recovered $280,496 worth of stolen property.

Burglar-alarm systems help. Besides the Babaco alarms already mentioned, with a serviced system that now assists in guarding something like $25 billions' worth of truck cargoes annually, there are several smaller alarm manufacturers active in particular cities.

Another theft deterrent is the technique of shipping mixed loads, in which an order of valuable perfumes, say, will be sandwiched in with parts for reaping machines. Although of course this lessens the danger of robbery, it has often the disadvantage of increasing the labor and expense of shipping.

Most important of all, as hijacking develops the large-gang techniques of the underworld that flourished in prohibition days under leaders like Capone, is cleaning up the political situation in boss-ridden towns. "One fence," a police maxim has it, "is as good as getting a dozen thieves." And fences, in altogether too many instances, may have an "in" with the politicians.

You, Mr. and Mrs. Consumer, can help at least a little in cutting down hijacking. First: Post yourself, by such articles as this, on how widespread truck robberies are. Then get indignant about it, and talk about it. Last year there were in this country *each day:* 36 murders, 150 robberies, 463 auto thefts, 1,032 burglaries, and 2,072 larcenies. That means a crime every 20 seconds. Hijackings flourish in such air. Your talk will help make police, truckers, and shippers alike more *theft-conscious* and more careful.

Second: Work and vote, whenever you can, for better government, especially in your own city. Better administration of justice will go with it, and fewer crimes. Especially, fewer fences. ◆ ◆

**HE WASN'T LOOKIN'** *Continued from page 30*

It was a hard thing to hear. Harder to believe.

"You must have heard wrong, Jim."

"I was with 'em when they died. In the big wind. They's nothin' left where they was. We ain't never found their bodies."

Remembered pictures began to grow, a little unreal only because of the smear of time. The magnificent days on the flashing waters off Matecumbe. Bob's gigantic figure, lithe, aware, sure, with the good nature of a man whose enormous power permits him an easy confidence with everyone 'around him. Martha, tiny, trim, happy.

"Never feel a wind again I don' think of Cap'n Bob and Miss Martha," Jim went on in a flat monotone.

They hadn't, it seemed, had too much warning of the storm. I had forgotten that when the water rolled over Matecumbe, some five hundred veterans had been allowed to remain there by a command that seemed indifferent to the fate of the men whose control was a persistent headache. There had been stories about a train at Homestead, steam up, ready to roll down the Keys over Flagler's bridges to get the men.

Then somehow the train didn't start, and the next day the tall mangroves were thick with a ghastly decoration of bodies limp against the sky.

◆

I'd remembered the story, but I never tied up Bob and Martha with it for a minute, naturally enough, recalling what they had weathered. . . . Their complete switch away from city life, starting from scratch, deep on the Florida Keys, then watching five years' savings melt in a day in the Florida boom-bust. A year later I met them one day while standing on a bridge on the old Keys road. Bob had poked his head out from under the ties and grinned.

"Want to rent a pole for a quarter and match up with a fighting pound snapper?"

I had tried to lend him some dough, but I knew that was wrong before the words were out of my mouth. I got a little choked up when Martha crawled out from underneath a tarpaulin stretched on the cross ties under the bridge—that is, until I saw her happy face.

"It's really the stuff here; perfect for Bob. He can turn over in his sleep and catch snapper."

And, three years later, the two of them proudly showing us around their fishing camp. Two charter boats, a tiny restaurant, a dock with cleats anchored deep in the coral. Bob had built it, Martha had created order and a fine air of good taste and friendliness to it all. Hell, people like that didn't get caught unaware.

"Tell me what happened, Jim."

"We knew it was comin'. Cap'n Bob was a mighty man, Mister Gordon, you know he was a mighty man. Time that bill collector came for me from the mail-order house, Cap'n Bob knocked him straight up to where the gulls was flyin.'

"Cap'n Bob shoulda lissen to me when the wind came, but who was I to tell him?

"He looked sure dark and deep mad when that storm was makin' up. He said to Miss Martha somethin' about 'not this time.' He lost a powerful lot before, you know. He had everything jest about right when that storm was risin'. Miss Martha's restaurant business was good. Mr. Bob jest bought two new engines for his boats and he was fixin' to build a big fishin' lodge and was goin' after the bonefish trade. Everything was jest right."

Jim paused.

"It was the water he forgot," Jim said slowly. "It was the water got them. I begged Mr. Bob to come up a tree. I don' know if he ever hear me, it was so terrible.

"We'd worked all night. Got everything tied down. Cap'n Bob was alaughin' about a train comin' down to get the vets. He said, 'Hell with the train. I built this to stay here.' And, Mister Gordon, funny thing, a lot of it did. Funny thing, it did. Lot of it rode through.

"But not Miss Martha and Cap'n Bob. It got him when he wasn't lookin'. The water rolled over 'em."

"Where were you, Jim?"

"Went up a coconut palm. I figgered thisaway: I knows the water would come, and if I go up a palm tree, and the wind knocks me down, I'm still ahead of where I'd be if I stayed on the ground."

Jim was silent for a moment. So was I.

"He had everything figgered out, 'cept him and Miss Martha and the water. That was a narrow mite of sand strip the place was on between the ocean and the Gulf.

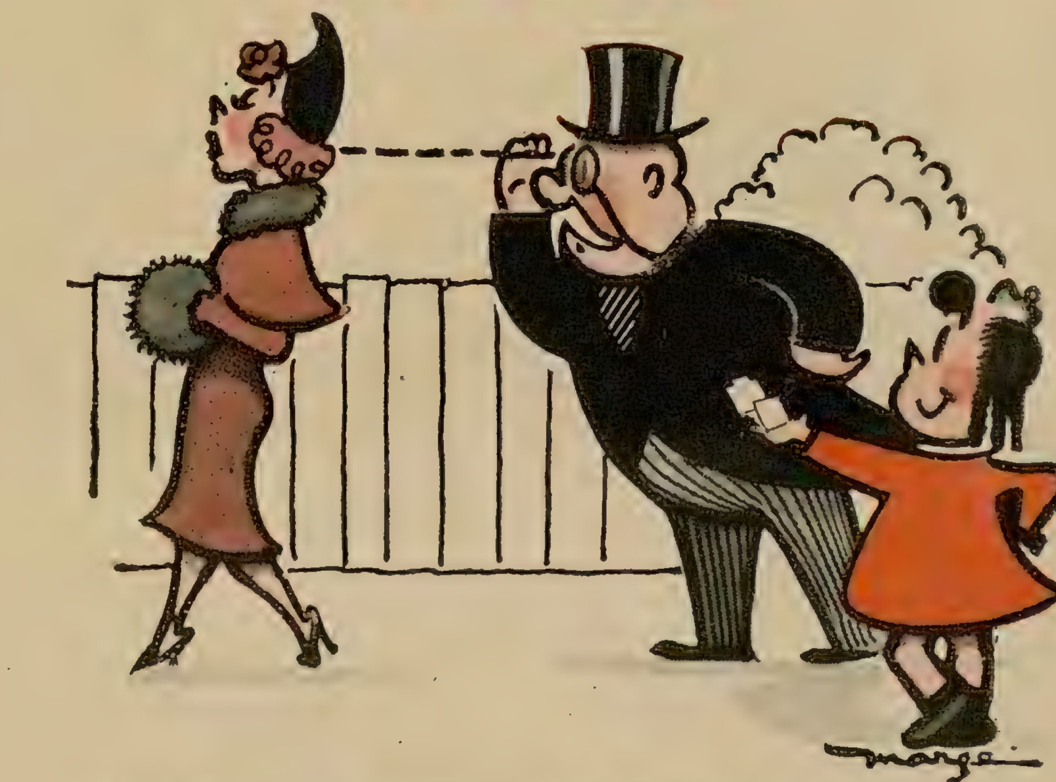
"Their folks come down and got the boats and some things. I stayed four weeks, but we never found their bodies.

"Last I see of Cap'n Bob was his arm going around Miss Martha, diggin', fightin', in the wind and rain, his mighty arm holdin' her close and the other arm clawin' down deep round the railroad track so the wind wouldn't knock 'em into the Gulf. Then the water rolled over like a big wall and I see Mr. Bob's fist raise up to the sky jest once, and then there was nothin' but water."

I was slowly getting the picture of what had happened, understanding it, from Jim's account. The years fell away.

I remembered getting a letter

LITTLE LULU



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from Bob on a July day, sweating out a job in Richmond, back in the early thirties.

"Even you, up there in Virginia, get caught up with city living. Why the hell don't you come down and fish with me now? Never mind it's summer, out of season. This is when the fish are here. The seas are flat, fine. Mornings, they are like a slick plate glass, and the only break you'll see for miles is a tarpon feather or silver fans of minnows being kicked into the sun by jacks and barracuda.

"Martha's happy. We have a main cottage now. Incidentally, she got those curtains she dreamed about when we were sleeping under the bridge. They look good moving in the wind right now. They get stiff—as stiff as you and I did after that sailfish—when there's a storm coming. We'll expect you soon."

◆ Pictures to the mind of the deep heat. The deep, deep heat. Then a great clot of red smears the sky in the evening, there's a hum in the air like a tuning symphony orchestra from the mosquitoes, and a deep purple touches the easy heaving breast of the sea.

You forget what had worried you, and only the color of the sky and the night and the feel of the air matter. Air, and the rustling palms, the sea sibilance, put something into you that makes you feel good, tremendous—as if something final, satisfying, is about to happen.

Martha had been all bright and cheerful when I got there that night.

"Look," she exclaimed, "just look what Bob has done! These screens! Even the sand flies can't get in. Bob made a wonderful barbecue pit outside—and we're teaching Easterners to eat barracuda. We have the leaves to cook pompano *en papillotte,* and he's fixed a turtle crawl, so we'll never run out. I must give you some of our conch chowder."

She ran back to the kitchen.

Mosquitoes played a high violin string in the blue-black air. I liked this. Bob had made it. So had Martha. It was good just to sit in the place, think of tomorrow out in the blue water, feel the success of a good fight in the American tropics.

We talked late that night and Bob wove his dreams of the past into the obvious present and a glowing future.

In the morning we were both in high gear when we threw the mooring line back to the mate who, we decided, was unnecessary to our morning's fishing. There was a low level of mist on the water that disappeared before we hit the blue of the Stream.

You'd have thought you needed a glazier's tool to cut the hard, bright, sun-glazed surface of the water. Bob had the Shantih running at about five knots, and nothing happened for quite a while. Once a sail showed his spike, but he seemed indifferent to the ballyhoo, and swam ahead of it and disappeared in the vast green depths that coursed with their mighty, timeless surge.

Suddenly, without previous word, Bob cut the motor, agilely swung his huge body past me, and got to the top deck where a harpoon lay in its rack.

"Take the wheel," he called, as he raised the harpoon. I looked toward the water and thought we had moved alongside some small brown patch of land out there in the sea. Flat, indomitable, totally indifferent to our existence and to the sky above and the world around it, lay a great manta ray, its far-spread tips of flippers idly curving in the calm glassy sea.

I watched Bob carefully go over the coil of rope on the harpoon, and then took his order when he told me to run the wheel hard starboard. The ray, without any apparent movement, had moved some fifteen feet from the gunnel.

A breeze coursed over us. One of those quick stirs of air that come from nowhere off the Keys and turn the water to a milky restlessness. I realized as I stared at the water how huge the great brown fish was. Some eighteen feet of water showed quiet dark brown, ominous, where the flat giant lay.

The wind grew annoying, gusty. Bob shouted back to me to turn the wheel, and after a minute I got the idea—he wanted to head up on the ray and get it in the lee. The Shantih was pitching a little now, but Bob's massive figure, poised with the heavy iron rod in his hand, seemed to me to steady it.

With neither warning nor indication of movement, the ray lengthened his distance from the boat. I pulled the wheel around. Bob nodded, and almost unconsciously I opened the throttle. Before I knew it, we were going along at a good pace, the ray showing no exertion.

"Keep right with him," Bob called. I opened up another notch.

Two flippers, eighteen feet apart, curled like envelope flaps in the water. The ray had turned. I threw the motor into reverse and Bob nodded appreciatively, held up a warning hand. Then he tensed. There was a lot of motion to the boat now, the water had roughened so suddenly.

"Can I ask what the hell the idea of this is?" I yelled at Bob laughingly.

There wasn't any answer.

The big brown barge of a fish rocked close.

Bob shifted his stance, raised the harpoon. I thought he was going to strike. There was a gigantic swirl as the ray's tail curled like a whip in the air and pig eyes rose and stared at the enemy that rocked, implacable and dominant, above him. Surely the ray must somehow have known at that moment that it was a fight to the death, something it had never met before. Studying, perhaps, what it should do.

◆ Bob pivoted, massaged the rope in his hand, raised the black iron rod. Without warning, the fish, shutterlike flippers raised, stiffened in a deadly point at the boat, and it seemed for one wild second as if it was going to attempt a complete envelopment of the Shantih. A wide white belly turned like a huge canvas in the water and I saw Bob spring to the gunnel and raise his heavy arm to its farthest height. I'll never know from that point what happened first.

There was a wild lunge as Bob threw the harpoon, and against the sky I saw his monolithic body pasted in the air for a slash second. *The harpoon seemed to carry Bob overboard. The ugly rod sank neatly into the back of the ray and there was a brown-black spurt of foul-looking blood just above the eyes as it turned in the water. And then a convulsive shudder rocked the Shantih. Bob's body hit one flipper as he went overboard, the ray churned the water to a wild froth, and for a sickening moment I could see nothing.*

The first clear impression was Bob's head, raising itself on the other side of the boat. He hoisted himself easily over the side. The ray had now tautened the line and gave a hard yank at the bowsprit as Bob let the water run off himself. Bob waved a hand. There was another thick spew of crimson-black blood in the water and the ray turned in a deep swerve.

I watched, full of awe, the struggling bargelike fish come up out of the green. It rose with a certain final majesty, to an enemy, a death, but it came on, turning slowly, blood streaming back in dark red ropes into the cobalt blue. Cap'n Bob had grabbed another rod lying on the deck. His body moved in a rhythmic certainty to the movement of the ray as it rolled slowly, trying to figure what was hurting so.

The massive right arm shot into the sky again, and the pig eyes showed glistening just as the rod hit. But this time Cap'n Bob didn't go overboard. He stood there confident, tough, hard, watched the rod sink into the ray. Timing was perfect, but not so perfect as the neat dive under the boat a moment before.

I got awake.

"What were you doing—playing hero?"

"I don't see any cheering stands. I guess I just slipped. I guess I had to jump."

There were a lot of nights after that when I tried to decide whether Bob had slipped or jumped. I guess I'll never know.

The one impression that persists is that Bob was indestructible.

At any rate, he was laughing like hell when he hit the water.

◆ I was beginning to understand it, to picture from the hurricanes I had seen what they must have met:

A thin wailing of the wind; low thrumming sounds; a sigh of despair; a flat calm with a final fear making taut every fiber of the heart and body in the dread silence; brooding dark angry sky menace, personal in its unknown power, forming, forming, massing strange devilment that threatened ill going for anything below. . . .

The dark fingers in the sky were now touching the heaving breast of the sea.

There was a torn sky—ribbons of shattered cloud weaving a terrible pattern in a fearful void; a force born in the unknown, moving into a powerful fury to unknown ends—carrying death where death is unwanted—relentless, brutal, with no discrimination.

Whines now came from the vortex. A snarl of birth, the lonely terrible birth of a hurricane that was to grow to a fierce might, force within force, limitless.

Now wind ripped little rents here and there in the stretched black silk of the sea and revealed a frothy whiteness. The dark record with its fine wind-cut lines was spinning faster. Its edges roughened as it grew larger, its weird navel deepened, and softly a whimper came from somewhere as a gust tore the pattern for a moment and whipped the air with a single strand of water, wildly white against the coarsening sea and apprehensive sky.

Crashing cords of water began rocking insanely against the coral rock. A tiny strip of sand curled and disappeared. One lone gull went screaming forward with the wind, gaining no altitude, as if a huge hand were trying to press it into the sea. The wind tore pieces of sky into long strips and waved them over the crouched fearful land with a mad music that was discordant, fatal, wrong.

I could see it now, from Jim's words. The pictures were coming solid and clear.

The hurricane born from a tiny whine on the sea, from the minute disk-swirl far out there in the Caribbean—a tiny etching on a desolate waste of water—that had grown from its thin babyish wail to a snarling relentless force, roaring toward Matecumbe with its dinning noise.

Bob and Martha, running around their little piece of earth and possessions. Bob at the anchors, casting lines, rearing up to look for the path where the giant was coming. Tensing muscles, Martha moving dishes to higher shelves, pinning curtains above the sliding frame windows so that when the glass broke, it wouldn't cut the chintz. Then the fury growing too loud, too towering.

Bob felt his body driven against the dining room, where Martha was. If the boats weren't safe now, they couldn't be made so, because he couldn't get back out there against the wind. He looked around once, rubbed his face to ease the pain from the stinging of the wind-smashed rain. When he went into the dining room the walls seemed to be undulating and Martha had fear in her eyes as she yelled:

"This is rough, Bob."

"Come here," was all he said.

Wind and water hit them like bullets from a machine gun as he opened the door. The door tore straight off over the palms and disappeared. A figure was crawling along the ground toward the big coconut palm, shouting at him. It was Jim trying to make his way to the tree.

Then it sounded as if big barn doors started slamming all around them on the narrow strip between the Atlantic and the Gulf. The hurricane had hit with its final might. To kill. To move everything from its path. To deliver black, empty death.

Flickering unreal light. Jim was clawing his way up the tree. He didn't know how far he was from the top. He just wanted to get up, up from a sickening force and a roaring, pounding, wind-driven water. His hands told him he couldn't go higher. The palm seemed to have become soft rubber between his knees. In the dim light he stared toward the railroad tracks.

Then he saw the figures, broken

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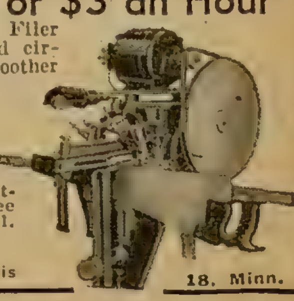

outlines wavering in the deep murk, bent low to the ground. Bob's great hulk staggered, straightened as if in mighty anger, cursing the leveling indomitable force that bent everything in one straight line before its onslaught.

Jim tried to wipe the stinging rain out of his eyes with one arm, tearfully struggling to see the two low mounds of moving people slowly gaining the tracks. He dully wondered what they would do—thought, too, he said, how no one would ever know what he was thinking, and how it didn't matter what he was thinking, or how much he wanted to tell Captain Bob to forget the false safety of the tracks and fear the wall of water that was bound to come.

Suddenly the figures flattened. The wind was a solid roaring scream now. Some new force was pushing from out there in the Atlantic in a single tremendous rush to the kill. It had to kill now, it seemed, or its purpose would be lost.

There was a shattering calm for an instant. Jim said he felt as if his blood was "jest given time to run around my body oncet more"—and then the final crashing chords of the mephitic symphony moved to a close. Running with slapping, tumbling leaps, a tall wall of black water moved with a strange forward slowness.

The wind ripped just ahead of the water wall like a pack of insane hounds. Some rift, some light showed. Jim wiped his eyes again. He said he was sorry he did.

There, through the smeary rain curtain, he saw Captain Bob pat Martha. She was yanked away from him for an instant and Bob's big arm shot out to bring her back to his side. Their heads lowered together.

Down, down, like a bitter bending of steel, they lowered and were finally prone. Then Jim thought Captain Bob laughed, and he saw him pat Miss Martha again and scoop her beneath his body. He was digging down around the railroad track just as the water flowed over them.

Jim saw Mr. Bob's arm shoot skyward, fist clenched. Huge and mighty, alone, a fist shaking defiance, tight, threatening an unseeing enemy, and then a higher surge of dark water triumphantly obliterating everything but its own cold, boiling fury.

Twice, Jim said, he was sure the palm was bent all the way over.

"I never knew before the wind could kick hell out of you and it had such big fists. But it sure does. You feel like a jelly mass when it quietens. I was so sore when the mornin' came, I didn't know if I was alive.

"I look all around. Mr. Bob's place was all gone. I puked when I see where he and Miss Martha had been. I got real sick. My legs wouldn't move. And there sat the sun, all bright and sassy, jest as if nothin' had done happen. Everybody dead and nothin' down below except some sand piled up in places, and all calm and flat again. Somethin' big kill in the night and then the sun come and say, 'So what?' "

When I walked away from the dock, the air was soft and fine. A tall glow of lights stood in the sky. I was almost to my hotel when a little breeze sprang up.

The safe, bored-sounding, calm voices in the lobby stirred a strange resentment, and I hurried to get to my room quickly.

◆ ◆

## ADOPTION IS A TWO-WAY STREET

*Continued from page 18*

our education and tastes. She wanted to know whether we had any objection to a child with either mixed religious or ethnic background, our preference as to sex and coloring, and whether we hoped to adopt a second child later. Since this agency's primary consideration was the happy placement of its babies, and since a home with two children was considered preferable to a home with one, it was in our favor that we wanted a son now, a daughter later.

The whole interview was a thoroughly reassuring experience. We took home our assorted questionnaires, including one for our physician to complete after giving us both a physical examination. We filled out the forms, returned them, and with gratifying promptness we were informed our application had been approved.

Then came the waiting period. It just can't be compared with any other human experience. Natural parents know that at the end of nine months there will be a baby, and it's customarily a period of tender tranquillity for both mother and father. But it was just the opposite for us. After the first few months of waiting, impatient anticipation began to alternate with righteous indignation, which often gave way to black despair.

Will we get a baby or won't we? And when, *when*, WHEN? A letter is sent, and in due course a polite and passionless reply is received. We're on the list and we'll be reached soon.

"Soon" in the lexicon of the adoption agency seemed to have no relation to any known human chronology. After what felt like years, we wrote again, and got substantially the same answer.

But encouraging things did happen to break the impatient waiting. There were the home visits by an agency case worker, and word from friends, whose names we had given as references, that they had been contacted.

I, too, had my big day when, at her request, I took the case worker to lunch. This case worker got down to cases—my job, my prospects, my feeling about children, about adoption, and the state of my finances.

To keep the record straight, I found that the adoption agencies are not looking for millionaires, geniuses, or men of distinction, but for normal people who are a sound risk so far as the happiness and welfare of the child are concerned.

At long last the happy day arrived, more than a year after our initial interview. My wife's excited voice broke the news to me over the phone that the case worker had just called to make an appointment for us to see a baby.

"She—she was perfectly calm!" my wife gasped. "She told me about The Baby just exactly as if she had called to say the new dress I had ordered was ready!"

On the appointed day we met the case worker at the railroad station and entrained for a town where the agency had 15 to 20 foster homes—private homes where the mother of the family cared for one or two of the agency's babies and was paid for her work.

We questioned the case worker eagerly about the baby, but her answers were brief and noncommittal. She urged us to wait and see for ourselves—clearly she didn't want to "sell" us in advance. She assured us that if we had the slightest reservation about *this* child, we would be shown others.

For us it was love at first sight. We went for six-month-old Joey hook, line, and sinker the minute we laid eyes on him. After a brief, grave appraisal, Joey reciprocated in kind. We were ready to come back for him the very next day, but the case worker insisted that there be a cooling-off period to allow any questions or doubt to crystallize. We

COMPLAINTS
Ben Roth

LIBERTY

"It's about a kazoo I bought here yesterday for my little boy!"

were reminded once more that when we took Joey home, we would only be his custodians, since he could not be legally adopted until we had served our year's probationary period as his parents.

On the way home we got Joey's family history and background. We were amazed at the detail, and how far back the agency had gone. We learned more about Joey's parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents than we knew about our own! My wife took careful notes, for she wanted to be prepared for the time when Joey might want to know about his origin.

A week later my wife and I drove out to the foster home to get Joey. We had a bagful of baby clothes and a beribboned basket in case Joey felt like sleeping. After a few formalities—a receipt for Joey and an examination of Joey by a pediatrician—I was on my way home the very same day with a happy wife and a beautiful bouncing baby.

In the course of the probationary year the case worker dropped in twice to see how things were going, and her visits were the only reminders that Joey was not our own natural son.

I have found myself taking foolish pride in noting the way Joey takes after the old man—those intelligent eyes, that handsome nose, those broad shoulders and barrel chest, that way with the girls. Nor am I alone in this. Casual acquaintances, unaware he is adopted, have told me they could pick him out of a mob as my son. To one such remark Joey gave the obvious answer: "Don't be silly—I'm not bald like my daddy."

Yes, raising an adopted family is very much like raising a natural one. But there are some special things we ran up against.

At the top of the list was telling Joey about adoption—what, how, and when to tell him. The agency advised that he be told early, and it was easy to see why. All the neighbors and the neighbors' kids knew about it, and it was important for him to learn that word "adopted" in a pleasant context. We didn't want it to come to him later, and pull the rug from under him.

On this point I've got to admit to some conflict. While I knew it was important to tell Joey about it, I was afraid it might undermine his happiness and security. While I was mentally pulling and hauling, however, Joey took matters into his own hands by getting interested in where babies come from. We decided that the simplest method, and the one least likely to get Joey mixed up, was to tell him about adoption first, and then, after he was all straightened out, to give him the where-babies-come-from story.

Despite our misgivings, Joey was enchanted with the story my wife concocted to acquaint him with the idea of adoption. For the next two years he seemed happy about the whole thing. The lesson was brought to a climax when at four he helped us adopt Little Sister.

Little Sister's debut brought on the same gushing exclamations from the neighbors that we had been through when Joey first made his appearance—remarks that featured the word "adopted" and whose general tenor was what wonderful people we were to adopt the kids, and how lucky they were to be "taken into such a good home."

We found this one of the more discomforting phases of adoption. Explain as you will that *you* are the lucky ones to be able to get such fine youngsters, it makes no dent—that kind of talk is put down to modesty.

Joey was present at many of these outbursts, and it was just about this time that we began to notice a change in his attitude toward adoption. Ordinarily a talkative and sociable child, Joey began to clam up when the neighbors got gushy.

This was a development for which the adoption agency, the magazine articles, and the books on child psychology had not prepared us. This attitude became even more pronounced later, when he started to school. From a friend with an adopted son of the same age we got the same story—thumbs down on adoption talk.

Why this change? The best answer we can find is that at the age of six the urge for conformity is extremely strong. Kids want to be exactly like every other kid in the gang—dress alike, act alike, think alike, have the same kind of toys. Joey feels that being adopted means being different in a very basic and vulnerable way from other kids.

◆ Joey knows he's adopted. He has accepted the fact, and doesn't seem to mind bringing it up occasionally *in the bosom of the family* when there's something he wants to know about it. But he doesn't like to be reminded of it in public.

As for Little Sister and adoption, she's been no problem at all—to date. She was told the adoption story at two—she's four now. Anything that's good enough for Joey is good enough for her. If Joey has a red gun, she wants a red gun; if Joey is adopted, she would be heartbroken if she weren't.

As you can see, I started on the adventure of adoption like a reluctant dragon, and ended up a proud and doting papa and a hot partisan of adoption.

I wish I could indicate just where, when, and why the change came about. But I can't put my finger on any one moment and say this is where the switch occurred, this is what convinced me.

It just happened gradually, unconsciously. Apparently, while the paternal instinct doesn't operate so violently as the maternal, it moves in its own mysterious way its wonders to perform! ◆ ◆

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"There, there, dear—I don't know of anyone I'd rather have give me indigestion!"

## GRANDMA WINS THE JACKPOT

Continued from page 20 . . . . . .

"This thing should have been down long ago, and I'm going to see that it's done."

Well, I had learned to keep my mouth shut when Grandma made up her mind to do something. So I just asked her if she'd look in on Baby until I got back. She climbed down off the roof, wiped the soot out of her eyes, and she and Grandpa went up the hill.

But not Sally Jones. She came over to the car as Joe and I got back in. "Suitcase and everything," she mused, looking in the back seat. She turned to Joe. "You look unusually chipper this morning. How about that part in Aunt Jenny's Other Uncle?"

I felt Joe scrounge in the seat beside me. He had never liked Sally, partly because every time he wanted to use our phone, he was stymied because Sally was on our party line. And she was far from her physical best now, bulging because of an obvious lack of girdle.

"You want to know," asked Joe sarcastically, "the easiest way to get a soap-opera job?"

"I'm asking," retorted Sally.

"Start a dog-biscuit or crunchy-snap cereal factory. When it gets big enough, you can put on your own soap opera and name your own part in it."

"You're a very nasty man, Joe Gordon!"

"Cheer up." Joe grinned. "I'll get you an audition some day. But I don't own NBC, you know."

"Well," said Sally, "it doesn't hurt to ask."

Joe and I didn't talk all the way to Hollywood. In front of the studios he slid out of the car, opened the rear door and got his suitcase and set it down on the sidewalk.

I bit my lower lip, then put out my hand. "Nice to have had you for a father for my kids, Joe. Will I ever see you again?"

Joe grabbed my hand, his face a little pale, then let go and turned away without a word. I watched him go up the studio steps. He waved half-heartedly as he went inside.

I sat there in the car, visualizing him as he walked down the long corridor to the door marked "Joe Gordon, Production Manager." I couldn't help remembering the night we both sat in that office—long before the children came—and so darned happy that he had the job. But that was before he got so much ambition, too.

I don't know how I got home. All the way I was wondering if I should have told Joe. I don't think I saw a traffic signal or another car. But I made it, and as I drove into the garage at the top of the hill, Grandma was there to meet me, with Baby in her arms. We walked into the house. Grandma put Baby in her high chair, and cornered me.

"You look so happy," she said, with that Irish-English determined look on her face. "Are you going to tell me about it or do I have to find out for myself?"

Well, I broke down and wailed. Now that Joe was gone, I could do it—and do a big job. Grandma let me have it out, even furnishing the hankies. But after about ten minutes of it, the baby started yelling, and Grandma took her out of the high chair and gave her a bath. Then she put her in her crib for a nap.

"All right," she said, as she came back. "You've yowled enough. Now tell me about you and Joe."

"He says he isn't coming back—or at least that's what he might as well have said."

"And why isn't he?" demanded Grandma.

"I told you he didn't say."

Grandma gave me another hankie, then shook me hard. "Shut up," she said, half gently. "No man is worth that much salt water. Trouble with you two is that you have so much in common that you can't discuss a little difference of opinion." She sat down opposite me so that I couldn't evade her. "If you can't tell me what the trouble is, I'll tell *you*. And you'll listen!"

I gulped back another wail. There was no getting away from Grandma, once she made up her mind. If she said I was going to listen, I was.

"In case you don't know it," Grandma said, "you're the best mother in existence. But Joe is so used to it that he doesn't realize it. But he thinks you don't make the kids mind well enough. He's partly right, for all three of them take more nervous energy out of you than you have to give."

She stopped and looked closely at me. "Is that right?" she demanded.

I nodded. "He doesn't say it."

"Of course he doesn't," Grandma went on. "He's so full of radio and his ambition to do even more than he is, that he comes home with a mind that isn't open to home, you, or the kids."

"Oh, no," I protested.

"I said it is," Grandma insisted, "and you know I'm right. Joe would be a better husband and father if he were a ditch digger."

I sniffed. "We'd have a grand time living on a ditch digger's salary—particularly now, with—"

"Do you call *this* living," snapped Grandma, "with Joe packed up and off to Hollywood?"

I shook my head. I couldn't tell Grandma, either. She had more to get off her chest, but just then Grandpa walked in the front door. Thank goodness for Grandpa. If he suspected anything was wrong, he didn't mention it. But of course he had something else on his mind too.

"You," he said to Grandma, "had better come down to the house. You have visitors."

"Visitors?" queried Grandma. "I'm not expecting anybody."

"Expected or not," said Grandpa, "you have visitors—two of them."

"Well," Grandma fussed, "who are they? And why didn't you tell them I'm busy?"

"You don't look busy," said Grandpa, going out to the refrigerator to get a beer. "And besides," he called from the kitchen, "one of them is the city building inspector. He says you can't knock down that chimney without a permit."

"Who says I can't tear down my own house?"

"I told you," said Grandpa, coming back from the kitchen with his beer, "that the city building inspector said so. I guess he can make you quit if he wants to."

Grandma bristled. "And who else is down there?"

Grandpa finished his glass deliberately and set it down. "A man from the Builders' Supply. He said he was told to come out and finish the job."

"Who told him?" Grandma almost shouted.

Grandpa chuckled. "He said he had a phone call from Joe."

"Joe!" snorted Grandma. "That meddler!"

"I don't know," said Grandpa. "Joe may have a point. He told the Builders' Supply man that he thought we'd all rather have you in one piece, such as it is."

Grandma jumped out of her chair, but Grandpa got out the door first, chuckling like a demon. He didn't have much of a head start, but he walks fast, so he got down the hill ahead of Grandma. I looked out the window in time to see her talking to the two men on the porch. Grandpa wasn't in sight.

I didn't have time to go down, though I was curious, and it looked like an opportunity to get my mind away from my own troubles. Baby woke up from her nap, and it was time to pick the other two up from school. I put Baby in the car and went after them. Butch was waiting at the school gates with the message that Mary had gone out to play.

In spite of the fact that I had told Mary never to go any place without asking, I let it pass, and we drove back home. I asked Butch to take the wastebasket stuff out to the incinerator while I planned supper. I put Baby on the counter by the window, just in time to see Butch go out the front gate to play — without the wastebaskets. I started to call him, then I remembered what Grandma had said. Maybe Joe *did* have something. I had to admit that there had been other times when Mary had not asked and when Butch had not done what I told him to do. The thought of Joe made me squeeze Baby. I bit my lip, for normally Joe would have been walking in the front door by this time.

Grandpa came in a few minutes later with the afternoon mail. He took Baby from me and they rubbed noses and she pulled his hair. There was a letter from Joe. It was brief:

> Yes, I phoned the inspector to stop Grandma. And the Builders' Supply man, too. Grandma has no right doing that work. Be sure she lets the Builders' Supply man do the job. I'll pay for it.
>
> I got the announcing job on Ladies and Words. First show is this Saturday. Fred Grant takes over production.
>
> Take care of yourself. JOE

Just that, and nothing more. So he'd got the announcing job he wanted. And had to give up producing the show to get it! Well, I hoped it made him happy.

I went over to the refrigerator and pretended to be awfully busy, to give myself time to get collected. I could sense Grandpa looking at me. Then the front door slammed and Butch and Mary came in.

"How about the wastebaskets?" I asked Butch.

"Oh, gosh," said Butch, "I forgot."

"And you, Mary," I said. "Why didn't you ask if you could go to Janet's?"

"Gee, Mom," she said, "it was all right. You know Janet!"

"That's not the point," I said. "Both of you should do as you're told."

"I'll empty the wastebaskets now," said Butch.

"I won't go any place again unless I ask," said Mary.

Both replies for the one hundredth time, I thought, watching Grandpa and Baby poke each other. I took Baby from him.

"Well, Grandpa," I said, "what happened down the hill?"

He grinned. "Right now it's a stand-off. The inspector says she can't knock down any more of the chimney without a permit, and she says she won't take one out, because it isn't a *building* job. The man from the Builders' Supply left in a hurry. Guess he was afraid he'd get between 'em."

Grandpa helped himself to another beer from the refrigerator. "Anyway, I wouldn't want to be in the inspector's shoes, for I think she's going right on—in spite of what he said. And you know your mother. She gets sudden whims to do things and not even the devil could stop her."

*We didn't see Grandma come in, but there she was, standing in the doorway. "Is this all you two have to do—talk about me and the devil?"*

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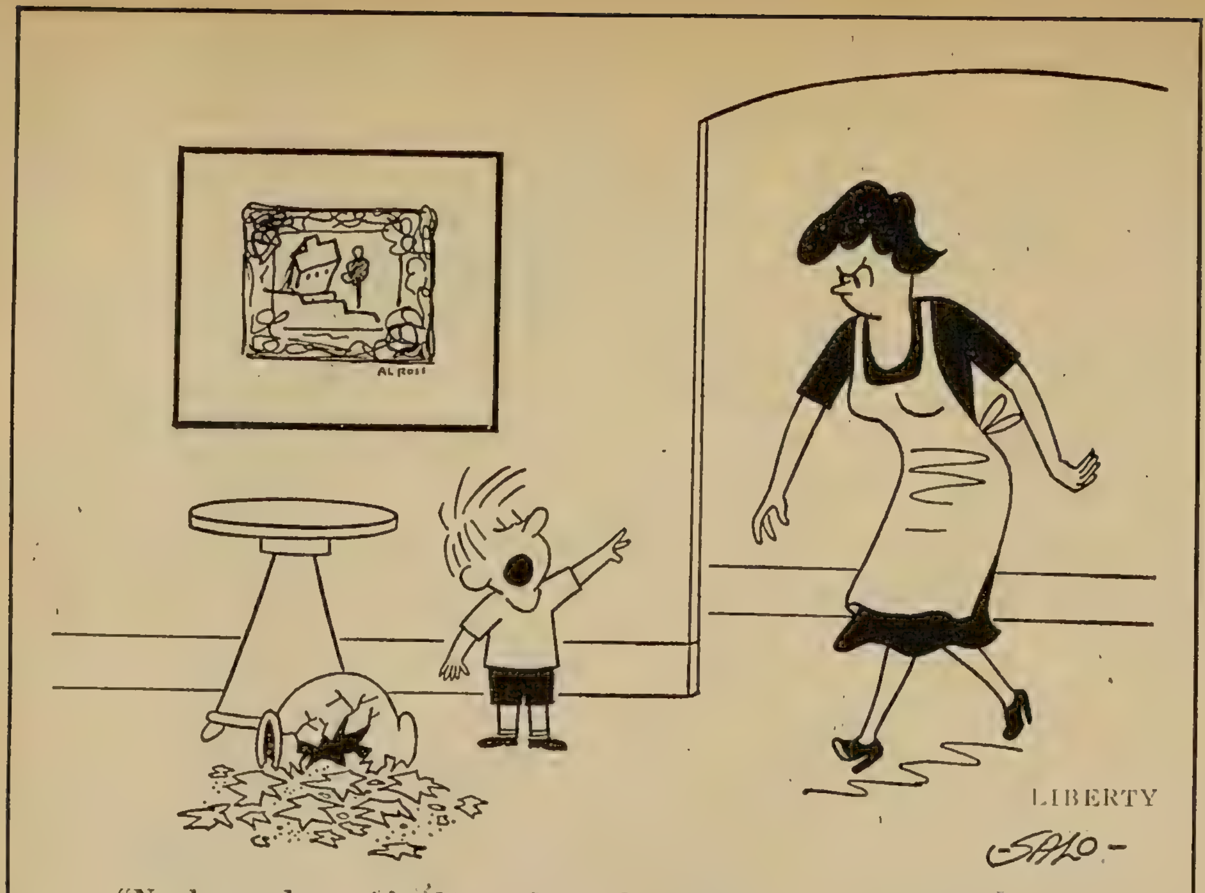

"No harm done—it's the mate to the one I broke the other day!"

Grandpa had his back turned, and when she spoke he almost choked on the beer. It ran down his shirt and trickled on the floor.

"Gamp 'pit." said Baby gleefully.

"I did not, you imp." said Grandpa. "Your grandmother made me choke."

Without asking permission, Grandma was reading the note from Joe. She finished it, completely oblivious to the fact that she was reading my mail, and looked at me. "Is that the program where all the old women guess at the meaning of words?"

I nodded. Grandma took Baby. "Now," she said, "you all come downhill for your dinner. You have enough on your mind without cooking for this tribe."

I had enough on my mind, all right. And, for once, not even Grandma knew it all. Butch tugged my arm.

"When's Pop comin' home, Mom? He's late."

"Don't ask foolish questions," said Grandma.

"What's foolish about it?" demanded Mary. "Pop is always home by this time!"

Grandma started to say something, then thought better of it and looked at me. After all, it was my cue. "Pop won't be home for a while, kids. He's—he has a lot of work to do at his office."

"Aw, heck," said Butch. "He doesn't work hard! And I wanted to ask him for that air gun tonight!"

"Not till he gives me my ice skates," said Mary.

Grandpa chuckled. "Come on down and help your grandmother knock the chimney to pieces, kids. Maybe she'll get 'em for you."

Grandma gave him a curt look. "I'm not going to work on the chimney!"

Grandpa started for the door. "What's the matter?" he quipped. "Are you licked by the inspector?"

"I am not licked," said Grandma. "This is not the right time, and you know it! There are other things to do." She herded Butch and Mary ahead of her. "Come on, all of you. And," she called after Grandpa, "you've had enough of Joe's beer—at least for one day!"

Well, that was Monday. And Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were just other days. I didn't hear another word from Joe. I almost phoned him on Thursday. I even went so far as to call his office, but I hung up before he could answer. Let him phone me!

And Grandma didn't get up on the roof again in spite of the fact that Grandpa lost no opportunity to make wisecracks about that lopsided chimney with several rocks knocked out of it. "Does a lot for the house," he said on Friday. "Gives it that individualistic look. Why, I'll bet there isn't another house in California like it! One that's lived in anyway."

But Grandma, for once in her life, had no comeback. It was obvious that she had something on her mind, but it wasn't the chimney—and apparently it wasn't me. It was another one of her times when she was busy and not thinking about what she was doing. But she kept me going. She insisted on doing all the cooking, but she had me washing the drapes, waxing the floors, and cleaning out the kitchen cupboards. And I didn't rebel when she asked me to do one which I had already cleaned. I just did it again. As I said, I learned long ago to keep my mouth shut when Grandma made up her mind, even if her decisions kept me in a turmoil. And I was certainly in one!

Saturday morning Grandma came up the hill with Grandpa in tow. Without wasting any words, she came to the point.

"Grandpa will take care of the kids," she said, "while you take me down to the bus."

"I don't know where you're going," I said, "but if Grandpa is going to take care of the children, I might as well take you myself. You don't have to take the bus."

She almost glared at me. "That's very sweet," she said, "but where I'm going is none of your business and, furthermore, I can do what I have to do much better if I don't have to look at that doleful face of yours." She patted me on the arm. "You just take me to the bus and come back here and keep Grandpa out of the beer."

So I took her to the bus and went back home. And Grandpa and I both got into the beer. Somehow it seemed the thing to do. We could both rebel when Grandma was away. Then I got lunch, and the three kids and Grandpa and I sat up at the counter and guzzled soup and crackers. Of course Baby put most of hers on the floor. Butch and Mary gulped theirs down and went out to play. Then Grandpa took Baby out on the lawn for her sun bath and I did the dishes.

◆ I had been determined, on Monday, that I wouldn't listen to Joe's first announcing job. But this was Saturday, and I couldn't help it. I even phoned the office again, just before program time, with the idea of wishing him luck—but I hung up once more before he could answer. I couldn't trust myself to talk to him.

Well, the Ladies and Words half hour is the type of thing I hate. But I listened, and Jack McElvy's glib master-of-ceremonies chatter was boring, even though Jack is personally a swell guy. But finally he stopped with, "Now, before we start our word quiz with our charming studio guests, here's a word from our announcer — Joe Gordon!"

And there was Joe, yakking about the soap that covers every blemish and even removes inkspots from old lace heirlooms—easy as pie. And much as I didn't want to admit it, Joe was doing a good job. That is, until the end of the commercial, when he butched the thought completely. It sounded as though he had seen something which threw him.

Jack quickly took over the program again, to cover Joe's error, and introduced the first lady guest, and—it was Grandma! I could hardly believe my ears.

What was she up to? How did she manage to get on the program? And what for? She hated it as much as I did!

Jack McElvy went on: "And where do you live?" Grandma told him. "Is this your first time in front of

(*Continued on page 66*)

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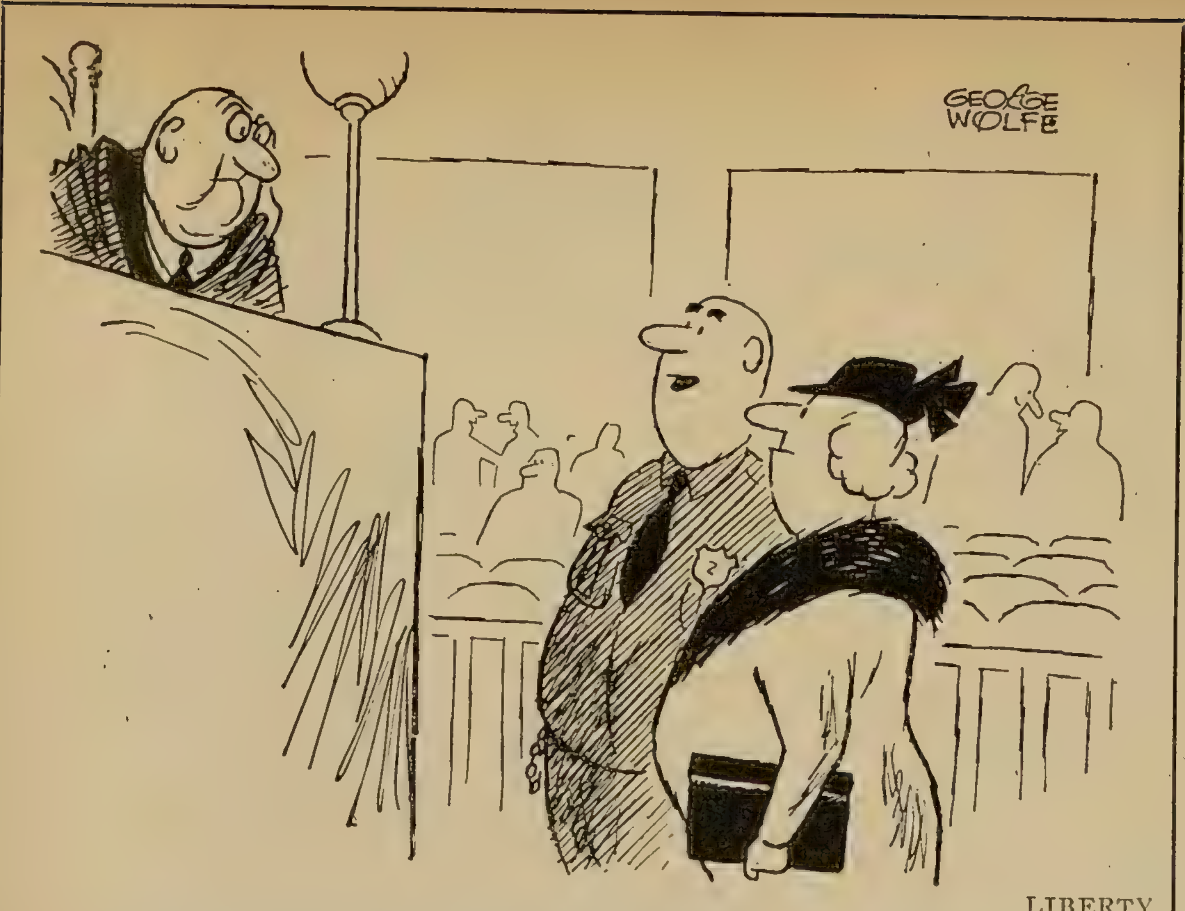


"Illegal parking, Your Honor—her car was parked in back of yours!"

(*Continued from page 64*)

a microphone?" Jack continued.

"Heavens, yes," said Grandma. "My son-in-law works in radio. One is enough for any family!"

Jack must have had the applause sign up, or the audience thought it was really funny.

"And now," said Jack, "I'm going to give you four words. You define them—tell us what they mean. And if you do, you'll win an electric toaster, a set of towels, an automatic dishwasher, and a big, big box of Bon-Bon Soap!"

A blast of music, and Jack went on: "Your first word is 'pretentious.' What does it mean?"

◆

Grandma's chuckle was barely audible. "Well," she said, "it's related to 'ambition.' If a man has achieved a lot—say in radio—and still wants to do more, he might be called 'pretentious,' because he doesn't *need* to do more. He just wants to do it because of what other people think!"

Jack roared. "That's right! Now, are you ready for your second word?"

Grandma laughed. "All right."

"O.K.," said Jack. "your second word is 'magnanimous.' Can you tell us its meaning?"

"I'm not sure," said Grandma, "but I think it's what most people aren't! It has something to do with 'nobility,' I think. And a 'magnanimous' person might not ask for something, no matter how much she deserved it. A magnanimous wife, for instance, would hesitate to ask her wandering husband to come back home, no matter how much she wanted him to."

Jack roared with glee, and the audience applauded again. "You're a walking dictionary!" he shouted. "But watch out. They'll be harder from now on. Are you ready?"

Grandma's laugh came over clearly. "I'm ready."

"Here's a little lady," Jack went on, "who has two of her four words defined. Now let's see if she can get the next one. It's 'serene.'"

"That's easy," replied Grandma. "I thought you said they'd be harder. 'Serene' would describe a man who's content and calm, because he has a nice position and a loving family. He would almost be the opposite of the radio man who is 'pretentious.'"

The applause rolled up again, and Jack was trying to talk over it. "Three-fourths right!" he cried over the studio noise. "But now, here comes the last word, and a sticker it is. Are you ready?"

"As ready as I'll ever be," said Grandma.

"Your next and last word," said Jack, "is 'pauciloquy.' If you can define that, the electric toaster, the set of towels, the automatic dishwasher, and the box of Bon-Bon Soap are all yours!"

"Did you make that word up?" asked Grandma.

Jack laughed. "No, it's really a word. Of course," he said, "there are only a *few* like it, and people don't use them in their *talk* very much."

"Are you giving me a hint?" asked Grandma. "If you are, I could use more than that!"

"Well," said Jack, "it's a combination of two Latin words, meaning— But wait a minute! That's *your* job! What does 'pauciloquy' mean?"

"I'll make a guess," said Grandma. "It sounds to me like the state a couple would be in when they refuse to discuss anything, no matter how important. I think it means—'little talk.'"

"Right you are!" shouted Jack, and— "You win!"

Clapping from the studio audience drowned out his words and he waited for the noise to subside. "Are you sure," he said, "that you wouldn't like to be on the radio more often?"

"No, thanks," said Grandma. "I said before that one member of the family in radio is enough, and I still mean it." She chuckled again. "If he's listening to me—and I think he is—he'll agree that he doesn't need any more help from his mother-in-law!"

The orchestra music came up again and then faded out as Jack introduced the announcer. I waited for Joe's voice—but it wasn't Joe. Someone else was doing it!

I had to hand it to Grandma, for she had done a good job. But I had a mental picture of Joe dragging her out in the hall to give her a tongue-lashing. Then it dawned on me what had happened. No wonder Grandma had insisted on taking the bus! I ran downstairs to get Joe's letter and, as I suspected, it wasn't there. Grandma had taken it. What persuasion, I wondered, had she used on producer Fred Grant to get on the program—and with her own words?

I turned back to the living room, and there was Grandpa, with Baby on his lap, still listening to the program. He had a very queer expression on his thin face. He grinned sheepishly at me.

"That mother of yours," he said, "will get what's coming to her yet!"

"If there's one thing," I said, "that Joe can't stand, it's having someone else—and particularly Grandma—get into his business."

"Well," said Grandpa, "she certainly told him that he wasn't magnanimous, that he was too pretentious, that he wasn't contented, and that he's too close-mouthed."

I glared at Grandpa. "Were *you* in on this idea?"

Grandpa shook his head. "You ought to know that I've spent forty-five years trying to figure out what she'd do, and without any success."

"You didn't answer me," I said.

"Baby wanted to hear some music, so I brought her in and turned the radio on—and got Grandma!"

I thought I had good control, but I guess I didn't, for Grandpa took a clean handkerchief out of his pocket and handed it to me. "You'd better wipe those tears off your face before they drop on the floor and take the wax off," he said. I took the handkerchief and mopped my cheeks.

"I thought Grandma knew Joe better than to do this," I said, almost wailing again. "He'll be so mad he'll *never* come home!"

"Did it ever occur to you," said Grandpa, "that he might—if you asked him to?"

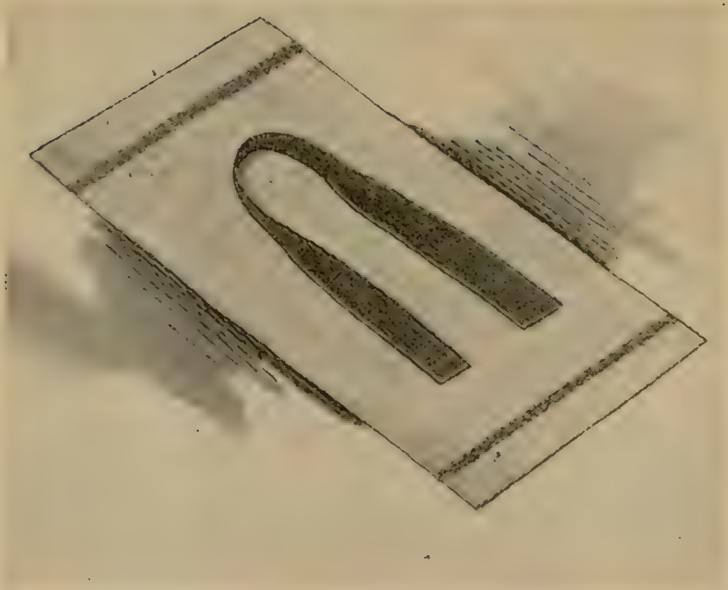
I stamped my foot. "I wouldn't ever do that!"

"So Grandma is right about you, too," he said.

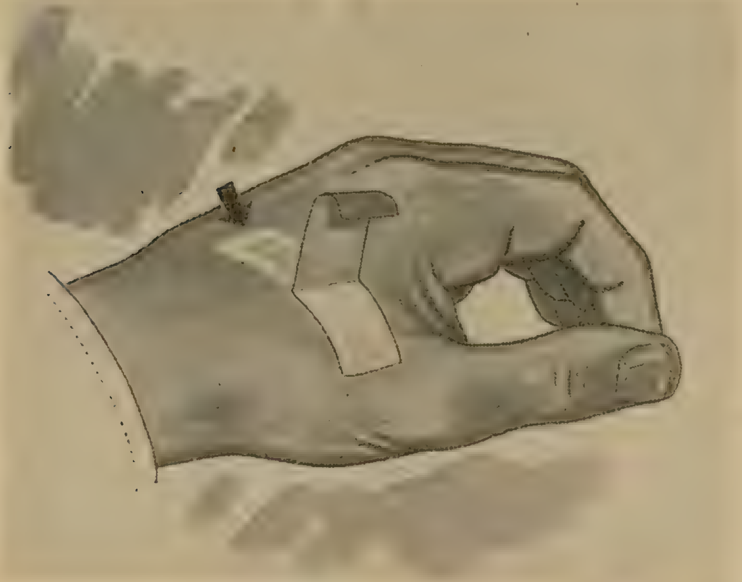
(*Continued on page 68*)

# THIS'LL DO IT

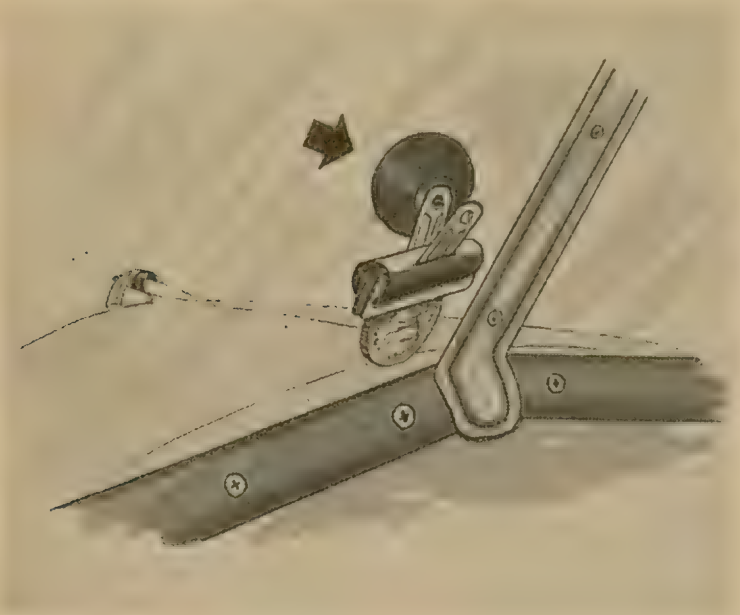
By C. B. COLBY



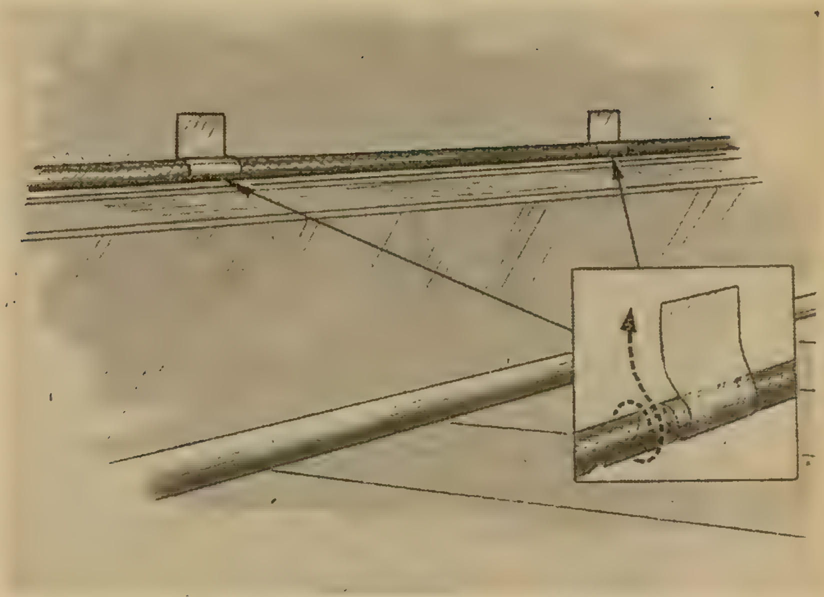
If your knitted ties become stringy looking, wring them out in warm water and lay them flat on a towel. They will return to their original shape as they dry.



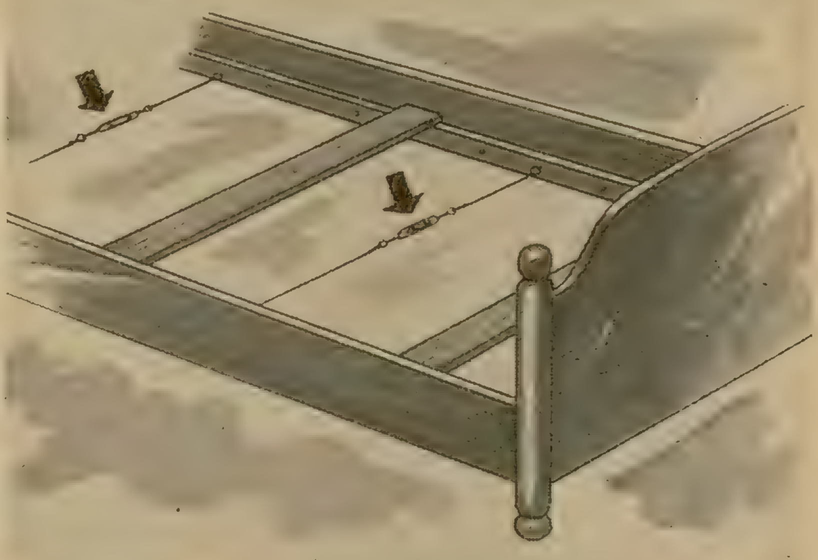
The sticky residue left from an adhesive plaster can be removed with cotton moistened in nail polish remover. Be careful not to get any liquid in the wound.



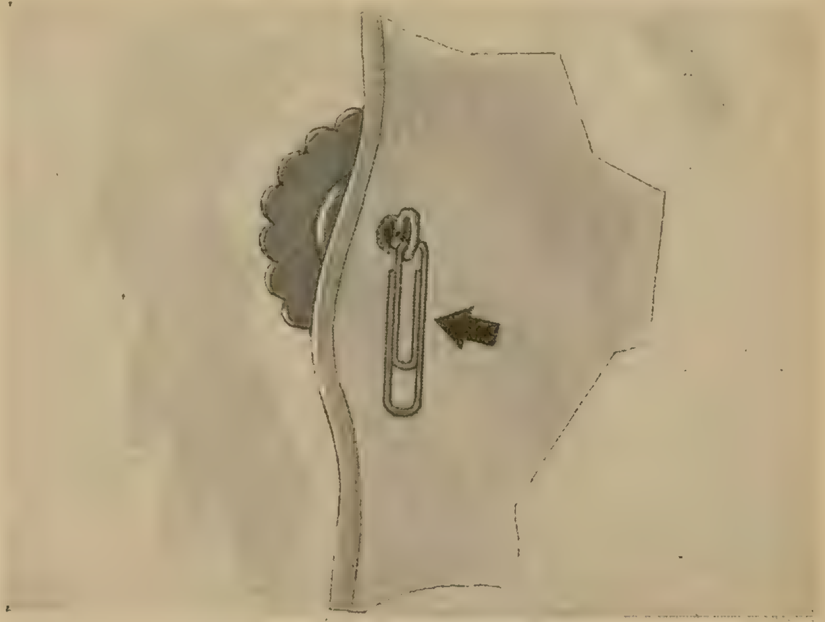
Coins for bridge and ferry tolls may be conveniently fastened to a car windshield with suction cup clips.



Transparent Scotch tape wound about an extension cord will hold it to the wall above the baseboard yet enable you to remove the cord without marking walls or leaving ugly holes.



To tighten the spreading sideboards of a bed, a simple solution is to install turnbuckles and wire braces between them (often just in the center) to draw them into proper position.



Tiny paper clips will serve as emergency fasteners for removable buttons when the standard fittings have been misplaced.

GEORGE WOLFE

LIBERTY

"I bumped into that guy you could have married instead of me. He thanked me profusely and treated me to a drink!"

(*Continued from page 66*)

The phone rang, but I stood there like a fuming mute, and paid no attention to it. It rang again.

"The telephone," said Grandpa mildly.

I went over and took it. It was Joe, and a very angry Joe. "I'd suggest," he said icily, "that you come down to my office and get Grandma. I'm going to keep her locked up here until you do. She's done enough damage already! How she got on this program I don't know, but she ruined the show! She violated the rules of the company—she—she wrecked my career!"

Something happened to me. I got mad. Good and mad. "You never *had* an announcing career!" I almost shouted.

"What?" Joe sputtered.

"No, you didn't," I shouted again. "If you call reading one lousy commercial a career, you're all wet. Particularly when you weren't good enough to read the next one!"

"How in Hades," Joe shouted back, "could you expect any man to go on when his mother-in-law stands in front of the mike and glares at him all the time she's making up words!"

"Don't," I yelled, "make any remarks about Grandma. After all, you married her daughter!"

"I made a big mistake," Joe retorted.

I heard an impatient clicking of another receiver on our line, and a voice came in. I recognized it. "I would like to use the phone," it said. "Why don't you two write letters?"

"Sally Jones," yelled Joe, recognizing the voice as well as I did, "hang up that phone! This is none of your danged business!"

"It wouldn't do any good to hang up," said Sally with honey-coated quinine in her tone, "for you're both shouting so that I could hear it anyway. Besides, this is an emergency. I've got to call the doctor about my ulcers, make a hair appointment, call the telephone company to ask for a private line for the Joe Gordons, and phone you back for that audition for Aunt Jenny's Other Uncle!"

"Hang up!" yelled Joe. Sally did, with her receiver banging on the cradle.

"Well, Joe," I said, "why don't you have all this printed in the papers? You might as well, now."

"How I ever put up with your tribe this long, I don't know!" Joe continued at the top of his lungs. "What with your kids who don't mind, so that a man can't even think, and your Gran—"

"Wait a minute!" I shouted back. "Did it ever occur to you that those kids are yours too? Did it ever enter your brilliant mind that they'd like a *father* around, instead of an old grouch who always has his mind on radio!"

"Why—you—" Joe sputtered.

"Did your weak brain," I interrupted him, "ever grasp the fact that a man should be a *man*, and not just a mechanical radio nut? Did you ever realize that you're a total washout as a husband, because your wife can't talk to you—because you never listen?"

The other receiver came off its hook again and Sally's voice broke in: "Before I listen to more of your verbal fifteen-rounder, *will you get off the line?*"

"Just one thing more," yelled Joe. "Get down here and rescue your mother, before I strangle her! Now she's preaching about the sin of public arguments! That—that pious eager beaver!"

"O.K.," I yelled back. "I'll be at the Vine entrance in thirty minutes!"

Joe slammed his receiver, and I did too. Then I stood there fuming. Grandpa snapped me out of it.

"I reckon," he said, "that enough has been said."

I was weak, but somehow I felt better. At least the pressure was off. "Enough has been said is right. Especially with Sally Jones listening in."

"Only thing I can see wrong," said Grandpa, "is that it might have been said here at home—a week ago."

"G'amp de t'own," said Baby.

I picked her out of Grandpa's arms before she could take his glasses off. "I'll get Baby dressed," I said. "You call the kids, and we'll rescue Grandma."

Grandma was waiting for us. She looked as though she had exploded her favorite balloon. For once, she didn't seem pleased with what she had done. I opened the back door, but before she could get in, both Butch and Mary tumbled out.

"Butch! Mary!" I called. "Get back in this car!"

But they were gone. Legs flying, they disappeared down the walk and into the artists' entrance of the studio.

"Now," I moaned, "I'll have to go after them. They'll be all over the place, looking for Joe."

"No, they won't," said Grandma. "Joe is just inside the door, waiting, so I won't get back in."

She was right, for Butch and Mary reappeared, with Joe pushing them from behind. He herded them up to the car and shoved them in.

"When are you coming home, Pop?" asked Butch. "You've been away all week."

"Some day," said Joe. "You just be good and mind your mother." The last directed to me.

"It would help," I said coldly, "if you would contribute to the family welfare."

"How much?" said Joe.

"There are more expenses than you think," I said, "and more to come. At least a couple of hundred!"

Joe took out his wallet and gave me more than that. "I'll send you more later," he said.

"Please do," I suggested. "Meantime, why don't you get an announcing job on Aunt Jenny's Other Uncle? If you'd listen to the program, you might learn something about life."

"From what I've seen of it so far," Joe retorted, "I don't want to know any more." He glared at Grandma.

"I think," said Grandma, "that you're crazy. I'd suggest that you go see your doctor!"

"Good-by!" Joe shouted, and he slammed the car door and walked back toward the studio.

"Well," said Grandpa to Grandma, "I hope you're satisfied."

Grandma didn't answer.

"I'm hungry," said Mary.

"Me too!" yipped Butch.

"Ice-keen cone," wailed Baby.

So we drove to Henry's Drive-In, and the family had hamburgers and all the fixings. I couldn't take the greasy stuff, and had a glass of milk.

Baby had her cone and, as usual, dropped half of it on the seat. Butch parked his gum on the floor and Grandma stepped in it. Mary stuffed the back-seat ash tray full of French fries.

I didn't feel like going home. I drove over to Pasadena, and then back through Glendale. And Grandma had nothing to say. No comments, no advice. And Grandpa, after a couple of attempts, made no further effort to bring up Grandma's radio debut. And, more than ever, I felt like some of my life had been chopped off.

◆

It was getting dusk when we drove into our street and stopped by Grandpa's and Grandma's house at the foot of the hill. As they opened the door to get out, a whamming noise came from the house and a rock tumbled down to the lawn.

"Well," called Grandpa, surprise in his voice, "what do you think *you're doing?*"

"What does it look like?" asked Joe's voice. "I'm knocking the chimney down!"

"Get off the roof, Joe!" called Grandma. "That's my job!"

"Thanks just as much, Grandma," Joe retorted. "I'll do it myself and atone for those sins you lectured me about."

I just had to say something. I leaned out the car window. "If you miss that chimney," I said, "you'll fall on your head, and what will radio do without you?"

Joe grinned down at me. The soot on his face and all over his good suit made him look like a clown. "After what Grandma did this afternoon, on her first attempt, I wonder why I've spent fifteen years at it. So what if I do fall down?"

"Dada det 'own!" insisted Baby.

Butch got out of the car. "Come on, Pop. It's getting dark."

So Joe came down. As he reached the foot of the ladder, Grandpa, scratching his right ear, turned to Grandma.

"How about that electric toaster, set of towels, automatic dishwasher, and box of soap? Didn't you win 'em?"

Grandma had the grace to blush. But she didn't answer. Joe chuckled as he came over to the car. First, he leaned over toward me and kissed me before I could retreat. Then he laughed. "Grandma just broke the rules. She forgot that no relative of anyone working for the program can win a prize."

Grandma was frankly puzzled at the turn of events. So was I. Grandma looked at Joe. "Joe, you're not going to work on that chimney again."

"Yes, I am," said Joe. "It'll be good weekend stuff for me. And if you want, I'll have a window put in where the fireplace is."

Grandma tried to be firm. "No, you're not, Joe. I won't have you paying for—"

"Who said anything about paying?" Joe interrupted. "I'll do it myself. Do me good."

"Don't forget," said Grandpa, "to take out a permit."

"Well," said Grandma, still puzzled, "that will be just grand."

So Joe climbed into the front seat beside me and Baby, and we drove on up the hill. As I turned into the garage, I looked squarely at Joe.

"Of course I'm a dope, because I'm glad to have you back. But how did you get here so fast—and why?"

Joe grinned awkwardly. "I thought Grandma had a put-up job on that program. But when I asked Fred Grant, he insisted he didn't know her from Eve, and she didn't say a word about being related to me. She just took a chance and got on the show."

"She didn't frame up those words?" I asked.

"Nope," said Joe, "she didn't. She just thought fast and directed everything right at me. I figure that any old lady who can do that in front of a strange mike could be right. So I took a taxi home."

"Even at your best, Joe Gordon," I said, "you aren't that understanding a man, and you know it! What's the real reason you came home so fast?"

Joe grinned. "I'll tell you later."

Butch howled. "I wanta know!"

"Me too," said Mary belligerently. "I'm almost grown up!"

"Keep your little shirts on," said Joe. "I'll do you a favor some day."

"Get me the air gun?" demanded Butch.

"It's a promise," said Joe. "First thing Monday."

"And ice skates for me?" cried Mary.

"Monday," said Joe, "for sure."

"Ice-keen cone!" wailed Baby.

"You had one," I said.

"Oh," said Baby.

◆

After the kids were in bed, I cornered Joe as he was getting a beer.

He winked at me, put the bottle down on the drainboard, and pulled me to him. The kiss he gave me was better than the first one I got from him.

"If you must know," he said, "I suddenly realized that some of the things you said over the phone were true. I *have* been a bit blind, to say the least."

"Apologies accepted," I said. "But that still doesn't explain anything. Unless," the possibility suddenly penetrated, "you know something!"

Joe nodded. "Remember Grandma's parting crack at me out on Vine Street? Well, after Fred insisted that Grandma got on the show without his knowing who she was, I remembered it. So I called

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Doc Jones, to tell him about it. But I didn't have a chance."

"He told you?"

"He did," said Joe, "and right away he asked me how *you* felt about it."

"Oh, Joe," I almost cried, "the three we have are grand! What's wrong with four?"

"Good," said Joe. "That's the way I feel about it, too, dear."

No longer can I say that Joe and I have never had an argument, because when we get mad we let it go. No more pressure cookers without safety valves. We even argue half the nights over the name for the new one.

But no more arguments over the phone, for Joe had to get Sally Jones a bit part in Aunt Jenny's Other Uncle. It was the only way to keep her quiet.

That soap opera wasn't much good anyway. If anything, Sally makes it better. I even listen to it once in a while, for right now I'm sitting down more and taking things easier. We'll *have* to decide on a name before long. ◆ ◆

## BROOKLYN'S GIFT TO THE ORANGE GROVES

*Continued from page 25*

people still had a dollar to stick to another.

"They could see I was no ordinary peddler," says Cobbs. "I guess it was because I outraged all the depression economics by charging more than they paid for the best commercial brands."

He lined up regular customers and their endorsements led to others. But there were days when the Cobbs family lived on fruit and jam—pineapple consommé, stewed kumquats, as an entrée, and guava jelly for dessert.

They saw no future in trying to adapt a 50-gallon kettle to the stove of a $30-a-month apartment, and with the small residue of the $600 Henry approached a landlord in Miami's Little River suburb. A roomy shacklike structure suited him, but his effusive, rapid-fire sales talk made no impression upon a hard heart. It was two months' rent in advance or nothing doing.

Short $50, Henry hocked a ring, signed a lease, and the Cobbses set their little factory going. Credit was good with a few fruit growers and producers of tropical edibles; but on taking over, the family wallet showed only ten dollars. And it was that ten dollars which Henry Cobbs has framed in his memory as the financial wedge that lifted him to fortune.

Within a couple of months he redeemed the ring together with a previously pledged fountain pen. A year later, after heartbreaking toil, inspirational ups and walloping downs, Cobbs made a part payment on the property. Later he enlarged it on one side and crowned it with an upper floor. And until Henry recently moved his production operations to a modern $1 million plant, the ramshackle structure was the generating center of one of Florida's most expansive industries, built on a week's flow of orange juice and a pawned diamond ring.

Henry Cobbs is the state's biggest and most selective buyer of fruit and its most important national advertiser. His space budget runs to $300,000 a year, and he spends another $200,000 on elaborate color literature. He ships tropical preserves all over the world, and not long ago the two millionth ornate, cellophaned package of gift fruit, various marmalades, guava jelly, candied citrus, brandied cherries, and what not passed along a conveyor into an express car.

Cobbs' promotion campaign to make the nation conscious of Florida's luscious products has carried him to a peak of Chamber of Commerce popularity. He holds an interest in orange groves but does not regard himself as a grower; he is the fruit producers' profit and super-marketeer. He leads a group of citizens who visualize Miami as the site of a world's fair.

The Florida fruit industry looked to Cobbs to solve, in substantial part, the peninsula's critical problem of surplus fruit. A recent estimate showed the equivalent of 30 million boxes of oranges lying around with no place to go, and if Cobbs has his way he'll squeeze the lot and pour juice down millions of American and European throats—the juice of ten to twelve oranges fresh frozen and concentrated in a six-ounce can.

If anybody suggests it's too big a job for a pint-sized man, Henry laughs. He will tell you it doesn't end with Florida; that California and Texas are on his tail, urging him to make his program all-American. For a long time he was sensitive about his size, and he still bounces about in a high-backed office chair to make sure he isn't overlooked. But he has lost all sense of inferiority; in selling an idea he has no intention of shutting his own mouth. He talks like a blue streak, vehemently, bluntly, oozing sincerity.

His face is rounder and mellower than it was in 1934. And visitors to his Spanish-type villa on Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, note the dividends he has earned in terms of luxurious living. For relaxation, Cobbs cruises the turquoise Caribbean in his yacht, named for Ponce de Leon who tried to discover the fountain of youth in Florida 400 years ago. Cobbs has made Ponce his patron-of-honor, and a trademark caricature of the famous Spaniard carries a distinct impression of facial similarity.

Cobbs recalls the year after he took over the Little River building as the most exacting and challenging phase of his march to fortune. It was a period of decision and undertakings that seems incredible in the light of a day's limitations and one man's physical possibilities.

Costs mounted and Henry faced three landlords. The only answer was more production of more varieties and bigger sales, yet at that stage he couldn't chance a payroll. Clinging to his high-quality creed, he had to select and haul his fruit, preserve it, and do the filling and packaging and at the same time keep an eye on promotion. Henry added candied citron, brandied figs, and nut-filled tropical cakes to his line, products he worked out in night labor and experiment. And it was in the middle of this clash with time and physical factors that Cobbs awoke to his major opportunity—the mail-order market for gift fruit.

The idea of a show stand in Miami's most luxurious hotel of the period—a Hollywood Beach hotel—hit him and he approached the manager, massive, heavy-jowled Oscar Johnson.

"What!" demanded the astonished Johnson. "Do you mean a fruit-and-vegetable stall in the lobby of this hotel?"

It was the crack Cobbs expected, the cue he wanted. He let go with a sermon about God's gifts and sunshine. Florida was a land of beautiful nature. He pointed to dazzling displays of jewels, gowns, and costly souvenirs. Why not expensive fruit and choice delicacies. Moreover, he would combine nature with art; his show would be fascinating, alluring, tasteful, and he managed to suggest that the project of course would have to be on a percentage basis.

Cobbs thinks his successful attack on the hotel man's environmental prejudice was the best sales talk he ever made. At any rate it was the most crucial. It produced a promotional keystone on which arose the present ramified marketing machinery that reaches into every state in the union and a dozen other countries.

"But heaven only knows," says Henry, "how I needed cash." On the strength of the hotel sales and promotion, orders trickled in from all parts of the country, calling for additional labor and organizing thought. His labels were still one-colored and crude and he managed to get out a few thousand single sheets of descriptive literature.

Cobbs carried on throughout 1935, the foundation year, with scarcely any help. He continued to go to the groves at 4 A.M., cooked up to 400 pounds of jams and jellies, and made up his gay packages. Says he, "I managed to stretch the 24 hours of the day into 30 somehow."

The ensuing years saw a steady mushrooming of the Cobbs business and a gradual enlistment of workers and marketing staff. Henry acquired outright ownership of the original Little River plant in 1942 and increased his showroom outlets to 15, covering most of the resort centers of the state, and employees reached a peak of more than 400. From the first he showed a preference for older people. "They are suited to this kind of work," he explains. "They are reliable and stay on the job; they don't run off to get married." The core of his working staff has been with him for ten years.

The war saw steady expansion of the industry to meet essential needs, and Cobbs was appointed a member of the national Food Advisory Committee. He received bushels of fan mail, stemming largely from his ready response to appeals for fruit packages for needy Europeans. He is fascinated by letters seeking advice on how to become a millionaire.

"If a man himself doesn't sense how to get rich, I can't help him," he says. But he doesn't mind suggesting a few rules out of his own decalogue. "Work hard; tackle the most difficult job each day. Have initiative, for ruts often deepen into graves. Be exact—accuracy pays bigger dividends than haste. Be friendly, for only friendly people become successful leaders. Cultivate personality—personality to a man is like perfume to a flower. Above all, give your best and the best will return."

And as a final injunction, says Henry Cobbs, don't wail. If you must talk, talk optimism. If you can't do that, then keep your big flannel mouth shut. ◆ ◆

### PAPER UNLIMITED

Continued from page 33

things in the shop, with a fire resistant. The Morrills themselves wait on the "trade" and give out with personal attention, a service that is always pleasing and flattering to the customer. Retailing, says Joan, calls for acting. "Why, I've given some Academy Award performances while waiting on crotchety old ladies who hate the world and everybody in it."

It was not easy sailing at first. Prior to their opening, the Morrills sent out cards which read: "An invitation but not to a party! Joan Marsh in conjunction with House of Paper Inc. announces the opening of Paper Unlimited. If it's made of paper and used in the home, we have it."

The first few weeks friends dropped by. "And then," says Joan, "we just sat and sat and gritted our teeth. The summer of 1948 was murder." The James Pendletons gave a Paper Ball, and Joan was called on to provide many of the paper dresses. The Andrews Sisters had a party and asked Joan to decorate. But people just didn't seem to be paper-conscious.

In the fall of 1948 business picked up slightly. And then came Christmas, their first in business, and they knew they were a success. All of a sudden people began beating a path to the shop. It had got around that Paper Unlimited did smart gift wrapping. The studios and Hollywood folk poured in with hundreds of gifts to be wrapped. L. B. Mayer's secretary came in one morning and in 11 minutes the stock was virtually cleaned out. The Morrills had to rush in a brand-new inventory.

"Retail business," says Joan, "is different from picture business. In retail business everyone wants to help you. The paper wholesalers quickly came to our aid. The neighborhood restaurants took turns bringing us sandwiches and coffee. Everybody wanted to help. We sold all day and gift-wrapped all night. It was tiring but exciting."

Early this year they started a rental service which has become quite popular. For a few dollars you can rent a paper clown for a children's party, a paper stork for a baby shower, a paper umbrella tree for a kitchen shower, and very elegant paper swans for a birthday party. One woman wanted to rent seven 15-cent nut cups. Another wanted to rent some paper flowers for a funeral.

Mrs. Edgar Bergen came in one day with the usual Hollywood hostess complaint: "All party invitations are alike. I want something original. What can you suggest for Candy's birthday?"

Everybody, it seems, wants original party invitations and original presents. "Fortunately," says Joan, "I was born with an imagination. Even as a child I could sew and knit beautifully. There was nothing I couldn't do with my hands. But I never followed through. My hus-

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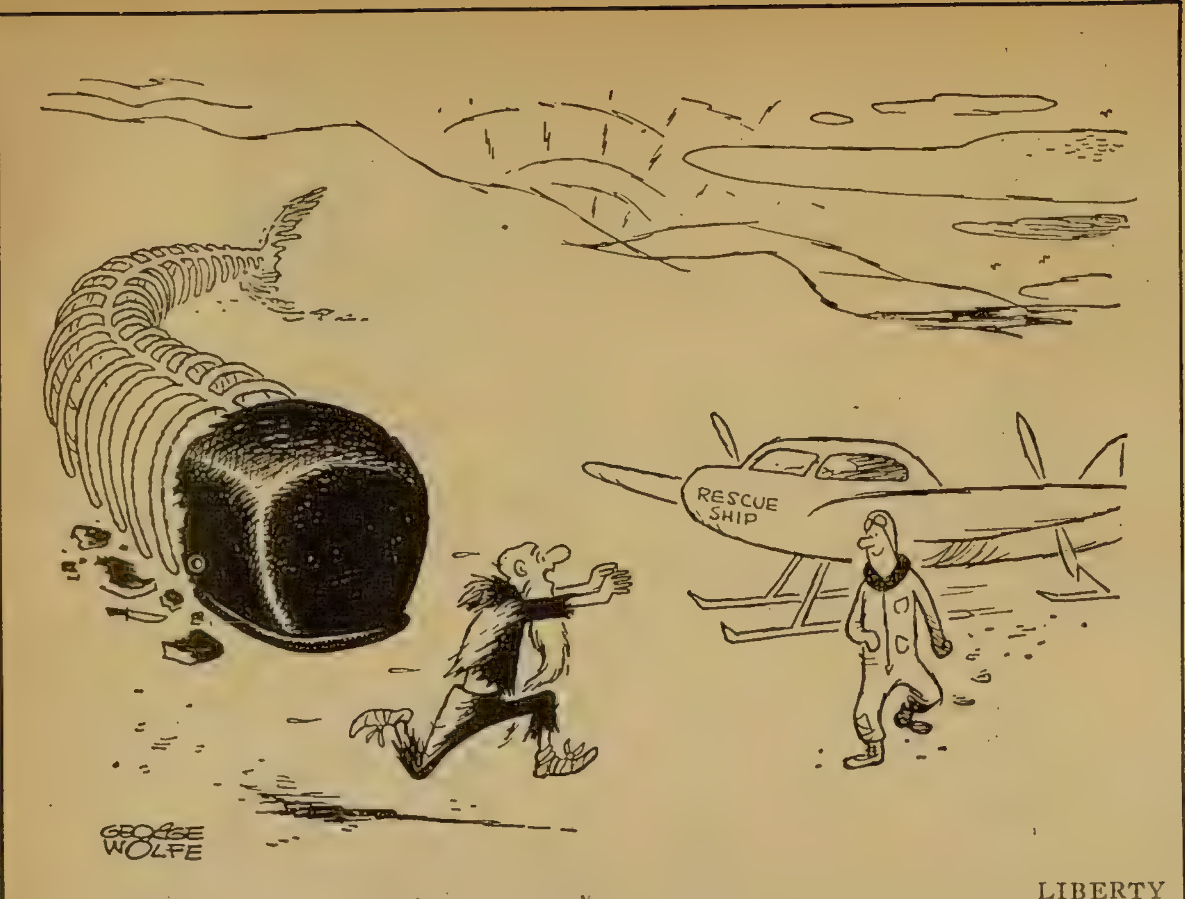

LIBERTY

"Thank goodness! I hope you brought some ham sandwiches!"

band has been wonderful for me. I think up things, and he makes me do them."

Soon a great many of the party-givers of Los Angeles and Hollywood were bringing their entertainment problems to Joan Marsh. Among those she has helped with party plans are such film celebrities as Joan Fontaine, Ginny Simms, Rosalind Russell, Mrs. Nelson Eddy, Mrs. Arthur Lake, Gracie Allen, Kay Kyser, Van Johnson, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Ann Sothern, Mrs. Bob Hope, Mrs. Bill Powell, Mrs. Frank Sinatra, Mrs. John Charles Thomas, Claire Trevor, Mary Astor, Zasu Pitts, Jimmy Durante, Lew Ayres, Joan Caulfield, Ginger Rogers, and others.

Joan was almost stumped the time someone asked her, "What am I going to do for a woman who is going to St. Louis?" Joan slept on that one. Then she figured out a luncheon with Highway 66 signs. Each place gave the mileage to the next town on the way to St. Louis.

◆ Starting with a $3,000 inventory, the Morrills have now doubled it. They have acquired an assistant to help them in the shop. They still do their own delivering. Their first big thrill was the day they rang up a $75 sale on the cash register. Their next thrill, they hope, is to open other Paper Unlimiteds on the coast. They might as well imitate themselves, they think, before somebody else imitates them.

Joan Marsh—slim, blonde, and thirtyish—was born in Porterville, California. She was named Dorothy de Lacey Rosher. Her father is Charles Rosher, the daddy of cinematography (cameraman), now under contract to M-G-M. She made her screen debut at nine months. She continued to be a child moppet in pictures with Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Theodore Roberts, and Ethel Clayton. At the ripe old age of eight she retired, and went away to boarding school. At 14 she staged a "comeback." The late well-liked Ike St. Johns arranged a screen test for her at Universal, and Carl Laemmle, Sr., signed her on a long-term contract. Mr. Laemmle named her Joan Marsh, which was all right with her as she had always disliked the name Dorothy.

Metro bought her contract from Universal. On that lot she ran competition with Mary Carlisle and Jean Parker, also bubbling dewey-eyed young ingénues. The studio loaned her out to Fox, Paramount, and Columbia. Among her films are Bachelor's Affairs, Fox, 1932; You're Telling Me, with W. C. Fields, Paramount, 1934; The Lady Objects, Columbia, 1938; Fast and Loose, Metro, 1939.

◆ The movie industry and Joan parted company six years ago and Joan did radio work in New York. She met John Morrill of Boston, an investment broker, and they were married in 1943 at Ben Lyons and Bebe Daniels' Santa Monica beach house. Soon after their marriage Morrill was sent overseas. While he was away Joan did war work in the East.

After the war the Morrills returned to Los Angeles via trailer in the midst of a housing shortage, lived in a motel, later managed to rent a small house which Joan decorated inexpensively. Christmas, 1947, found them low in spirits. To bolster their drooping spirits they gave a Christmas party.

"Guess we'll be going back East soon," Joan said to a stranger who had been brought to the party by a neighbor. The man was Dalton Adams, president of the House of Paper, Inc., a Los Angeles wholesale company. He said it would be a shame for anyone as talented at decorating to leave California. Joan shrugged it off as just one of those remarks. In January, Mr. Adams offered to rent her the front of his new warehouse on South La Cienega at small cost if she would open up a paper-and-party-favor shop.

"Why make party favors for your own amusement," he asked, "when you can make them for retail?" That was the beginning of Paper Unlimited, so called because one of her friends exclaimed, when Joan told him about the shop, "There are unlimited things you can do with paper!" Joan agrees. ◆ ◆

## DRIBBLE FOR DOUGH

*Continued from page 23*

recognized the ruse and lost confidence in any league race.

The original American Basketball League of the late '20s died because the players were semipros, getting their main winter income from other sources. The ABL was revived in the East in the '30s, but this ill-starred effort epitomized so many evils that it served to kill the pro sport along the seaboard for a full decade. To tally up all the weaknesses or wickednesses of this circuit, you'd have to use the fingers of both hands, then take off your shoes to count on the toes of both feet. But let's examine only the leading lapses:

1. "Rehearsed" contests.
2. Shoestring operation that kept games in cramped, dingy auditoriums or public dance halls as added attractions to proms and family reunions.
3. The infirm practice of hiring a player without benefit of yearly contract.
4. The double-dribble rule, by which clever veterans far past their physical peak could curb the speedy rookies by keeping the ball indefinitely—until the old-timer decided either to shoot or pass, or until his guard wrestled the ball away. This slow, mauling affair resolved the game of basketball into a straight exchange of set shots from about 30 feet out.

Despite the pro taint of the '30s, basketball was growing steadily throughout the nation. Colleges were moving out of limited gyms and playing national schedules. By the mid-'30s, basketball was definitely one of America's most popular spectator sports. So in 1937 a band of Midwestern promoters organized the National Basketball League.

The NBL was born on two sound principles—adoption of the college playing rules instead of the glorified wrestling then in vogue among the pros, and full-time contracts for players. For the next dozen years the NBL kept gaining teams and losing them, so that some 50 towns were represented in the league over that period. It remained exclusively Midwestern, and always had one major flaw: arenas of relatively small size.

The dribble-for-dough cavalcade was proceeding at a fairly placid pace. Basketball was too big a game for such limited operation, though, and the next inevitable phase germinated indirectly during the boom sports years of the boom-boom World War II.

A hundred or more members of the Arena Managers Association, a national body of operators of the country's largest arenas, met in 1943 to discuss what attraction they could book to fill open dates on their regular schedule of touring features like ice shows, rodeos, fights, circuses, etc. Their best brains conducted a survey which hit upon pro basketball "properly presented."

◆

Next came a flock of decisions, the most important of which was the election of Maurice Podoloff—a stocky silver-haired lawyer standing five feet five inches—as president.

Tremendous administrative power was vested in the Russian-born Yale alumnus despite the fact that he had never played a game of basketball in his life! But this was no blind pig in a poke. Podoloff had never played hockey, either, yet his administrative genius as president of the American Hockey League since 1936 had welded that circuit into one of the strongest minor leagues of any sport.

By July, 1946, the newly formed Basketball Association of America decided to jump into operation with 11 teams. At this time they had only a president and a flock of franchises allotted to major arenas, but no league offices, no schedule, no team coaches, no press agent, and only scattered playing personnel. Podoloff spun into action, first hiring Walter Kennedy to dispense some of the fine public-relations talent he had shown for many years as Notre Dame's P. A. He also shipped up a round-robin schedule, starting November 1.

Next, Podoloff called in his basketball-wise executive board, including Ned Irish of New York, Walter Brown of Boston, and Ed Gottlieb of Philadelphia. He asked them to nominate a slate of referees. Then he polled college basketball experts outside his organization for possible officials. "The only unanimously enthusiastic report I got," he recalls, "was on Pat Kennedy. So I immediately hired him as my league's referee in chief. I paid him well enough to keep his services exclusively for us—in fact so well that he resigned his job as umpire in baseball's International League. Since then the colorful and capable Kennedy has proven to be exactly what most of those reports indicated—not only the best of his profession, but in a class by himself."

The scramble for talent wasn't easy. Though the BAA always maintained a hands-off policy toward players in the NBL, officials of the older circuit caused trouble right from the start by outbidding the new league for several star college graduates.

To make matters worse, the Amateur Athletic Union proved to be a rival too!

Ned Irish, eager to field a top-notch club at Madison Square Garden, offered seven-footer Bob Kurland a $10,000 contract upon the skyscraping center's graduation from Oklahoma A. & M. Kurland thought it over and later told Irish he preferred to play "amateur" ball for an oil company in Oklahoma.

That first season of operation was a mad scramble. In five months of play the BAA lost four clubs and a quarter of a million dollars. But super-energetic Podoloff shrugged it off, for he knew the league was based on sound franchises that could charge off early losses against heavy profits from other ventures booked in the same arenas.

Operating on the basis that the fans wanted to see more of their heroes than the 40 minutes of college play permitted, the pros at the outset extended the playing time to 48 minutes, divided into 12-minute quarters. This also guaranteed more scoring—a sure crowd-pleaser, as indicated by the contemporary offensive emphasis in baseball and football.

Followers of the new pro circuit were shocked in midseason when Podoloff suddenly announced the abolition of the zone defense. The BAA brain-trusters termed it a static, action-stifling weapon that only bored the fans.

So off went the brakes on a game already tabbed as the fastest on earth! Hundred point games became more common.

In that initial BAA campaign a familiar pattern of pro football was followed by the hoopsters—boys from small "unknown" colleges made top-notch reputations in the play-for-pay field. But the brightest star in the entire galaxy was a self-styled hillbilly named Joe Fulks, a poker-faced, gum-chewing ex-marine whose radarlike accuracy marked him as the greatest shotmaker in the game—the Babe Ruth of basketball.

A six-foot-five-inch beanpole from Murray State Teachers College in Kentucky, Fulks rose to glory on an unbelievable jump shot. He leaps into the air with both arms extended over his head and simply pops the ball ahead with hardly any aim. True, that type of shot requires little elbow room, but coaches say a player can't get any accuracy with it. Fulks does. In 1946-47 he smashed the modern season-scoring record with 1,389 points. Last year he set a single-

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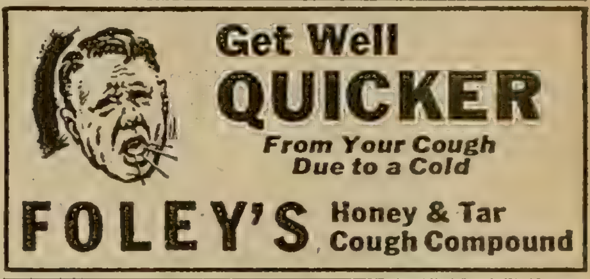

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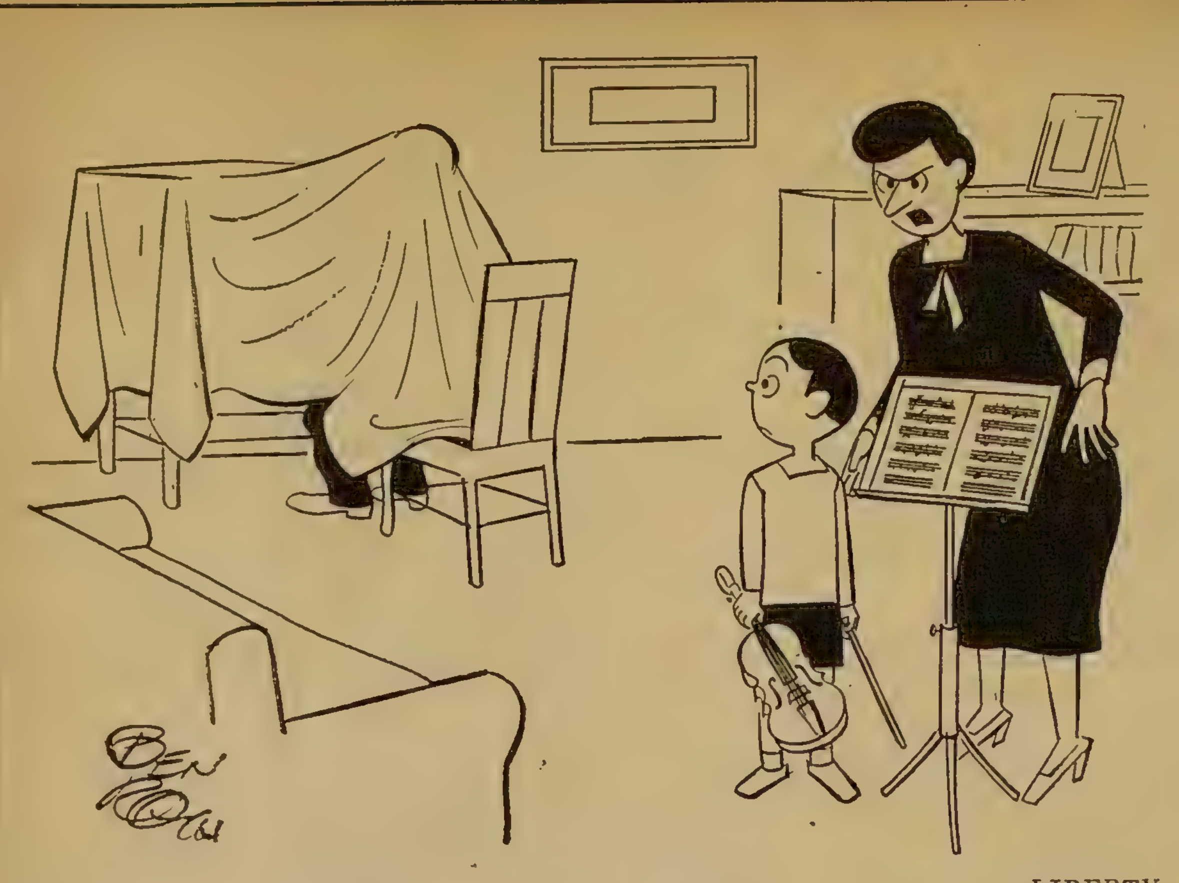

LIBERTY

"You'll see no football game, young man, until you've finished practicing!"

game record that still stands—63 points against Indianapolis. As a rookie he helped his Philadelphia Warriors sweep through the post-season play-offs to the championship.

In the BAA's second season a new scoring champ was crowned—a dark-haired, dark-eyed kid from Brooklyn. Max Zaslofsky was his name. A real prophet without honor in his own land, Max was a bust in one season at St. John's U. in Brooklyn, and the N. Y. Knickerbockers weren't interested in him after his discharge from the service.

But Chicago's Stags grabbed him, coach Harold Olsen built the team around the slick-shooting lad, and Zaslofsky proved an instant hit—runner-up in league scoring the first season, top man in his second year, and third-ranking in the loop last season.

◆ Team laurels in 1947-48, however, went to the Baltimore Bullets, led by player-coach Buddy Jeannette. A handsome medium-sized veteran of the Lou Boudreau type, Buddy took his American Basketball League (semipro) champions of the year before into the BAA en masse, and in their first season the Bullets pulled a couple of amazing last-minute rallies in the play-offs to cop the crown.

In its second year of operation, the BAA signed a truce with the NBL for mutual respect of each other's contracts. That prevented player-jumping. But contracts were still inflated, and though the BAA halved its previous year's losses, the red ink still flowed—$125,000 worth.

At the start of the third BAA campaign came the decisive battle in the renewed hoop war: Minneapolis, Rochester, Indianapolis, and Fort Wayne quit the NBL to join the new loop.

Those were four of the very juiciest franchises, and their capitulation to the rising league enabled the BAA to finish in the black for the first time. It was also a great season for $20,000-a-year center George Mikan, who led Minneapolis to the title. The six-foot-ten court genius, with size 13 shoes and a Harold Lloyd look when he tapes on his glasses just before a game, proved a tireless and agile Deadeye Dick who annihilated just about every scoring record in the book. His bag for last season was an all-time high of 1,698, a mere average of 28.3 per game!

Last summer, pudgy Podoloff pulled his master coup—a merger with the NBL that proved a virtual triumph for the new loop.

This season the newly christened National Basketball Association has been operating as a 17-team, three-division league. A realignment next season is inevitable.

Podoloff is also wrestling with the perplexing television problem, with no positive or permanent arrangement likely to be settled for a few years yet.

◆ "I don't know what I'm doing in a game where a six-footer is considered short," smiles Podoloff. But the five-by-five phenomenon is the real backbone of the organization. His faculty for quick analysis, his Little Napoleon power to dominate a roomful of 17 bantering club owners, his endless energy, active imagination, and sturdy experience as an administrator put him in the forefront of sports czars.

Pro basketball doesn't have to worry about a gambling taint. Following Podoloff's edict that all bribe offers must be reported immediately, Fulks squelched the lone attempt made by a fixer, in December of '48. Approached by a poolroom owner in Philadelphia about throwing a game, Fulks cried, "Man, are you crazy? Get the hell out of here!" Then he reported the conversation to his coach, who relayed it to the cops. The would-be fixer was nabbed.

Podoloff promises there will never be a clash between the pros and the colleges. "Our relations are wonderful. In fact one of our teams (Indianapolis) was allowed to use the home court of a college (Butler U.) this season. As a matter of self-preservation, we'll maintain eligibility rules which satisfy colleges. Why should we raid them for talent when it's to our interest to keep a boy in school for his junior and senior seasons—just when he can learn most (at their expense) and build up the widest reputation (making him more valuable upon joining our league)? Colleges furnish us with the ideal farm system—free!"

Podoloff also freely predicts further changes in the rules. Only recently he installed two innovations: a jump ball after each foul throw in the last five minutes of the game, and a rearrangement of men under the basket during free throws to strengthen the defenders' position. He also insists that the fundamental idea of basketball, as archaically worded in the old rules, must go.

"It's silly to say basketball is not a contact sport. When ten men on a court are all in motion, there is bound to be contact; and no foul should be called unless it is a clear infraction, like a block, charge, hold, or trip."

Look for plenty of rules changes in both pro and college basketball the next few years—with the pros always in the vanguard. As Podoloff explains:

"Our organization is so centralized that within a week a single directive from my office can establish a new rule league-wise and country wide. Within one week we can thoroughly test the value of a new rule, while the colleges take a full year just to *discuss* it." ◆ ◆

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## RETRACTABLE UNDERSTANDING GEAR

Be the commentator gay or glum,
His appeal is always strong.
Today, he tells of events to come—
Tomorrow, why he was wrong.

—*Howard Haynes.*

# Cheerful Cemeteries

### By ROBERT TALLANT

*Nowhere else in the United States do people visit graveyards as much as they do in New Orleans. What's more, they have a lot of fun doing it*

Photo by Bradley Smith

**READING TIME 5 MINUTES** What you will notice most if you visit a New Orleans cemetery is that all the other visitors there, are, in a certain way, having a good time. Nowhere else in the United States do people like to go to graveyards as much as they do in New Orleans, and it is appropriate that the gaiety of one of America's most fun-loving cities should extend to its cemeteries.

New Orleans cemeteries are numerous, large and elaborate. Because of the swampy land on which the city is built almost all burials are above ground, in tombs, and tiers of vaults, called "ovens" locally, because they resemble the ovens in some gigantic bakery.

Every tomb is distinctive. Not all are the stark white you might expect, but many are tinted in pastel shades of pink or blue or lavender. Each has vases filled with real or artificial flowers. Conch shells, usually in pairs, and enameled bright red or sky blue, gilded or silvered, or painted a doleful black, are another favorite adornment. You will see, also, many crucifixes, usually in glass cases, or in milk bottles turned upside down, and many rosaries, holy pictures, statues of saints and other religious objects. Added to these you'll find any *objet d'art* no longer wanted around the house.

But it is not the tombs or graves that will imbue you with the happy spirit that lingers here among the dead so much as the people who visit them so regularly, and give them the same attention as they do their homes.

They come, usually, in family groups. They bring a bucket, a mop and broom, old rags and soap, whitewash and paint. They bring their lunch and the kids.

Families having tombs nearby are considered as much their neighbors as those living next door at home, and they meet and gossip and compliment each other on how nice their tombs look. It is probable that more romances have begun in New Orleans' graveyards than in any others in the country, for many a widow visiting her late husband's tomb, departs on the arm of the grieving widower, who is visiting the tomb next to hers.

Stop a minute and listen to the groups who have come to "fix up" their tombs.

"Hello, Miz Harris. How you feel today, *chere*? Your place sure looks sweet."

"I think I'm gonna trim my door in orange 'round the edge like. Orange and black look good, eh?"

Children are scolded:

"Look at the seat of your PANTS!"

"You let go Marie-Therese hair, you. What your Uncle Numa say he see you acting that way by his grave?"

At noon it is time for lunch. The children are sent running across the street to a grocery for soft drinks, unless Mamma has brought a thermos jug of good hot chicory coffee. Everybody sits on tomb steps and copings to eat.

Every New Orleans' cemetery has its legends. Señor Pepe Lulla, for instance, was the most noted duelist in New Orleans during the years just before and just after the Civil War. When Pepe's skill had earned enough money, Pepe bought himself a graveyard. Then, finding business dull, it is said, Pepe would challenge his acquaintances to duels, from which he always emerged the victor. The family of the deceased could then easily be sold a tomb or at least an oven in Pepe's own cemetery. Today Pepe himself lies there.

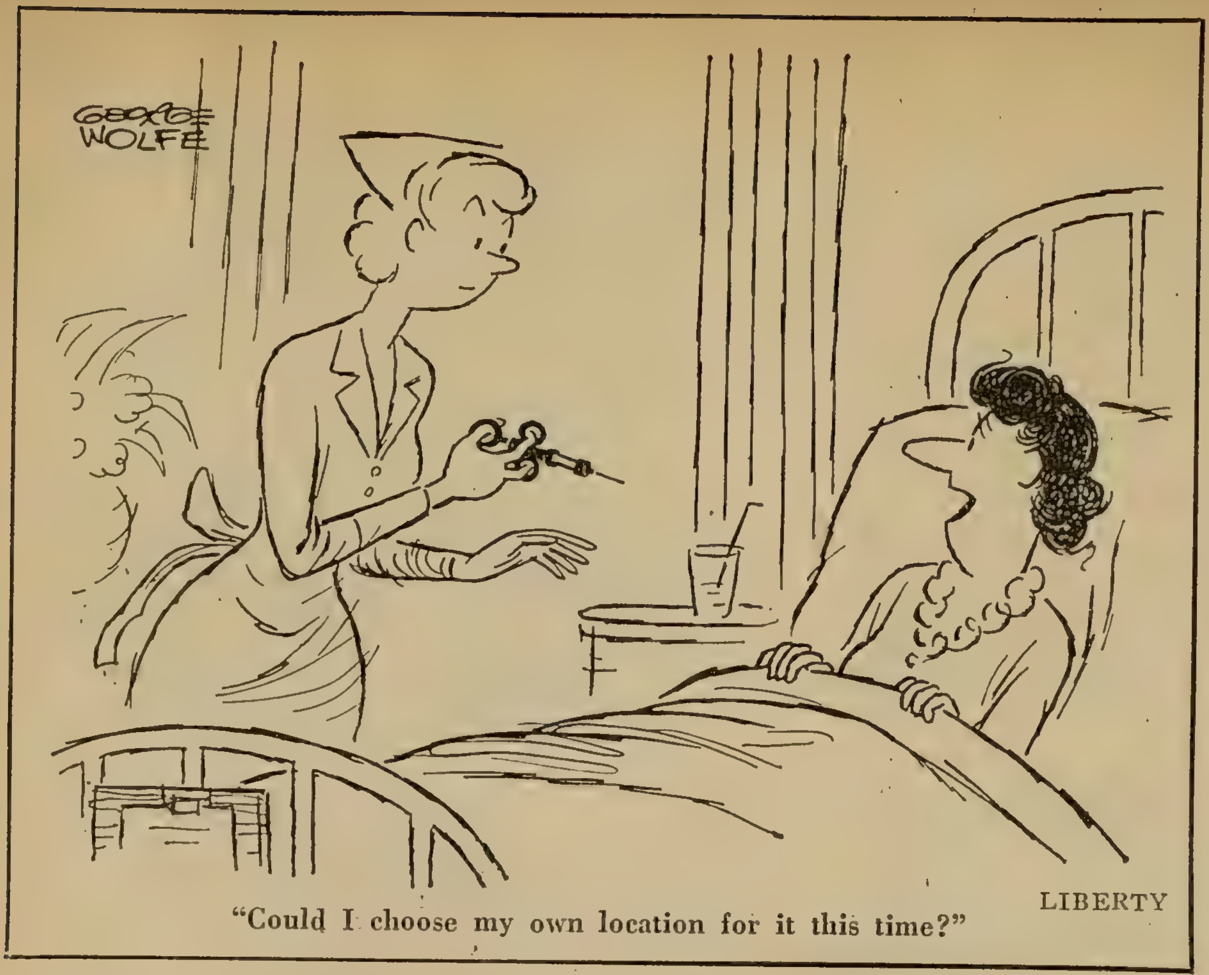
It is All Saints' Day that is the most special of all cemetery days in New Orleans. It is to the dead what Mardi Gras is to the living. All New Orleanians go to the graveyard on All Saints' Day.

It all begins the night before, on Hallowe'en. Cemeteries, guarded by special police, remain open until nearly midnight, and until that hour there is a constant stream of people and flowers, children accompanying their parents in Hallowe'en costumes, and carrying lighted pumpkin lanterns and paper horns, for it is considered best that the flowers be out before the first visitor arrives the next morning.

At dawn the next day everyone returns. The cemetery neighborhoods have a festive air for blocks around. Traffic is congested, police are everywhere, sidewalks are jammed with pedestrians, and vendors line the curbs, selling hot dogs, candy, ice cream, and toys for children, including toy skeletons that jump up and down on strings.

As you near the cemetery you see that all is in first class order. Walls are freshly whitewashed, tombs are painted. Grass and weeds have been removed. Outside the graveyard many of the visitors (those who did not come last night) carry billowing bouquets of flowers.

The visitors leave at dusk. They've enjoyed their day, for they have been very close to their dead. That, you see, is what is really behind it all. These people do not feel that their dead are gone from them. They have simply moved from the family home to another little house. New Orleanians grieve for their dead as much as do people anywhere, of course, but, somehow, they have something else, too—something that gives them a comfort probably found almost nowhere else. ◆ ◆



"Could I choose my own location for it this time?"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 38*)

"O.K.," I told Alec. "Take a cable down with you. You might be able to get out the safe on this dive."

We dogged down his helmet and slammed the front port and helped him onto the diving stage. A thick cable was fastened to his helmet and looped under an arm so that it wouldn't foul in the diving lines.

I took the phones from Marty and asked Alec, "All set?"

"Let's go."

"Watch your pressures. The slightest change either way will crush you or balloon your suit. And, for God's sake, don't fall. Even a fall of ten feet at that depth will change pressure enough to crush you. Watch it."

"Stop scaring me to death. Let's go."

I handed the phones back to Marty and waved to the winchman. Alec was swung over the sea and then lowered into the water. There was a pause as he adjusted the exhaust valve and then he dropped from sight. I watched the lines reeling out and listened to Marty's voice droning depth. Alec went down fast, with a brief pause every twenty feet while one of the crewmen clipped the air line to the diving cable. There was little danger in going down. The big danger was in nitrogen bubbles building in Alec's system once he was on the bottom.

I said something about it to Pat, and she said, "I don't understand."

"Well," I explained, "pressure inside the suit has to meet the outside pressure of the water. That naturally means an unusual and extraordinary pressure in the diver's lungs. He can breathe fairly well, but his lungs can't expel the nitrogen against the pressure. It has to go somewhere, though, so it goes into solution in his blood stream. When he comes up, pressure lessens and he pauses every now and then to exercise and help rid his system of the excess nitrogen. If he should come up too fast or change pressure too quickly in some other way, the nitrogen would suddenly fizz like a bottle of champagne and figuratively explode in his blood stream. That is the bends. It would either kill him or cripple him for life. At a hundred fathoms it would be the former."

◆

She shuddered and stared with fascination at the diving lines going down into the sea. They finally came to a halt and Alec was aboard the Vega. I took over the phones from Marty and listened as Alec explained his progress on the wreck. He was at the captain's cabin within five minutes and then inside. A minute later he cried, "I got the safe! I can't see it, but I can feel it."

"Get a line on it. You haven't too much time."

A few minutes later he announced that he had the safe secured and to drag it out. I gave a slow signal to the winchman on the safe cable, and Alec, six hundred feet down, guided the safe as it was pulled across the cabin and out on deck. "All clear," he said. "Take it up and make it fast. I gotta get out of here. My head's coming apart."

"Take it easy. You're all right."

I waved to the crewman and the winch whined into high speed and the cable came spinning dripping from the water. When the safe dangled in the air and was swung aboard, I jerked a thumb at the man on the diving winch and Alec started up. But it would be hours before he could be taken out. I turned the phones back to Marty and joined the crowd around the safe.

I told Gary, "Better get your father over here when I open it. The underwriter or a representative should be present when it's opened."

Gary shook his head. "You have enough witnesses."

"I guess I have at that."

Barton and I drilled holes in two corners of the safe door and then I placed a charge of nitro in each hole. All of us got aside and let it blow. The door swung open with a crash. I opened the compartments inside and placed the contents on the deck. There were a lot of papers and there was thirty-six thousand dollars in cash. That was all.

I looked over the safe at Barton. He had a surprised and bewildered expression on his face. It was not at all what he had expected. But I would have been surprised if anything else had been in that safe. The fantastic idea brewing in the back of my mind was no longer so fantastic.

◆

I had dinner aboard the yacht that evening. Pat invited me, but the others also seemed to want me. I had a hunch a proposition was involved somewhere, but it failed to materialize.

We had coffee and brandy on the afterdeck after dinner. O'Keefe sat on a low couch back at the stern, seemingly lost in thought but with a sharp eye on me. Mark Chandler was with him and Karen sat between them. She, too, was rather subdued. Pat was on a deck chair at my side looking toward the lights of the trawler. Her hand holding the coffee cup was not at all firm. She had to put the cup down every time she drank from it.

Gary was the only one actually at ease. He had a great fund of knowledge concerning deep-sea diving and asked me a hundred pointed questions of what it was like at a hundred fathoms. I answered every question, knowing that he had some object in mind. Gary was not the kind to make idle conversation.

After a long while he seemed to grasp at courage and suddenly announced, "I'd like to go down with you, Bradley."

I shoved my brandy aside and stared at him. "You're out of your mind."

"Why? I've done some diving. I haven't been below a hundred feet, but I know what it's all about and I know how to handle the gear. It would be a unique experience."

Karen said, "And maybe the last one. I think Jim has just been lucky—so far."

I said, "So do I. Everything came off smoothly. But let a hitch develop at that depth and I don't know what would happen. Alec didn't do so well, by the way."

"No? He seemed all right when he hit the deck."

(*Continued on page 78*)

## BETTER BABIES

Continued from page 12

weakest. The former group was capable of exerting 14 per cent more pressure than the latter.

As to the matter of brain power, Fitt contends that people conceived in fall and winter are, on the whole, of higher intelligence. A number of authoritative studies in addition to his own substantiate his claim. Psychologists Pintner and Forlano made an analysis of 17,502 children in the New York City schools—comparing their I.Q. ratings with their birth records. They found it "statistically significant" that the children conceived during fall and winter *consistently averaged around two points higher on the I.Q. scale* than those conceived in spring and summer.

Professor C. A. Mills, professor of experimental medicine at the University of Cincinnati, made a similar study of 45,000 freshmen enrolled in colleges all over the United States. His wide-scale survey showed that *"the season of conception plays a most important part in an individual's future development—in his chances of achieving distinction, and in his average life span."* His findings showed definitely that people are much brainier, much more likely to succeed when conceived in the winter.

That the season of conception has an important bearing on whether or not you'll distinguish yourself in life seems to be borne out by scientific findings all up and down the line. Yale's noted scientist and former director of the National Research Council Professor Ellsworth Huntington, found it true in his study of more than 10,000 eminent Englishmen listed in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. So did Professor William F. Petersen, pathologist and former professor at the College of Medicine at the University of Illinois, in his survey of the most distinguished persons in American Men of Science.

Of course many tall, husky, and intelligent citizens of note have been conceived in the warmer months, but Professor Fitt says these cases tend much more to be the exception than the rule.

"The time is coming," Professor Fitt predicts, "when parents will be advised in the interests of efficiency to plan the start of life from a certain month in the year." Apparently some of the cold-weather months are capable of producing more brainy and brawny progeny than others. Unfortunately a complete month-to-month breakdown on this matter awaits further research.

If science is really on the beam, then maybe June brides should be persuaded to postpone their nuptials until after the frost is on the pumpkin. And maybe in time—taking the laws of heredity into consideration—everybody will be brainy, brawny, and six foot plus! ◆ ◆

Memo to
a man with
a sore nose

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JUST MARRIED
la mendola

LIBERTY

"Let him go. He's going to have plenty of trouble as it is."

(*Continued from page 76*)

"He wasn't, though. Right after you left the trawler we had to put him in the recompression tank for an hour and a half. He's all right now, resting in my cabin, but he has a raging headache and he's lost about a quart of blood—nosebleed. The helium didn't do so well for him."

"Hmmmm. Can you taste or smell the gas?"

"No. The reason we use it mixed with oxygen is because of its volume and the fact that it comes out of solution quickly. Evidently it didn't work so well for Alec."

"Even so, I'd like to dive with you. I admit the idea scares me, but it's a challenge, too. How about it?"

◆

Mark Chandler leaned forward and growled, "I forbid it. Of all the crazy ideas—"

Gary turned to blink at him. "Wait a minute," he laughed. "I've been of voting age for some time. Since when do you forbid my doing anything?"

Karen snapped, "He's only saying the sensible thing. I forbid it, too. I mean that."

Gary said quietly, "In that case, my pet, I am definitely going to dive with Bradley tomorrow. You can regard it as a *fait accompli* and do as you damn well please about it."

I tucked the last of my brandy away and got to my feet. I had too much on my mind to get involved in a family brawl. I told them all good night and went back to the trawler.

I was standing in the wheelhouse looking over the crew list of the S.S. Vega and still wondering what it was about that list that seemed to ring a bell in my mind when Frank Barton came in. He closed the door and told me that while I had been gone he had talked with Riley over the radiophone.

"Was he surprised about the safe?"

"He sure was. But he still thinks it's a narcotics angle. He wants you to have a good look in the cargo if you can."

"Dope wouldn't be stowed in the cargo. Even if there was some aboard the ship, I would never find it. It would be in small canisters tucked away in out-of-the-way places where I would be very unlikely to go. That angle is out, Barton. It's something else. Did Riley say anything about Irma Gibson?"

"Well, she has begun to talk a little, but it doesn't make sense. She says that Red Donnelly told her a couple of times he thought he was risking his neck only to find fool's gold. But we know the money was in the safe."

"That," I said grimly, "isn't what he meant."

"Then what the devil did he mean?"

"I think I know, but I have to prove it before I can tell you. It's too wild to believe otherwise."

"Try me."

"Nope. Tomorrow."

I left him and turned in to the other bunk in my cabin across from Alec. I was up at the first light of dawn and turned out the crew. Alec complained of still feeling badly and remained in bed. I glanced over the water at the yacht, where all was quiet. No one was yet up and around. That was good. I didn't want Gary, or anyone else, going down with me that morning.

I got into my diving gear, using the same outfit I had the day before, even though the breastplate was too much of a snug fit. I went over the side and down, and not long after dawn I was standing on the Vega. I could see nothing, but I knew where I wanted to go. I moved forward along the deck, feeling my way by the bulwarks. I finally reached the position forward on the port side where Red had placed a question mark on the blueprint of the ship, with the small notation "Investigate."

I told Marty to give me some line and hoisted myself up on the bulwarks. Then I lowered myself down the side of the ship until I felt the big gash in the steel. I stayed there for five minutes or so investigating that gash. Red's question mark was explained. I told Marty to take me up and kicked away from the wreck.

I reached the deck of the trawler just as the whole party arrived from the yacht. As soon as the helmet was off my head, O'Keefe squinted at me and asked, "Where have you been?"

"Forward."

His body tensed. "Over the side?"

"That's right."

"I thought you would. You're no fool, Bradley."

"Neither was Red."

O'Keefe shook his head and walked slowly away from me. He stood up in the bow of the trawler, a slight, slim old man staring somberly over the sea. Pat went forward to join him and slipped a hand through his arm. Her action seemed to give him strength. He turned and smiled at her and patted her arm.

I got out of the diving rig and into a robe, then went in to see how Alec was doing. He was sitting up drinking some broth. He was looking a lot better and said that he felt all right, but his eyes were still bloodshot and his lips were pale. He was in no condition to do any diving that day. I told him to stay in bed and went out on deck.

The crew and I had an early lunch. The others had eaten aboard the yacht, so stood around waiting for us to finish. No one had much to say. There was tension in the air and it was weighted with an odd feeling of fear. The day was clear and bright, but the warmth of the sun was not felt aboard that trawler.

When I had finished eating I looked across the deck at Gary, who was watching me with an odd speculative gleam in his eyes. I tossed a mental coin with death and it came up heads. I said, "Chandler, do you still feel like making that dive?"

He swallowed and glanced at Karen and then back at me. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm going down to open a cargo hatch. It's a two-man job. My relief diver isn't in shape for it."

Marty Simpson, who was sitting on a compressor, snapped his head around and barked, "Hey, skipper, you can't go down again today. That's suicide. You may still have nitrogen in your system."

"I get rid of it pretty easily. Always have. Anyway, I'm going down."

Gary rubbed nervous fingers across his chin, stared down into the sea for a moment, then looked back to meet the challenge in my eyes. He smiled thinly and said, "I'll go with you. Where do I change clothes?"

I directed him into the cabin with Alec and pointed out the heavy clothes he would have to wear. I came out of the cabin and looked over the two diving rigs hanging on the wall. The one I had been wearing was an uncomfortable fit. The one Alec had been wearing, with the red crosses, seemed slightly larger. I took that one from the wall and put it on. Marty helped me get into it and adjust the weights. We looked over the helium-oxygen tanks, all of them marked with brown bands of paint, and found there was plenty of the mix left for two divers. I had them moved closer to the two compressors so they could be cut in quickly.

When Gary came out of the cabin, I helped him into the rig I had been wearing before and dogged down the helmet over his head, but left the forward port open. We walked to the diving stage and then I put on my own helmet, also with the port open.

I told Gary, "We'll land on the port wing of the bridge. From there you follow me aft and down to the main deck. Keep touching me all the way or we'll lose each other. We'll tackle the first hatch. I'll explain everything that has to be done when we're down there. Now, you realize that pressure down there is out of this world. So each time you make an adjustment of your exhaust valve think it over carefully—your brain doesn't work too well under that pressure, you know—and be positive you're turning it in the right direction."

Gary licked his tongue over drying lips and said hollowly, "I'll watch it."

I called to Barton, "Frank, you handle the diving phones for the two of us. Marty, you get on my lines and, Olaf, you handle Mr. Chandler's."

Karen suddenly turned to Mark Chandler and screamed, "Why don't you stop him? My God, do something!"

Mark shook his head. His face was gray and his eyes, fastened on his son, were burning. He choked out a whisper, "This is the way he wants it."

I slammed the forward port of my helmet and dogged it shut, then closed Gary's. I jerked a thumb at the winchman and we were swung up and over the side and down into the gently heaving sea. We stood in water just washing our helmets, while adjusting the valves, and I looked up at the sky and the boat and the people leaning over to watch us and wondered if I would ever see any of them again. Then the diving stage was dropped and we were under water.

◆

When we stepped off the stage to go down the guide line I had Gary place one hand on my arm and the other on the line. His helmet was only a few inches from mine. He was watching me with an oddly tight smile playing about his lips as we were lowered into the sea. But as we went deeper into the ocean's twilight zone I lost his face and then could see only his helmet and his gloved hand on my arm. There was, however, no change in his position or tightening of his hand. He had amazing courage.

We went steadily down into darkness, and finally I felt my boots scrape against the superstructure. I swung away from the guide line, pulling Gary with me, and landed on the bridge.

I placed my helmet against Gary's, using the metal as a sound conductor, and asked him, "Feeling O.K.?"

He replied, "Horrible headache. Feels like it's splitting."

"That's natural. It will even get worse. But can you stand it?"

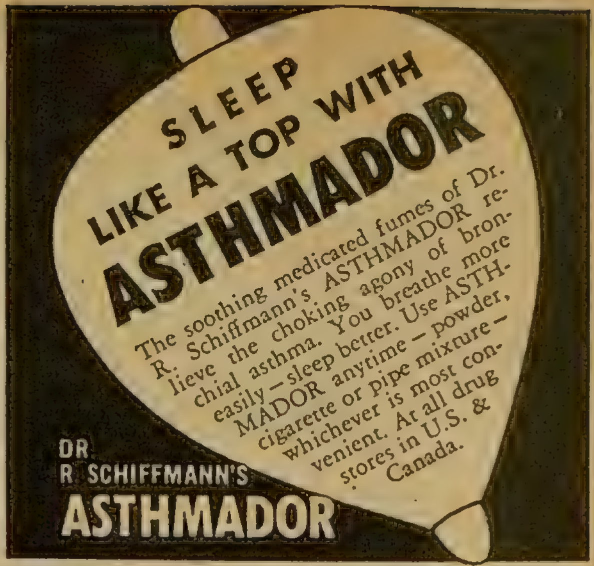
"I'll take it."

"O.K. Place a hand on my shoulder and follow me. Keep your lines snug, though. We don't want them to get fouled."

I started aft on the bridge and in a minute reached a ladder of steel rungs leading down. I went down to the aft deck and waited until Gary

## Answers to DO YOU KNOW YOUR GEOGRAPHY? on Page 51

1. KANSAS (U. S. A.)
2. RUSSIA (Europe)
3. GARY (Indiana)
4. DON (Russian river)
5. NEVA (Leningrad's river)
6. RENO (Nevada)
7. OSLO (Norway)
8. OB (Siberian river)
9. OISE (French river)
10. MALAYA (Asian peninsula)
11. DAYTON (Ohio)
12. LENA (Russian river)
13. DOVER (England)
14. CHESTER (Pennsylvania)
15. IRAN (Asia)
16. ETNA (Volcano in Sicily)
17. ORAN (Algeria)
18. INDIA (Asia)
19. PO (River in Italy)
20. SALEM (Oregon)
21. NICE (French Riviera)
22. TRENT (Italy)
23. PERU (South America)
24. AMUR (Asian river)
25. JERSEY (A Channel island)
26. MAIN (German river)
27. ADEN (Arabia)
28. CHARLOTTE (North Carolina)
29. OGDEN (Utah)
30. TIMOR (Island in Indian Ocean)
31. ELBE (German river)
32. INN (Tributary of the Danube)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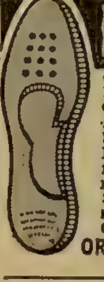
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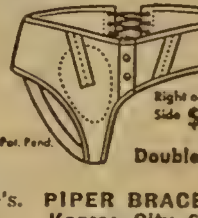
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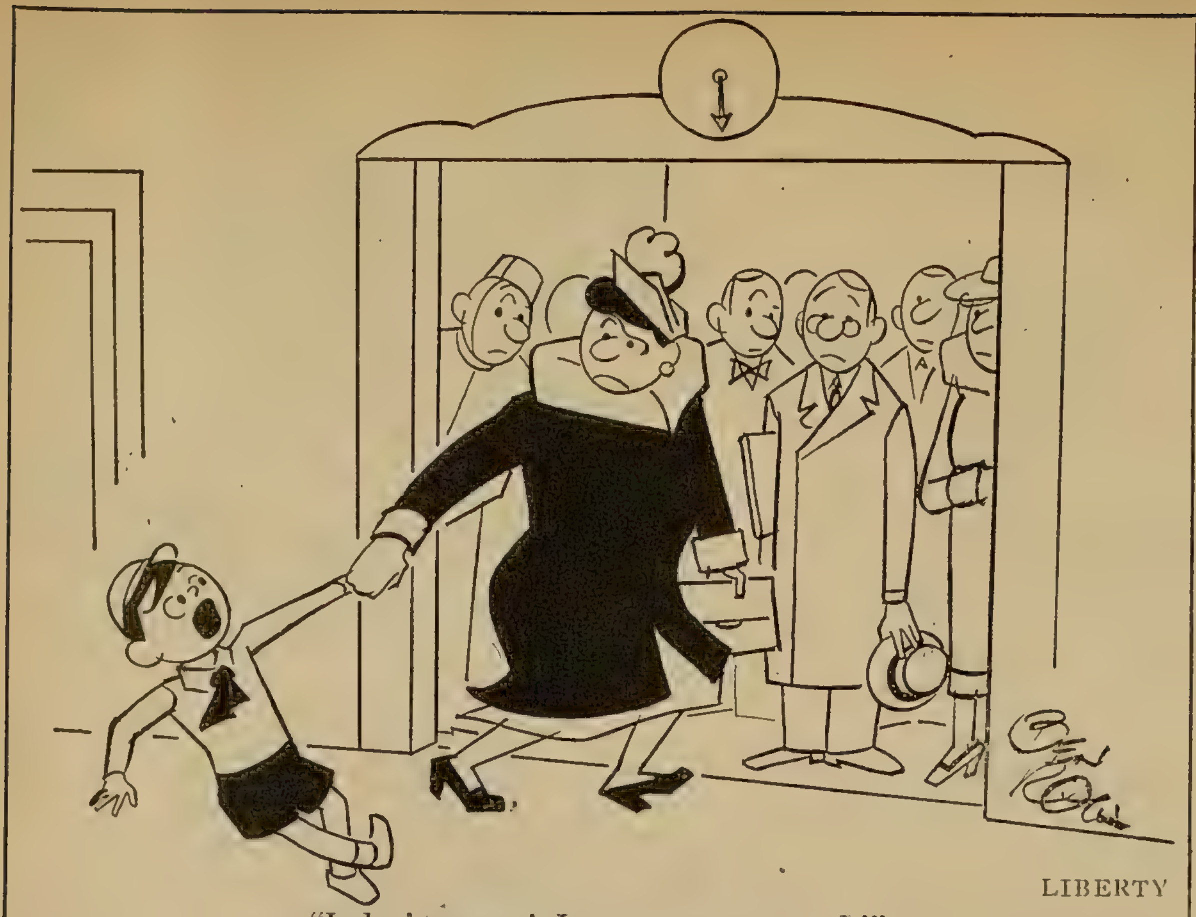

"I don't wanna! It scares my stomach!"

joined me. I could not see him as he came down and began to get nervous, but suddenly the grotesque figure of his diving rig materialized in the water and stood before me. I could just barely make him out in the darkness of the sea. He placed his hand on my shoulder and again we moved aft until my boots kicked the first cargo hatch.

I spoke into the phone: "Frank, we're at the hatch. Lower a cable with grappling hook. If you drop it from the port stern quarter of the trawler it should come down where we are. Make it fast."

I could hear Frank chuckle and then he said, "The cable is already waiting at ninety-five fathoms. I'll have it lowered the rest of the way."

I twisted my head about inside the helmet and looked in every direction, but it was not until the heavy cable and hook dragged along the deck that I was able to locate it. I got hold of it, told Frank I had it, then leaned my helmet against Gary's.

"Here's the cable. Help me get it in place. I want the hook just under the coaming of the hatch."

He gave me a hand and we jockeyed the hook into place, then stepped back. I told Frank, "Pull it up, but don't go more than ten feet. I need that hook again." We felt the deck vibrate under our feet and then there was a rending and crashing of steel and wood as the cable ripped up the hatch cover and swung it aside. The cable swung back where I could get hold of it again. Gary and I leaned over and looked down into the black hole of the cargo hold.

I told Gary, "We have to go down there. Get hold of the cable. We'll ride it down."

We swung onto the cable and hook and were lowered down into the total blackness of the hold to land on the cargo. For a moment I felt a wave of panic sweep through me. There was a haunting, eerie quality to that blackness that was unnerving. It was not simply the absence of light, but as if light had never been. And I had lost Gary. His hand was no longer on my arm. I swung my hands slowly about in the water, but could not find him. Frank, however, assured me that Gary was talking with him and was inside the hold with me.

I stooped over and ran my hands over the wood under my feet and soon determined that I was standing on a heavy crate. I dragged the trawler cable to the edge of the crate and then tried to get it around the box. It was a difficult and almost impossible job without Gary's help. The hook, alone, must have weighed four hundred pounds. I struggled with the cable and, when I had almost reached exhaustion, finally got it around the crate and snugged tight with the hook.

Something brushed against me. I put out a hand and felt slick rubber. It was Gary. He had an arm over my shoulder and was holding to my air line. I was about to tell him something when I felt his other hand on the back of my helmet. I reached up and back just as his right hand reached my exhaust valve. I grabbed at his hand and tried to pull it away, but he hung on. If he opened that valve I would be crushed instantly.

It was peculiar, but a sensation that was almost relief swept through me. It was coming to grips, finally, with the unknown. In one blinding second the fantastic was commonplace and all the answers fell into place. Even the reason why I had hung onto the crew's list of the Vega was made clear.

I twisted about and jammed an elbow into Gary's stomach, but the pressure in his suit nullified the blow. I crashed into him, threw my arms about him and tried to bear him down. I hadn't the strength. Getting the cable in place had taken too much out of me. Gary was forcing me back and his hand was twisting at the exhaust valve of my helmet. At first, in his excitement, he turned it the wrong way and my suit started to balloon. He discovered that mistake quickly enough and twisted in the other direction. I felt pressure lowering and the sea beginning to press about my body like the crushing tentacles of an octopus. In another second or two it would all be over with me.

I struggled in his arms and tried to get at my diving knife. I got my hand on it but I was weakening steadily and could not get it unsnapped from the sheath. I began, then, frantically, stupidly, beating at Gary's suit with my fists. And suddenly there was no resistance. His arms were gone from my helmet and I could no longer feel him against me. I reached back to the exhaust valve, readjusted pressure and then waited until my strength had returned before moving. I could not understand what had happened.

I groped about in the blackness of the Vega's hold and stumbled against an object dangling before me. I put out my hands and felt the helmet and ran my hands down and shuddered with a sudden icy chill. There was no body to the suit. The sea had smashed Gary and crushed him into jelly inside the helmet. He had gone exactly as Red had gone and, I knew, from the same cause.

I stepped back and spoke to Frank on the trawler: "How much time do I have?"

"None," he replied. "I've been trying to tell you so the last few minutes. Didn't you hear me?"

"I was busy. Frank, get the women off the trawler. Tell Olaf to pull up Chandler. He doesn't have to be slow about it. Chandler is crushed to death."

"My God! How did it happen?"

"I'll let you know when I'm on deck."

I waited until Frank informed me that Chandler's rig was on its way up with its gruesome burden, then stepped off the crate and told him to have that pulled up. I guided it out of the hold as the cable snaked it from among the other crates. As soon as I was informed that it was safely on deck I had them pull me up to eighty fathoms, where I started to decompress.

When the roaring in my head had subsided a little, I asked Frank, "Did Alec come out on deck while we were below?"

"Yeah. He's standing up in the bow right now. He's pretty sick. He got a look at Chandler when he was swung aboard. It was enough to make any man sick."

"You got the women away, didn't you?"

### DISCERNING TASTE

Our household maid has rare good
taste,
A thought which makes me pensive:
I notice that the things she breaks
Are never inexpensive.
—*Philip Lazarus.*

"Sure. They're on the yacht. But Mark Chandler and O'Keefe are here. They're pretty sick, too. What a mess!"

"Frank, was Alec around the compressors or mixing tanks at any time?"

"Yeah. He took over when he came out of the cabin. Why?"

"He killed Chandler, thinking it was me. He didn't know I had changed my suit. Lock him up in my cabin. You can also arrest him for the murders of Red Donnelly and Pete Jeffers. Better get at it. I don't want him getting anywhere near my lines."

When I was brought up to sixty-five fathoms for further decompressing, Barton got on the phone and said, "Alec's locked up. It was a pleasure. He put up a fight, so I used a belaying pin on him. By the way, O'Keefe and Mark Chandler have gone back to the yacht. How about them? Maybe they'll beat it."

"They won't. They'll wait for me. It's all over now. They're in the clear."

"Well, good Lord, then, hurry up and get up here. You're the boy with the answers."

But it was almost two hours before I stood aboard the trawler. You can't rush decompression time. I got out of the rig and gulped down a half pint of honey that Marty handed me, but kept my eyes away from a tarpaulin thrown over an object in the bow. I took a shot of whisky and began to warm up a little. The sky was still clear and bright. It looked beautiful.

When I could walk without shaking all over, I went to the compressor that had been connected to Gary's rig. Marty and I disconnected the helium-oxygen tank and tested it with a flame. It was pure oxygen. The tank had been striped, like the others, but when we examined it we could see that the brown paint had been put over a stamp reading OXYGEN.

Marty said, "Alec cut this one in while you were down on the Vega."

"Sure. He smuggled it aboard." I turned to Barton and explained, "This is the way Red died, and now Gary Chandler. Oxygen hasn't enough volume to build up sufficient pressure against a hundred fathoms. They were all right while they were getting helium in the oxygen, but as soon as that was taken away and pure oxygen cut in, they were crushed to death."

Barton shuddered. "What a way to die."

"Yeah. Alec killed them with a lack of gas, but he's going to die from another cause."

I looked toward the yacht and saw a boat being put off and three people boarding it. Evidently they had seen me come up out of the sea. I went to my cabin, unlocked the door, and stepped inside. Alec was sitting on the edge of the bunk, watching me nervously. He had been trying to smoke a cigarette, but had shredded it to bits.

"O.K.," I said. "Get on your feet."

He looked at my fists cocked at my sides and shook his head. "Nothing doing," he mumbled.

I reached over and pulled him to his feet and slammed him across the face with a hard right. He went over and crashed into a corner. He refused to get up. I kicked his face in with my heel and he huddled in the corner, moaning. He wouldn't move. I kicked him again, but it was no good. He just lay there moaning.

I got out of my diving woolens, took a quick shower, and then got dressed. When I stepped out on deck, O'Keefe and Pat and Mark Chandler were waiting for me. Pat was pale and seemed badly shaken, but there was no longer a sign of fear in her eyes. Instead, there was an expression strictly for me that made the day even brighter.

O'Keefe cleared his throat and said, "This has been a very tragic day. Can you tell us how it happened?"

"Where is Mrs. Chandler?"

Mark Chandler nodded toward the yacht. "She has collapsed. She couldn't return."

He seemed near the verge of collapse himself, but he was making a great effort to steady himself. I hated to tell him what he must have half guessed, but it had to be said. "Your son tried to kill me down there, Mr. Chandler. He was after my exhaust valve. He would have succeeded if Alec hadn't cut in the oxygen tank at that moment." I explained what had happened and added, "That's the way Red Donnelly died, too."

Pat cried, "But why, Jim, why?"

"Mr. O'Keefe," I said, "you knew the Vega wasn't torpedoed, didn't you?"

He looked embarrassed as he replied, "Not when it happened. I had never been on a torpedoed ship before and actually thought that was it. It wasn't until much later, after I had thought it over and talked with other skippers who had really been torpedoed, that I realized the explosion must have occurred aboard ship. Is that what you learned on that first dive this morning?"

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PLASTICS FOR THE HOME

**DON'T MISS**
**THE APRIL ISSUE**

least at that time, could not be attempted. Mr. O'Keefe, take a look at my relief diver there in the cabin and see if you recognize him."

O'Keefe said, "That isn't necessary. I saw him yesterday. I wondered then where I had seen him before. He looked familiar."

"He was on the Vega as one of the deck crew. Alec Browning's name was then Albert Brownley. And before that his name was Alfred Browne."

Chandler cried, "Why, that's the name of the shipper who was sending the copper to Gary."

"Exactly. He was a stooge for your son. He didn't show much imagination in his aliases, though it wasn't until a short time ago that I connected the three names." I turned to Pat and said, "Incidentally, how did you happen to call me that day and tell me where I could get in touch with him?"

"Gary mentioned it to me. He had telephoned the house for some reason or other, and then, just as he was about to hang up, he told me about Browning."

"Sure. They played it smart. I even had to argue Alec into signing on. It all makes quite a picture. But one thing still has me puzzled. Mr. Chandler, just why did you pick up Irma Gibson? I could understand it if it had been your son, but not you."

Chandler's will suddenly weakened. He was no longer able to stand. He sagged back against the bulwark and then slid down to a box. He leaned over and held his face in his hand. "I always knew this would happen," he mumbled. "I shouldn't have tried to stop it. Gary didn't have enough money for his construction enterprises—I knew that—but suddenly he had, and more. I knew something was wrong and I knew it was connected with the Vega. But I should have known—" He shook his head from side to side, a man in agony.

I said, "But about the Gibson woman—"

"She came to me in my office. She thought I was the more likely one to pay to keep her quiet. Donnelly had told her his suspicions—that he had a hunch the Vega had not been torpedoed, that barratry was involved, and that he was on a hunt for fool's gold. I put her up with an apartment and an income."

"Did she call you the night Jeffers was killed?"

"No. Gary knew about her. I had told him all about her and he had called on her. They established some sort of rapport. I think they even liked each other. It was Gary she called to tell what Jeffers told her. His apartment, you know, was in that neighborhood."

"Do you know just what Jeffers told her?"

"Simply that he was going to explain to you that Gary had paid him to allay any suspicions you might have about your friend and leave without investigating. But that was sufficient. It would definitely tie in Gary with whatever you would learn. But Gary didn't kill the man. I'm sure of that."

I said, "I agree. Alec did that job. He must have been somewhere close where Gary could get to him in a hurry." I turned to Pat. "You were with him that night. Do you know what took place?"

Pat said, "I had gone to Karen's apartment for dinner. Gary had a telephone call and immediately thought of something he had to buy. I went with him as I had a headache and wanted to get out in the air. He was reluctant about taking me, but he was in such a hurry he didn't argue. When we parked across from that place he rushed down the street and into a little hotel down on the corner. I suppose your diver must have been staying there at the time, though I don't really know what went on."

I said, "Well, Lieutenant Riley can get the facts on that." I told Chandler, "Anyway, that's about it. To be honest with you, Mr. Chandler, for awhile I thought you were the one behind all this, and even Mr. O'Keefe."

O'Keefe said, "I don't blame you. When I realized the ship hadn't been torpedoed and saw Gary blossom out in sudden and unexplained wealth—well, after all, my daughter was married to him—and—" He shrugged and fell into silence.

Pat turned to me and said, "It still isn't explained. What did Donnelly mean about fool's gold?"

"I'll show you."

I opened a deck locker and took out an ax and then approached the big crate dripping on the deck. "This," I said, "represents part of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of copper." I swung the ax and splintered the soggy wood and kept swinging until a side of the crate crashed open. Sand spilled out on the deck. Nothing else. The crate was loaded with it.

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I stepped back and told Pat, "The rest of the crates will be the same. The copper was never shipped. Gary had a deal rigged with Alec, or Alfred, or Albert, whoever he is. The copper that was never shipped was later sold on the same construction job for double its worth. In addition to which, using Alec as the dummy shipper, Gary collected from the underwriting firm. He probably paid Alec plenty, but I imagine he collected the lion's share."

"In other words, it would have been disastrous for him if the Vega had reached port."

"I should say so. The government would have taken a very dim view of a consignment of sand. But Alec took care of that end. A few pounds of nitro judiciously placed and exploded in a spot where no one would ever dream a diver would go. That was it."

Pat whispered, "It was truly fool's gold, for all concerned."

Frank Barton left us and hurried to the wheelhouse to call Lieutenant Riley. O'Keefe was leaning over Chandler, gently patting his back. I walked away and stopped at the stern of the boat. I looked across the water at the yacht and had no difficulty picturing another bundle of nitro, now free and temporarily subdued. It was an enticing picture, an appetizing one, something to think about. And just then Pat slipped her hand onto my arm.

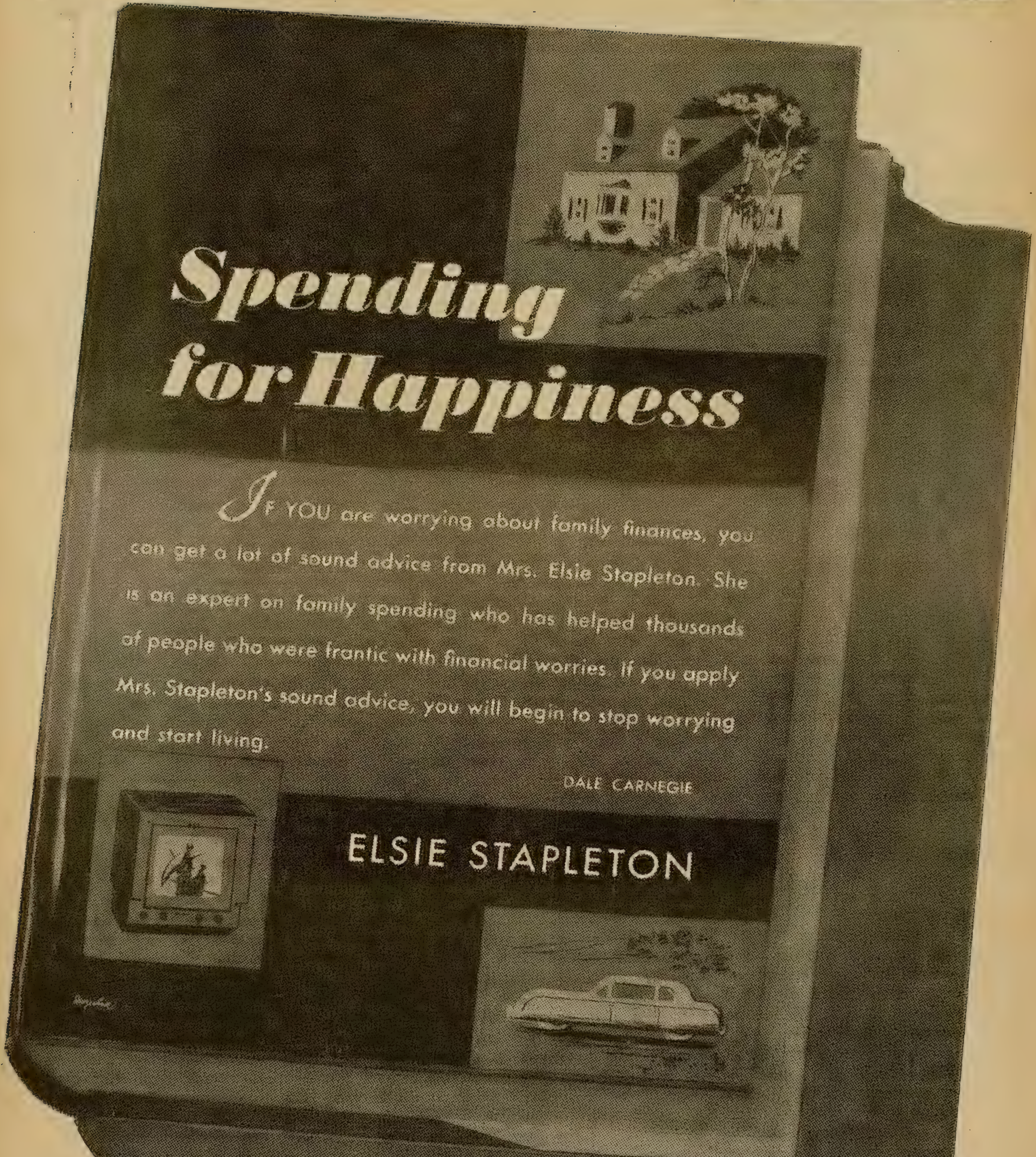
I looked down at her and thought of magnolia blossoms, and the other picture faded—for good. ◆◆

## RAISING A RIOT

This is a book you'll laugh over and like to remember. When young Daddy Toombs undertook to clean, cook, valet, and ride herd on his three sub-teenage youngsters, he didn't know the difference between five pounds of spinach and five pounds of green beans. But he learned that on the job and other facts which fathers often don't discover. He lived to write the tale.

**In LIBERTY Next Month**

Liberty **book condensation**



# Spending for Happiness

If YOU are worrying about family finances, you can get a lot of sound advice from Mrs. Elsie Stapleton. She is an expert on family spending who has helped thousands of people who were frantic with financial worries. If you apply Mrs. Stapleton's sound advice, you will begin to stop worrying and start living.

DALE CARNEGIE

## ELSIE STAPLETON

READING TIME ONE EVENING

liberty book condensation

PAY-DAY to pay-day was a financial fever chart for Jack Lawson. His money-aches always reached an acute stage the day before he received his salary. Then life looked good again. He even felt a bit rich, for a while.

But the ecstasy of money in hand vanished quickly, swept away by the sharp realization of past and present bills to be paid. Pfft! the money was all gone. "It's like spitting on a hot stove," he said.

There are scores of Jack Lawsons. Money aches are no respecter of the size of income. You yourself may be one to say, "We have a good enough income, but we don't seem to get anywhere. We don't really get what we want." The man who is in the red on $30,000 a year is certainly no better off, spiritually, than the stenographer who is overspending her forty dollars a week. Yet the same basic principles for good spending can work as well for the executive as for the stenographer. It is all a matter of knowing what you want most for the money you have to spend, and then spending to get it.

Does it seem curious to say that most of us don't know what we want? That often we don't even know what we don't want? There are so many of us in this category. There was the couple who wanted to go to Bermuda, but got only as far as Long Island. They stopped off at the races. And the woman who wanted to repaper her house, but gave too many cocktail parties. And the dad who longed to enjoy week-end hunting trips with his cronies, but kept a second car which the family didn't need. In every case it was a careless indulgence that cancelled out the heart's desire.

Jim Ward was a writer. A family man who owned a small estate. Very small. But when a man is on his way up, he can anticipate a little, can't he? No harm in flying his own plane. It raises his prestige and, as Jim said, "It gives the kids a thrill to see Poppa swoop down from the sky." The plane was expensive and costly to run. Jim consoled himself by counting the money he saved in not going to night-spots or to the races or belonging to expensive country clubs. But one day he sent me a telegram from the West Coast saying, "Have sold plane." How did Jim find out that the plane was not really what he wanted? A money-ache showed him. What he wanted was beyond the scope of his buying power. No budget can take such a body blow. And you cannot call it Spending for Happiness.

Of the many thousands of spending plans I've helped people work out, no two were exactly alike, even though the incomes and family units were the same. The Browns don't give a hoot for clothes, but spend a small fortune for classical records. The Smiths love to dress up, but would not dream of collecting records. A spending plan need not be, indeed should not be, a pair of financial handcuffs, compelling you to keep your hands out of your pockets for something you'd like to buy or like to do, but rather a comfortable guiding rein for the best spending possible on your income. And you cannot expect more than that.

"How can the Joneses do so much more than we do? I know we both have the same income. I can't understand it." A peep into the Joneses' affairs, no matter which side of the tracks they live on, might reveal a financial condition as red as a traffic stoplight. Then again, it might disclose a source of income you know nothing about.

Who knows about the neighbors' income? What profitable investments they may have made? Who knows what they have borrowed on their life insurance? What loan they got from the bank? Who knows what rigid economies they practice that you wouldn't even consider?

Many money problems would ease themselves right out of the picture if you would forget all about the Joneses. Did you ever stop to think that you are the Joneses to someone else? And the family down the street may be going broke trying to keep up with you? But no need to stifle ambition. Keep your sights still high. Often when you reach for something beyond your grasp, you will earn the money to get it. Strive for it. Get it if you can by all means, not because the Joneses have it, but because you really want it.

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The newspapers and magazines are crammed with graphic "Before and After" stories and pictures. "Before and After I Reduced," "Before and After I Changed My Hair-do," or "Before and After I Joined a Gym." Doubtless the reason there are so many of these features is because people are deeply interested in improving their appearance, their physical well-being and their general sense of fitness. That's fine! But how seldom we read the before-and-after stories of Spending Foolishly and Spending Well. Yet very often I have seen changes in people's lives which affected their health, their appearance and even their spiritual state for the better after they adopted and lived by a custom-made spending plan. You can't beat peace of mind as a wrinkle chaser nor freedom from money worries as a tonic.

I find that people have a curious unawareness of where their money goes. It's easy to lose track. Why, sometimes it is difficult to account for the ten-dollar bill we know we had in our purse this morning. But could you mislay a thousand dollars a year just like that? This suburban couple did.

We were drawing up a plan to enable them to buy a home. Naturally, we had to go over the figures of their last year's spending. It added up to nine thousand dollars. But their net income was ten thousand dollars. Where could the missing thousand be? Where did the money go?

Pa's cigars. Eight of them a day, week in and week out. Thirty-five cents each. More than a thousand dollars a year. He couldn't believe, even when he saw his own figures, that every year he was puffing away more than 10 percent of his income. An extreme case? Perhaps. But it differs only in degree from the thirty-five-dollar-a-week clerical worker who forgot she spent more than sixty-five dollars a year, for her mother and herself, on palmists, sand-writers, tea-leaf readers and other prognosticators. Did she really forget this indulgence? Or did she merely try to forget it?

The second wife of an architectural draftsman claimed that their $6,500 income cramped their living. Why was this? Where did all the money go? For two people $6,500 a year is, to many of us, a very nice sum. This woman wanted to make out a new plan. So she and I for an hour or more sweated over the figures. She had forgotten to tell me about the alimony—about $2,000 a year that her husband was paying to his first wife. Obdurately she excluded that money from her own thinking. Why should that other selfish woman take $2,000, leaving them so little? Of course the second wife may have been right. Maybe the first wife wasn't worthy of that much alimony, but the law had given it to her. The second wife thought of herself as a $6,500 wife. She refused to consider herself a $4,500 wife! There

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## *Where Does the Money Go?*

is only one thing to do when you have an unyielding money obligation like this: Subtract it from your total net income and forget it, period.

◆ A Western farmer, visiting his son and daughter-in-law near Christmas time, asked me if I had any pamphlets on budgeting. He wanted to leave them carelessly about their house in the hope that they might come on a little advice on money-management. Good man that he was, he wanted to give them none himself. It appeared that his son's apartment was full of the holiday spirit and parcels. The farmer knew the limitations of his son's income. He couldn't help overhearing their worried discussions about finances, punctuated by that foreboding phrase, "Where does all the money go?" He couldn't understand why a young couple, with money worries on their mind, should buy so many gifts. "Saints alive—Christmas is Christmas," said the father, "but do you know those children will be paying for those store-boughten gifts come greenup time in Colorado."

Truly, it is more blessed to give than to receive, and gift-giving belongs in your spending plan. But, by the same token, control it. Ask yourself—will the presents you buy on credit in December look as good if they're unpaid for in May?

I remember the case of the dressmaker, supporting her young son on a meager income. She had taken the very last tuck in her budget. Rising costs had forced her to give up their one movie a week. She said they had long forgotten what a lamb chop tasted like. They were living on a sheer austerity plan. There were really three of them to feed—the mother, the boy and his dog. The dog ate horse meat at 23 cents a day. Biscuits, dog soap, flea powder, medicine and visits to the vet rang up a total of $106.60 a year. When these grim figures were spoken out loud, a look of heartbroken fear came into the boy's eyes. But we figured out that Jerry could run errands for the druggist, deliver papers in the morning and do many things in summer which would permit him to keep Spot—horse meat and all.

Pets cost money. Recognize that fact and put them in your spending plan. To keep them there you may have to give up something much less precious to you. Don't think of them as "for free."

◆ My work on the thousands of spending and savings plans in the last fifteen years has shown me that 18 to 20 percent of net income is a happy average for shelter. If you pay less than this for a place you like—lucky you. Of course you might be able to pay more without stinting yourself. But it would spell trouble for most of us.

If the housing shortage has forced you into a rent much beyond 18 to 20 percent and you are unable to move, you might decide to rent a room or part of your house. I have met with many indignant rejections of this suggestion. "I don't want a roomer in my house." "We like our privacy." True. But a congenial paying guest in your home is preferable to money-worry as your constant companion.

One family I know rented their large basement to a dancing teacher. An enterprising young mother, with two toddlers of her own, turned her sun-porch and side lawn into a paying day-nursery. Slides and kindergarten equipment were installed. The neighboring parents paid a fee for the use of the premises and the mothers took turns supervising the groups.

When Mr. Caldwell became vice president of his firm, the family thought it was high time to move from the duplex they rented on middling-good Green Street. So they leased the Southern Colonial on the parkway. It was a beautiful home on the right corner of the street. The Caldwells, in their first month on the parkway, reveled in the fine satisfaction of having arrived.

ILLUSTRATED BY KELLY OECHSLI

But the Caldwell son and daughter could not go to expensive summer camps with the youngsters of their more affluent neighbors. They could not keep up with them in dress. They could not match them in pocket money. In short, the Caldwell kids could not hold up their end in the new community. They became rebellious and resentful, discontented and envious. Worse, the gnawing sense of being out of their financial depth turned the father and mother into bickering parents, endlessly arguing over money. Well-intentioned Mr. Caldwell at last saw the error of trying to live in a fifteen-thousand-dollar neighborhood on a six-thousand-dollar salary. Moreover, when he came to grips with reality, he knew that the family were not so much in love with the Southern Colonial as enamoured of the high social status they thought went with the home.

The Caldwells took inventory. What was more important—pretensions of prestige or family peace? The answer was clear. It took a lot of courage to do it. But they moved from the parkway. They are paying what they ought to be paying for shelter. The children are on equal financial footing with their school friends.

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Swanky neighborhoods are for those who can afford—and like to live in—luxury. When you move into an exclusive neighborhood, the cost of your shelter is only the beginning. Almost everything else is correspondingly high. Can you give your children expensive clothes, private schools, summer camps, more pocket money and other costly indulgences which belong in a wealthy community? Can you reciprocate the entertainment of your rich neighbors? Can you afford the help that your house calls for?

You may stumble on a terrific real estate "buy" in a run-down part of town. How about the school situation? If the undesirable neighborhood forces you to place your children in private schools, consider the tuition and transportation costs. Children usually want to play with the kids next door, or on the same street. It's not always an advantage to children to belong to the richest family on the block.

Before you move, spend some time in looking over the neighborhood and the neighbors.

The Bentleys employed an architect to look at the twenty-seven-year-old house they had fallen in love with. They were thrilled to learn it was as sound as a bell. "You can move in, as is—if you want to," said the architect. A new roof would be needed—maybe next year. However, the Bentleys decided to reroof *before* they moved in. But that would be all. Absolutely all.

They were paying $20,000 for the house. The down payment was their life savings. They could move right in. Then why didn't they?

It all began with the mustard-colored walls in the dining room. Repulsive—said Mrs. Bentley. Who could eat with such a color? It was murderous with her watermelon pink draperies. It wouldn't cost much to paint this one room. So they did it a delicate gray. That started the fixin' fever. Each improvement furnished the need and appetite for another. Seven thousand dollars quickly piled onto a house they could have moved into "as is." Well, wasn't it worth it? No home is worth a money-headache and sleepless nights. This extra $7,000, which the Bentleys had never contemplated spending, was the budget blockbuster. They didn't have the money and had to borrow it.

You may ask, "How much shall I pay for a house in proportion to my income?" There are authorities who say, "Twice the amount of your annual income." Others—"Two and a half times." I like to recommend this simple rule: Take your present rental figure, which we assume is 20 percent. Let us say your net income is approximately $5,000. Your rental is $1,000 a year or about $84 a month. Multiply this by 100. Result—$8,400. Add to this the amount you have in the bank, earmarked "Home." Presumably, over a period of years you have saved $2,000 toward your house. This sum added to $8,400 gives you $10,400, which is approximately twice your income. You can figure it out proportionately on any given income.

If you are going to build, apply the same rules as though you were to purchase a ready-built home. All of the costs, from the time you buy your lot until the contractor puts the keys in your hand, total up to the price of your home. The price covers the site, the building, the landscaping and decoration. Remember that changes of mind after acceptance of the blueprint may increase costs considerably. When the total cost is computed, better allow at least 10 to 15 percent for contingencies. They always seem to come up.

Be wary, not only before you build, but before you buy your site. A steep slope is picturesque, but the landscaped terraces come high, so does the upkeep. Low land may call for costly drainage. Figure how much time and money you want to put into the care of the grounds. Every beautiful sweep of lawn and garden you admire represents an investment of labor and money.

When you ask, "How much should I spend for furniture?" the answer could well be: "As much as you have for the purpose." Or, if you intend to buy some on credit, then let it be as much as you can comfortably take care of, in installments, over the required period.

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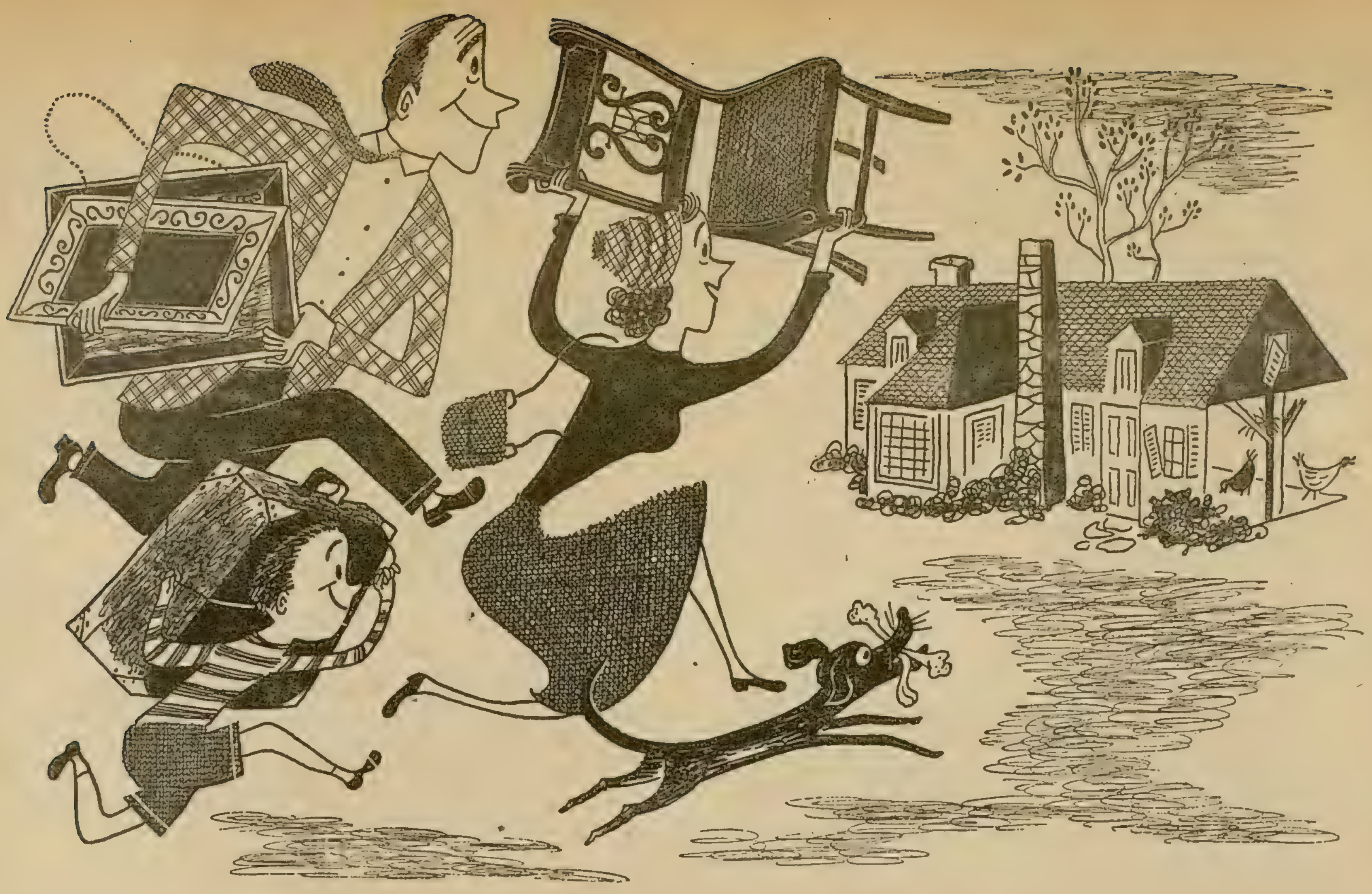
However, if you are building, or have just bought, a brand-new home, into which you are putting your all, better not put your "all." Figure that it will cost you approximately another 10 to 15 percent over and above the price of your house to stock it. And thereafter you'll spend 3 to 5 percent of your net income each year for additions and replacements.

Here is a catechism for home furnishers:

How much can you afford to spend on house furnishings? Are you buying on credit? If so, have you included the installments in your spending plan? Have you kept your eye on basic furniture as your first purchase? Have you made a list of what you want? How does your list fit into your available cash?

Are you concerned with necessary major equipment—refrigerator, gas stove, perhaps washing machine? Do you strive to fill up space merely because you can't abide empty areas? Can you resist pressure of family and friends in selecting your furnishings? Do you seek dependable and helpful information before you buy beds, upholstered pieces, cabinets and other articles? Are you a bargain furniture buyer? Are your bargains truly good buys or actual extravagances?

Under house operation the Battle of the Budget is often fought out. Comes the first of the month, when the window envelopes arrive, the barbs begin to fly. Even when the utility bills are within reason, they seem to have an inflammatory effect on the householder. At least when you buy a pair of shoes or a picture for the living room, they're there. You have them. But gone without a



“You Can Move In—As Is”

trace are the previous month’s light, heat, gas and all the witty words you poured into the mouthpiece of your telephone.

Father may have the habit of jacking up the thermostat with or without benefit of weather predictions. Yet he burns up over the heat bill. Mother may be the most enduring after-breakfast phone confabber in the neighborhood. But every time the bills arrive she says defensively, “We couldn’t possibly have made that many calls.” Coed Jane may be responsible for two-thirds of the laundry bill, but she protests, “Well, for pity’s sake, do you want me to join the great unwashed?” Each, in his own light, is a paragon of thrift and self-denial.

If you have a cooperative group in your house, you will find that house operation is one of the easiest and least painful ways to save. It certainly does not cut down on the family fun or comfort to develop habits which automatically curtail the dimes and dollars that would otherwise be burned up or go down the drain.

◆ Before the war, house operation on a well-balanced budget ran from 10 to 12 percent. During the war, because of the sudden shortage of help and lack of fuel, this figure dropped to around 7 percent. In the postwar period, numbers of housewives became used to doing without help. Only recently, I have found the cost on its way up again.

It’s well to keep help if you can afford it. A woman can always find something more rewarding to do than washing the baseboards throughout the house. But don’t look for an alibi to make yourself believe you can afford help if you can’t.

“It looks like I’m sunk,” said the young veteran. He had come back from overseas, ready to grab the long-awaited happiness with his wife and children. But there was precious little happiness to grab in his small flat. He was $25 in the red every month.

The young man’s eyes lighted up as he told me about his wife. She was a perfectionist as a mother and housekeeper. But when she did the housework in the meticulous fashion she demanded, the children’s outings in the park had to be skipped entirely or cut short. I gathered that his wife was no compromiser. She would have that house her way come hell or high cost. At first the young husband had pitched in at night—polishing the woodwork, scrubbing the floors, cleaning the windows, shining the silver. But after eight hard hours at the office, this homework grew too irksome. Better to have a maid, the pair concluded, than pay the money out to a doctor.

Well, they now had their maid. Fifteen dollars a week. The silver was high in luster, but the family was low on laughter. Better by far a small accumulation of dust than a large accumulation of debt.

I question the wisdom of having the household bills paid by the husband, from his office, without the wife knowing all about the expenditures. Of course it is convenient to let the Mister’s secretary take over this chore. But that is no way to learn the feel of house money in your hand or your head. Sometimes when you do get the feel of it, it is pretty late.

◆ Frequently a woman has asked me, “How much do you think I ought to get for house money?” She may hasten to add that she does not want to bother with a complete budget. She merely wants to be straightened out on this one item. Of course that is impossible. House money must be considered in relation to the rest of your spending. Often, when shelter is too high, a careful and cooperative family is able to make up a goodly part of the excess in numerous economies throughout the house. For example, an overheated house pays no bonus in health or money. Leaving electric bulbs on in a basement or empty rooms, or lighting a closet all night long, is just plainly burning up money. Turning off lights when leaving a room can become an integrated habit with the whole family.

The phone, bless it, bridges many a lonely mile. But it is also an irresistible lure to many a talker who cannot afford it. One budget maker, on a very limited income, spent $175 a year, mostly in long-distance greetings to friends. Teen-agers are terrific talkers. Check up on them. The laundry often yields sizable savings, and, surprisingly, at hardly any letdown in your standards.

I would like to pass on to you some tips on savings. I've culled these over the years from people who, I think, handled their house money well. Consider insulation. The cost is usually soon offset by the saving in fuel. Thereafter the fuel saving is pure velvet. Storm windows, storm doors, weather stripping and caulking can cut heat waste as much as 25 percent. In winter, pull down window shades and draw the draperies. Shut off radiators in, and close off, unused rooms. Know your heating plant inside and out. Be sure it is functioning at full efficiency. Know what kind of fuel is best for your plant. Call in a service expert at beginning and end of the heating season. The fee you pay him will likely pay you dividends. Sift your coal ashes. Clean chimneys. Seek out and plug up heat leaks.

Keep gas-burner holes completely open. Have burner adjusted by service man if you believe you are not getting the most in cooking gas. Adjust gas to the diameter of the bottom of the utensil. The gas that flares up around the sides of the pot cooks none of the contents. Let pans acquire dull bottoms to absorb the heat. Use oven wherever possible to cook a full meal. Don't waste gas in oven for a few potatoes or a single dish. Cook by thermometer.

Have a maid if you want one, can afford one, or need one. If you have no help, divide tasks among members of the family. Sturdy boys can wash windows, cut grass, remove garbage, rake leaves, shovel snow. Girls can wash dishes, set table, dust, make beds, run carpet sweeper and vacuum. Exchange baby sitting and other services with neighbors.

◆ Whenever we talk about the bare essentials of living, we usually refer to food, clothes and shelter. Yet food is the only essential to existence. If you live where the year-round climate is like the month of May, you could exist sans covering and even sans shelter. But you could not exist without food.

The percentage of income spent for food and the size of income travel in opposite directions. Large incomes take smaller percentages, while with smaller incomes the percentage mounts. After analyzing some thousands of spending plans, I was impressed with an ever-recurring fact: When a family reaches a certain income, say $6,000, they eat as well as the same given family with $10,000 or $12,000.

I remember, one day, working on the food figures of two different families. Both had the same income. Lived in the same suburb. One family ate 30 percent of its income. The other consumed 10 percent more. Why? The children of one family were three husky, ever-hollow boys, probably the most ravenous of Carnivora. The other family's children were the proverbial birdlike eaters. In a recent survey I made, I discovered that food percentages ran all the way from 20 to 52 percent. The figure of 52 percent was spent by a woman who wrote to me saying she earned $40 a week cleaning offices. She listed the outlays for herself, teen-age son, married daughter with baby. This woman's food bill was $20.80 a week, about $5 a head. Yet it was more than half her income and bought neither steak nor cake.

◆ You may wear last year's suit but you can't live today on the steak you ate last year. There is a minimum of nutrition required by the body; and eat the minimum you must, else you endanger your health. The 52 percent spent for food by the cleaning woman did not give her family nearly so much nutritionally or quantitatively as the 25 percent spent by another couple, with larger income, from the same town.

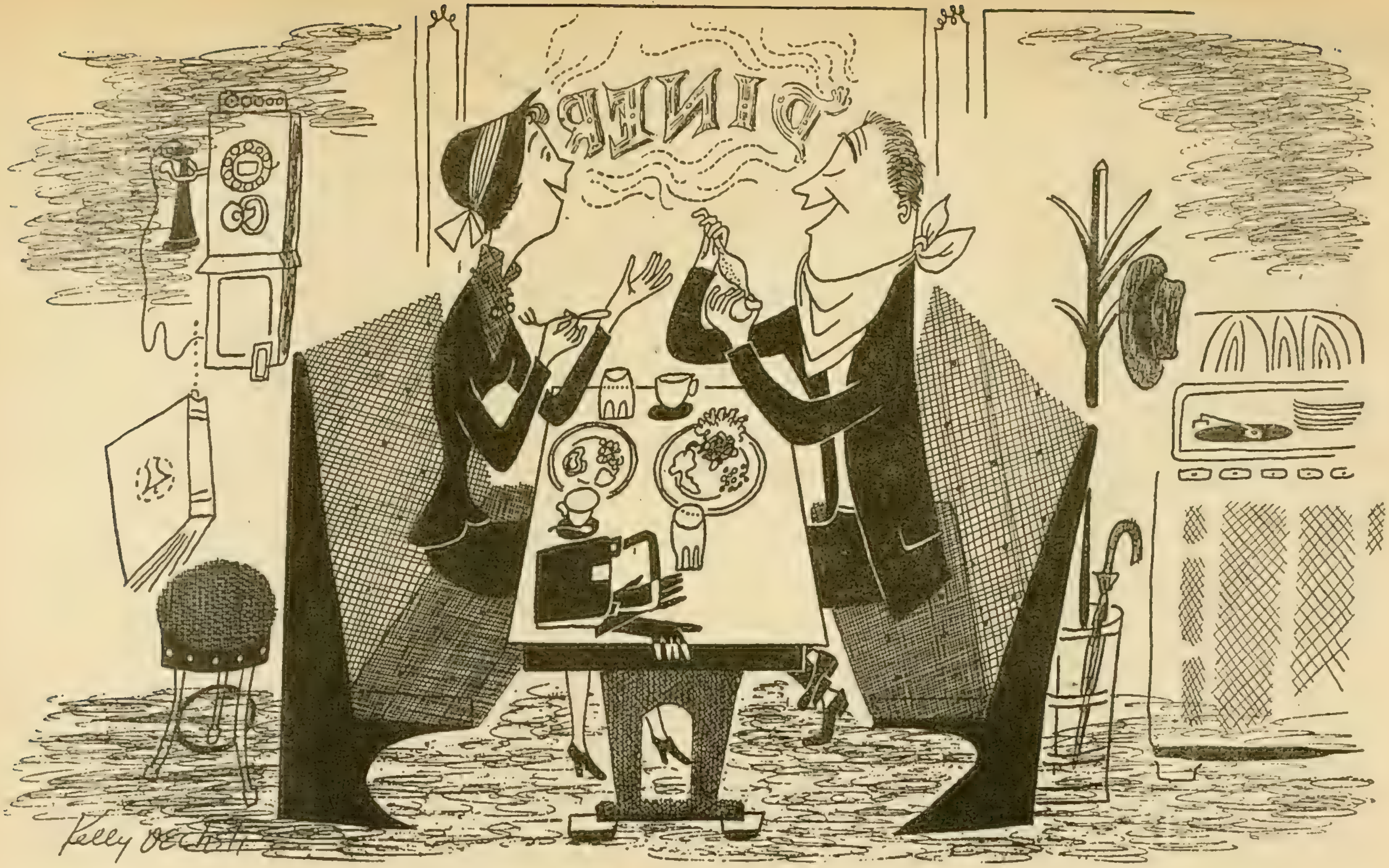
Roy and Jane were a young couple who planned to have a baby. "Next year, or the year after—whenever we can afford it," said Roy. They had fallen into the habit of eating in restaurants two or three nights a week. They convinced themselves that it really was more economical. They rationalized: "Food comes high when you buy only for two." "There's too much waste, because Roy doesn't like leftovers." Jane told me they got one free meal a week at her mother's. "Don't you ever have Mother back?" I asked. "Yes, but she has us more than we have her." They took her gifts each week—flowers or candy, so the weekly meal at Mother's could hardly be called "free." "Anyway," said Jane, as she pushed her point, "I'm sure it's cheaper for us to eat out two or three nights a week."

The figures, of course, showed that it was no such thing. Counting the cost of bus fares, meals and tips, their thrice-a-week restaurant meals cost them, minimum, $9.10. Jane agreed that $9.10 would have bought them considerably more meat, groceries and vegetables than they could possibly consume at three meals.

◆ We all love to eat at our favorite restaurant. If we can afford it, we need no alibis. But this young couple's reasoning was nonsense. When it came down to bedrock, Roy and Jane ate out, not because it was cheaper, but because it was less trouble. The blue-plate specials were pushing the baby out of the budget. The last I heard of Jane, she was attending a class in home economics at the County Center. She was learning, among other things, how to buy the most nutrition for the least money and to cook and serve it excitingly.

When money is tight, I find that a couple without children will often decide, spontaneously, to cut down on their food bills, before they even analyze their requirements. But parents, especially parents of young children, will seek to curb the family fun or clothes—indeed almost any other avenue of spending—rather than try to cut down on food. I agree with that. But food is sometimes the place to cut costs. Depending, of course, on what you call food.

The parents of four children were concerned with increasing their educational fund. Costly college days were approaching. Where could the parents cut down so as to add to the savings account earmarked "College for four"? The family food bills were not high. The children were soda fountain addicts. Their intake of fountain refreshments, plus the odd lots of candies and cookies they bought outside the home, came to nearly $400 a year. These children were all students. They wanted to go to college. So the parents showed them a picture of their fountain spending. They put it squarely up to the youngsters—they would have to help increase their educational fund; it would have to be less candy or no college.



## *Blue Plate or Baby?*

One mother wrote me that the parents in her neighborhood got together for a discussion. They knew the drugstore was a happy hangout for the gang, but it was a heavy outgo for parental dollars. So they offered a substitution. A meeting place was donated, where the teen-agers could drop in after school. Refreshments were partly contributed by parents and partly paid for by the small club dues, the latter augmented by the proceeds from two yearly entertainments. Other gifts were a gramophone, records, ping-pong table and games. Apparently this mother considered the effort successful. She said that at the end of the year the teen-agers had more fun and the parents saved money. Whether this idea would work out in your community only you can tell. It might be worth trying. Don't forget the cost of the children's double-malteds when you are figuring out the price of the family food.

◆ Offhand, how much did you spend for clothes last year? I know—practically nothing. If you are a woman, you bought some shoes. For heaven's sake, you can't go around barefoot. And the stockings you purchased were an extreme emergency. But, beyond the minimal clothes you bought to keep you decently covered, you know you didn't spend a cent. You didn't spend a cent and you have nothing decent to wear. This mournful note usually creeps into the budget discussion at the clothes column.

When it comes to clothes, men are funny. Usually a man is ready to skip the clothes question completely. No use going into that. He hasn't spent anything. Why, he hasn't bought a pair of shoes in years. He's been wearing the ones on his feet since the cows came home. They don't make shoes like that any more, he says sadly. As for the suit he has on . . . he can't even remember when he got it; it's so long ago. An investigating look inside the jacket reveals that the suit is five years old. See! He is triumphant.

Where women have a passion for new clothes, men have an affection for old ones. It usually takes a cross-examination to arrive at the annual cost of the male clothes outlay. All except his hat. Fondly he fingers his headgear and says, "This set me back twelve bucks." But the inference is that it will be a warm day in January before he buys another felt. No one is more surprised than he to discover how much he did spend for shirts, socks, underwear, pajamas, raincoat, sweaters and the rest. As for ties, after he has guessed at the number on his tie rack, and the proportion of new ones, and separated the gifts from the self-selected, he is astonished to see the total.

The jokesmiths and cartoonists have made a clotheshorse out of Mama and a shabby, threadbare creature out of Papa. More often than not, even though well dressed, he assumes the role of near-nudist. Checking clothes expenses, I asked one man whether he had bought, during the year, any swimming suit, beach robe, sports shirt or play togs, he looked a trifle puzzled and asked, "Gosh! Do you call them clothes?"

◆ The person who says, "I hardly spend anything for clothes," is blood brother to the one who swears, "I didn't sleep a wink last night," but who slept more than he realized.

On well-balanced budgets, where the outlay for food is within reasonable limits, say 25 to 30 percent, you may allow yourself 10 to 13 percent for clothes. This figure, of course, like all the percentages mentioned in this book, is the one I have seen recur most frequently with people who manage their money well. But, it may vary greatly between different families and even between the members of the same family. Just as there are big eaters and small eaters, so there are large and small clothes spenders. Or, let's say there are those who call themselves "hard on clothes" or "not hard on clothes."

The real test of whether you are Spending for Happiness is whether your purchases leave you with a sense of guilt or give you long-lasting satisfaction. Your clothes closet will give you an almost articulate answer. There seem to be more unworn shoes in American closets than any other article of attire. The shoes that are most worn—they're the ones you found most comfortable. I would advise you to duplicate their last when you buy new shoes. But the almost-new footwear bought many months ago, that gives you a shiny grin from the box, represents money wasted and doubtless some agonizingly painful evenings.

If a dress or coat, a year or more old, hangs in almost brand-new state, too good or too expensive to give away or discard, then you know it was a poor buy, no matter what it cost. The garments you wore and liked to wear, these you must have loved. You felt well dressed and you remember the compliments they brought.

Men should follow this same principle in determining the flops and successes in their clothes closet. But, by and large, I don't believe men buy as many bad bargains as women do. And when I hear that women are far better buyers than men, I say, "Prove it if you can." Women control the country's purse strings. They do 85 percent of the buying. So when you give a woman the palm for being a better buyer than her husband, it's like saying that Willie is the smartest in his class. But the class had only two pupils and the other dropped out in the middle of the semester. I grant that women are the bigger group of buyers, not necessarily the better one.

◆

On one occasion the large stockpile of clothes possessed by a young man when he married precipitated a three-way conference, with the young man's mother presiding. It was she who brought the couple in for an overhauling of their finances. Here was a boy whose mother had selected and paid for all his clothes since before he was born and right up to the day he got married. He hadn't the slightest interest in shopping except where it concerned his beloved photography.

As for Anne, his wife, she found it fun in the beginning to pose, sharply silhouetted against majestic mountain backdrops, or framed in peach blossom. But her clothes were wearing out in the meantime. Just as she was about to get her hands on a new blouse or a supply of slips, stockings or bras, John would show up with a new lens or color film or some photographic gadget. She had scarcely bought a thing in the year and a half she had been married. Her mother-in-law's sharp comments on Anne's shabby appearance sort of backfired. Anne let the older woman know that it was she who had created the one-sided clothes condition between the couple. She had never given her son the responsibility of buying his own clothes. And it didn't occur to him that his young wife needed any.

◆

I remember one emergency where the clothes allowance was increased. A wealthy father asked me to set up a budget for his young daughter. The girl was on her own, in a big city, for the first time. The father wanted her to learn how to handle her money. We had listed five dollars a week as a cushion to take care of any emergencies. But hardly was the first five dollars in the emergency fund when my budgeter was back. She wanted me to wheedle a $100 advance from her father. An emergency right off the bat. The cause of the sudden need for $100 was a beautiful white taffeta evening gown with a splashy red sash. She just had to have it to wear to a college dance. She was sure that the white taffeta would help net a proposal from the man she liked.

Wasn't that an emergency? I'll say it was.

Her father, at my suggestion, advanced her the money. And off she went to the ball. Did she receive the proposal? No. At least not from the man she expected. But his roommate up and asked her to be his wife. "So you see," she said, "the taffeta dress wasn't a loss."

You can't store up happy memories with clothes, unless you have clothes that make you happy. Don't you remember the unspeakable hat you were forced to wear to Sunday school? The plaid skirt that was two inches longer than your schoolmate's? And, if a boy, the monkey suit that other fellows jeered at? Let a mother talk about sturdy fabrics and good workmanship. That's fine. But don't let her forget that a too-long dress looks frumpish and a too-big suit for a boy looks sloppy. An eccentric style, too, may make a child the butt of much cruel horseplay. Young children, generally, do not want to look different from their school friends.

During the past few years several mothers have told me of their swapping projects for children's clothes. Ten-year-old Susie's birthday dress, which a fond aunt sent her last summer and which Susie has outgrown, is not a hand-me-down, but a very nice swap for someone else, while Susie receives a wanted raincoat.

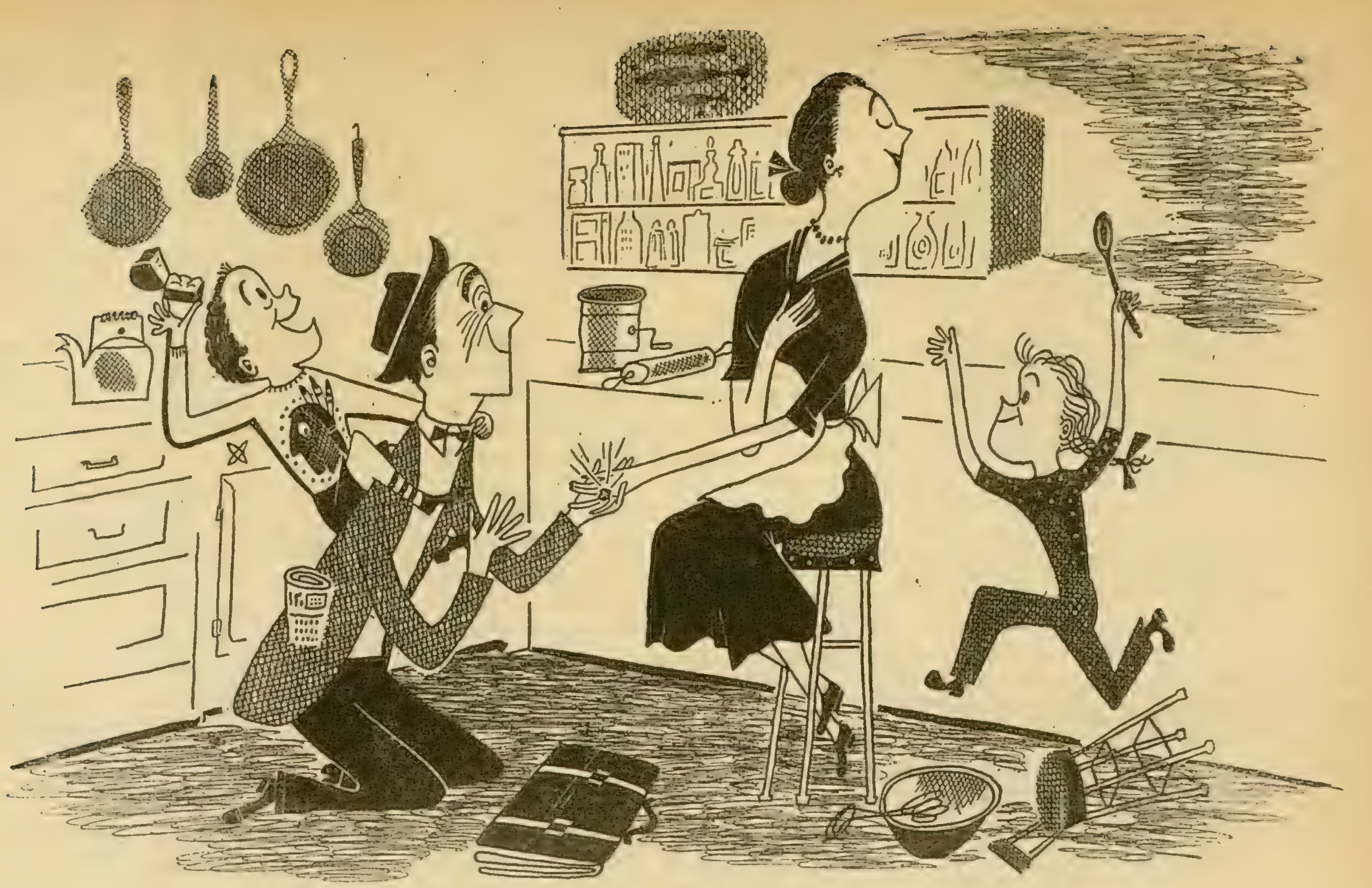
◆

Remember, no budget is well balanced from the standpoint of family finances or family happiness when all the clothes are on one back. Family clothes, like family money, should be distributed according to the individual's needs. It has been my observation that the father of a family is all too often the last one to get his hands on the clothing dollar. When finances are tight, father is the one to forego the new overcoat he needs. A woman changes her wardrobe at the drop of a hat brim, but her husband is expected to go along with a high shine on his blue serge suit.

A man's good appearance is one of his best business investments. There is more truth than poetry to the men's clothing ads which tell the prospective buyer that a new suit often lands the interview that lands the coveted job.

If you are building a clothes budget now, take stock of what you have that is still suitable to wear. Make a list of what you will absolutely need for the balance of the year. Then set down what you would like in addition. Try out the prices on paper before you try on the clothes in the store. Now estimate the most necessary—for Father, Mother and children. Only when the basic needs are established can you figure how much money you'll have left over for the extras. "Extras" may include the pretty red shoes you've set your heart on, the fine French gloves for your college daughter, a leather jacket for young Charlie, or some loud shorts for Father. This kind of planning will, I know, go a long way toward banishing that old bugaboo from the clothes budget . . . buying things you don't want. Shopping for new season's clothes without a clear idea of what is in your closet, is like going to the grocery store and forgetting what is in the pantry.

Remember to include the care and insurance of your clothes in the annual cost. Preventive measures will guard those precious woolens against moth ravage. Don't hesitate to send



*The Delayed Diamond*

your furs to a cold storage vault. It's just as important as putting your money in the bank. In mid-July take a trip to the attic to see how Father's winter overcoat is weathering its vacation.

◆ Most people want a financial reserve beyond their everyday money. It may consist of government bonds, investments, cash in the bank, life insurance, social security, pension—any form of saving, not even forgetting the lowly piggy bank. Peace-of-mind money makes you feel good. Without it you are plagued by the sense of guilt that comes from former financial follies; plagued by the failure to save. Peace-of-mind money makes the present more serene, the future more secure.

Some of the most purposeful savers I've met were piling up cash for happy old age and for many goals in between. I've encountered such varied objectives as a new house and a new set of false teeth; the education of a child and the education of a circus horse; a trip around the world and a polished granite tombstone; an artificial leg and new dishes; an automobile and a pedigreed Dalmatian dog.

One couple, married for eight years, earmarked part of their savings fund for a long-rooted desire. They were going to buy something they couldn't afford when they were married. An engagement ring! It took them several years to accumulate the $300 that could be spared for the sparkler. With their two small children as onlookers, father presented mother with her delayed diamond. Quite a ceremony!

And then there was the eighty-year-old lady who had been saving up for years and years for a trip around the world. She told me how she used to go down to the docks and watch the big boats pulling out, while she repeated to herself:

"Be still, my heart, and close the door,
There's a ship a'sailin' for Singapore."

I don't know whether she ever made the trip, but I've got an idea she had fun saving for it.

I have found that, in a great number of balanced budgets, 6 to 7 percent obtains for savings. And savings includes any and all forms of financial reserves. Whether savings take the form of life insurance, investments, government bonds, bank savings or combinations of two or more of these various reserves, the program should become as integral a part of your spending plan as food or shelter. Perhaps that is easier said than done. But I've seen spendthrifts become regular savers. How did they do it? They started to save and kept right on.

Here are some pointers for savers: How much money did you save last year? Do you consider the amount adequate? Have you a goal for your savings—security, education, fun, house, etc.? Do you save too much for your family's everyday happiness? Do you have a well-rounded savings program? Do you say, "I can't save," and let it go at that? Do you carry life insurance? Enough? Do you understand your policies, down to the last detail? Does your wife? Have you enlisted family cooperation in your savings program? Do you think you'd save more if you regarded it as peace-of-mind money?

◆ On well-balanced budgets, I have found that the cost of family health care runs from 4 to 6 percent. So you'll be wise to allocate this proportion of your income for medical, dental and other health care. Then I like to see people put aside an extra emergency fund for illness or accident. If you do not have such a fund, you have to tap your real savings. If your savings are insufficient, you may have to borrow money. One thing is sure, you must have some way to pay for family health care. Dire poverty, not desire, sends people to charity health facilities, even though the medical care may be good. As a paying patient it is well to remember that doctors and dentists must live, too. They cannot afford to be your bankers. And with most hospitals, it's a cash transaction, often in advance. One comforting thought in setting aside an extra emergency fund—if the money doesn't go for sickness, you may use it for something much more pleasant.

And the coming of the baby! The stork does not deliver free. But then he does not come unheralded. Nature gives you ample time—nine months—to prepare. Yet scores of couples have complained that the birth of the baby has disrupted their budget. One wife, not long ago, informed me that their second baby arrived before the first was paid for.

Fortunately you can figure fairly accurately what the baby will cost, from prenatal care to perambulator. Compare prices. Shop around for your obstetrician. Discuss financial matters with him in a forthright manner. If you can't afford his fee, seek out an equally competent and less expensive doctor. The chances are you'll quickly find a fine doctor at the price you can afford to pay.

A young father, who had worked out a new spending plan with me some time before, rushed in to report the birth of a brand-new baby boy. "Look!" he said, as he thrust an itemized cost sheet before me. "I just figured it all out. The baby weighed in at seven pounds four ounces. Here's the cost of everything—layette, doctor, hospital, safety pins and all. It adds up to $549.82. Almost seventy-six dollars a pound. And I didn't even include the gifts. A beautiful buy! All paid for, too." No doubt about it. The C.O.D. baby is the best buy.

◆ Psychiatric expense has figured in many of the budgets I've worked out. Fouled-up finances and snarled-up personalities are born bedfellows. The mother of a small son, making out a spending plan, included a huge medical bill: the psychiatrist's fee for their seven-year-old son. More than a year before, they were horrified to discover that the boy was a thief. The child stole from his classmates' overcoats, snitched from his mother's purse, filched coins from the corner newsstand, pilfered wherever he could. The well-to-do parents felt outraged. The peculiar part of it was that the boy spent nothing. He hid all the money, little heaps of it, inside his toys, in the toe of his slipper, beneath the bedroom rug, back of the radio. It was all there in pennies, nickels and dimes. Their son was a thief, but why?

The boy himself couldn't tell. He bought nothing. He seemed to covet nothing. After many costly interviews the psychiatrist dug out the root of the trouble. Mother and father constantly quarreled about money matters in front of the child. The child felt his security crumbling away. Losing faith in his parents he decided to take care of himself. The pitiful little hoard of coins was his security. Security hidden beneath the bedroom rug.

At the psychiatrist's orders the parents stopped discussing money in front of the child. They set up a budget plan for their own peace of mind. And they gave their small son a regular allowance. They explained to him that this allowance was his own money. Nobody could touch it. And he must never touch anyone else's money. Someone asked me what was the best budget I ever did. This one sprang instantly to my mind. I am grateful for whatever small part I played in straightening out this child.

◆ I have done hundreds of budgets on which nothing—not a cent—was entered for the church. I cannot say whether these people were unhappy or maladjusted because of this absence of church contributions. No doubt they had other ways of fulfilling religious obligations. I can say, however, that I have done many more hundreds of budgets where the money for church was considered almost as necessary a part of living as rent and food. On some budgets I have been told to enter 10 percent. Others say 1 percent. Whatever it is, the amount usually stays "as is." Other expenses may be trimmed—not this, unless financial catastrophe compels it.

I have worked out more than 200 budgets for the group known as tithers. These are the good souls who give 10 per cent of their income to the Kingdom causes. Never have I known a tither to be in the red.

Many clergymen have brought their budget troubles to me. I wonder what the members of the congregation would think if they sat down to work out a spending plan for their minister. I often wished I had learned some kind of money magic from all the budgets I've done. If I had, I would apply it, first of all, to the minister's finances. Some clergymen's wives convinced me that it was they who had the magic touch in their financial fingers. True, the pastor's rent was free, but oh! the multitudinous demands upon the slender income of the minister when his children had to be clothed, fed, educated. But is it any worse for the minister than for any other parents with a small income? It's arguable. Seldom, if ever, can the clergyman or his wife supplement their income by outside work. The minister has no social security. And he is compelled to maintain a certain standard of living.

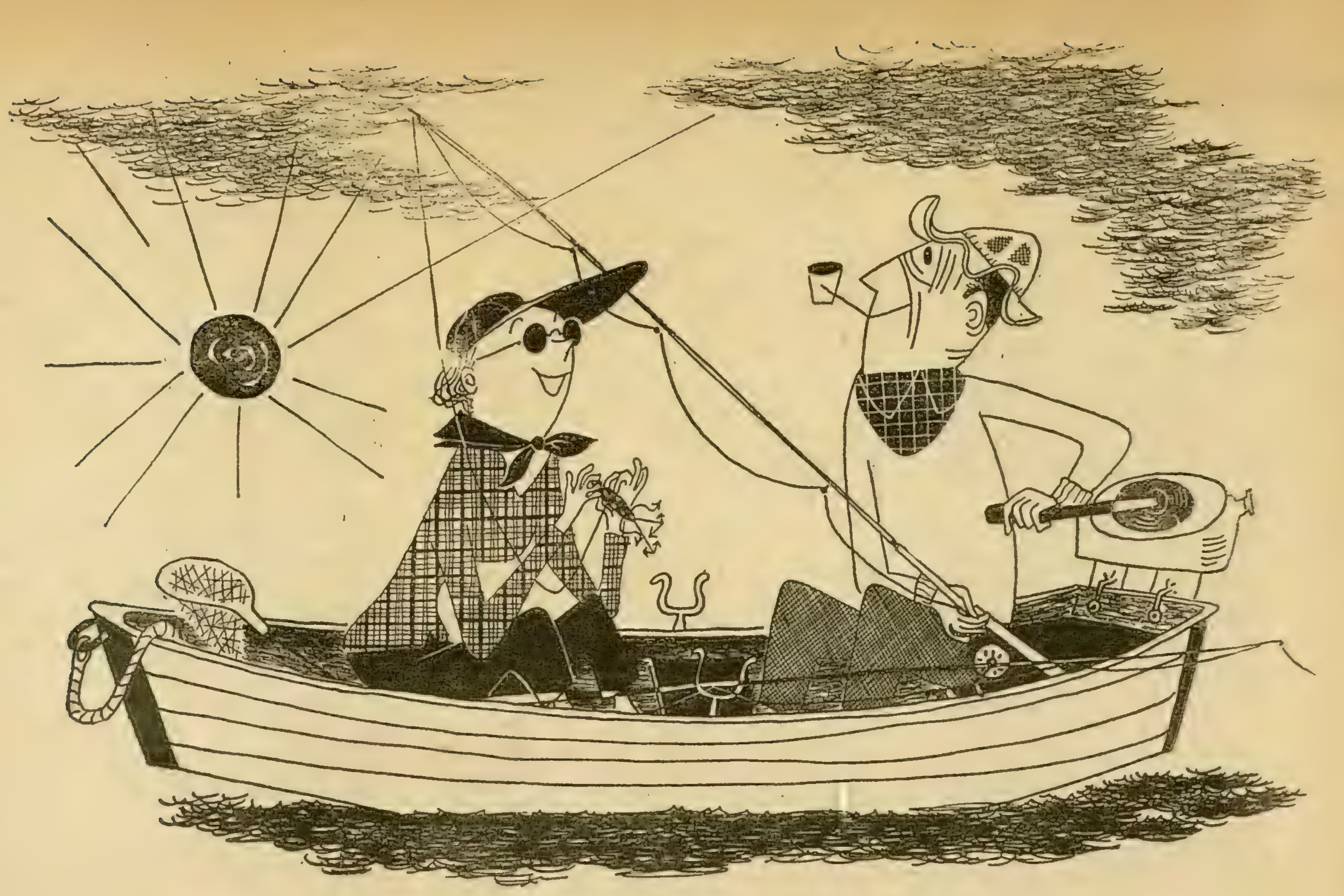
◆ "Let your conscience be your guide," must be the rule in computing how much you will give to your church and the church needs and activities. But whatever sum you set yourself, figure it out on a yearly total, enter it on the budget, and let nothing nibble at it.

If you were to ask me what items of spending cause people the most money-aches I could unhesitatingly answer "fun" and "gifts." The two pleasantest places to spend money. As a general rule, the well-balanced budget can stand about 2 to 3 percent for gifts.

Often generosity doesn't even enter into the matter of gift giving. Sometimes it is an obligation that becomes downright burdensome. One mother looked over her Christmas list and counted up presents for 16 small children. All the youngsters were relatives of hers or her husband. She thought hard for a while, then phoned the seven other mothers concerned. It took her a while to come to the point, but after the first hurdle it was easy. "Hilda, I've been going over my Christmas list. I pass out sixteen gifts and receive sixteen in return. It seems kinda silly, doesn't it? There are other babies coming along, so the list will be getting longer and longer. I don't know how you feel about it, but I'd like to suggest that we call a halt."

How those other mothers blessed her. Each one, she told me, said she had been praying for the courage to stop the wholesale exchange of Christmas gifts. They would honor birthdays, because these occasions were spread throughout the year—didn't make such a sudden onslaught on the family purse. Everyone in that group, I heard, was happy that one strong-minded mother had made the decision for them.

Of course another person might resent such a proposal. So tread warily when you want to suggest to a friend that you stop exchanging gifts for children.



***"We're Really Having Fun"***

Christmas giving chalks up a large percentage of gift money. May it never be otherwise. But the Christmas giver, I think, is the most harassed spender. I know. I worked in a department store. I saw a woman select a large black chiffon, sequin-studded evening handkerchief for a ten-year-old child. Nice and expensive, too. She said she knew it was a foolish selection, but her feet were killing her. I saw a man pick out a $65 Tantalus set—two cut-glass liquor bottles locked in a frame. He too was in a hurry and completely at sea. But it was near closing time, so he lunged for the Tantalus set. He wanted some hasty reassurance that his selection was good. What did I think of it for his aunt? O.K. if the aunt appreciated a handsome liquor container. Oh! His aunt was a confirmed teetotaler—never had taken a drink in her life. I pointed out that the Tantalus set would lose its intriguing name, if used for anything but liquor.

Why not apportion a specific sum for your annual gift outlay? And come the special occasions throughout the year, line up your purchases with the allotted amount.

◆ Parents who are making out a spending plan for the first time often sigh with relief as they say, "Thank goodness education doesn't cost us anything. Our children go to public school."

But the cost of "free" education is often entered in another place in the budget guide, under taxes. If there is one thing the budget maker learns from breaking down total outlays and putting them under their various categories it is that precious little in life is free. What you don't pay for in a straight-out purchase is often as not bought for you by Uncle Sam, and usually with your own money.

◆ Mary was an honor student in high school. At 16 she was ready for college. She did not tremble at the prospect of taking the entrance exams. But her parents were not ready. They flunked the financial tests.

It is always refreshing to meet a budget-maker who tells me, "We have an education fund for our children." This may mean a special savings account, earmarked "Education." Better still do I like to hear, "We have taken out an insurance policy to cover the cost of John's college years." The time to take out such a policy is, of course, when John is in his cradle.

One family I know had three children—all of college age. The older son was a genius, truly so. Harvard for him. The second son felt inferior to his brilliant brother. The parents, therefore, sent him to a different college. And, in order to bolster the lad's sagging ego, they bought him a small airplane, presumably so that he could soar above the groundlings. The youngest, a girl, would as lief have taken a business course and become a glamorous, slinky-looking secretary like the one who undulated through her favorite comic strip

Not a bit of it, retorted her parents. To college she must go. The price of the clothes the girl demanded outclassed the cost of her tuition. The triple college fees and expensive incidentals nearly wrecked this family's bank account. Yet they could have managed nicely if they had concentrated on the older son, the only one who wanted—and who obviously would benefit from—a university education.

◆ Of course it is unfair, and often causes lifelong resentment to the unfavored ones, when the bulk of the education money is lavished on one child. At the same time it is well to take into consideration the individual's aptitude for and attitude toward college.

Of all the educational plans I've helped people grapple with—and believe me, they have been of all shapes and sizes—I don't remember another like Antonio's. Antonio sent his three sons to college. But Antonio, who had emigrated from Italy when he was 16, had never been to school in his youth. He had, however, after reaching America, taught himself to read and write English. He had bought and studied hundreds of books. Philosophy, poetry, history, biography. "You think your papa is not so dumb, eh?" he had remarked to the boys when he won a prize for an essay submitted on "The Benefits of Being an American Citizen."

While the two youngest boys were completing their college courses, Antonio went to night school and completed his high school course. All this, mind you, while he ran a busy fruit store. Alone, too, for his wife had died years before. The oldest son, Mike, who had come to see me, said that his father was selling out his fruit store. His dad felt he did not need to work so hard any more. Anyway, he had bought what he wanted most with his money—education for his sons. All three had graduated with honors. Mike, a lawyer, the middle son a dentist, and the youngest an architect.

I pretended to Mike that I couldn't imagine why he had come to see me, although his naïve secrecy gave the plot away. The boys were going to make Antonio invest the money from the sale of his store for his old age. And they were going to send him to college, paying every cent of the cost between them.

With bursting pride Mike said, "Dad has his high school credits and we're sure he'll pass the entrance exams." Then, with a little smile, "We'll coach him, of course." So we made out an itemized budget, taking one year at a time, for Antonio's high adventure in higher learning.

◆ "Today we realized that our son is a genius." When his baby was eight months old a father made this pregnant entry in his journal. Before and after the birth of their child, the parents had stocked up and read every available book on child training and child psychology. With astonishing frequency their baby did what the books said he should do. But he was doing it several weeks sooner than the books allowed. Wasn't that the mark of a genius? At 16 the boy was a nice enough lad, though it was apparent that his startling precocity had considerably leveled off. But the father had spent, and was still spending, an absurdly large percentage of his income on special lessons for the boy's "special" talents.

It is wonderful to recognize a child's gifts. Grand to develop them. Thrilling to be able to afford the price of special training. What, though, if the special lessons are a knockout blow to the budget? What, too, if the money diverted to the talented child deprives other worthy members of the family of educational opportunities?

◆ I constantly meet people who are flinging away dollars on what they believe is a good time. Often a false belief. For example, there was the middle-aged man with the small but prosperous business. He was making out a personal budget for the first time in his life. When he came to the item marked "Fun," he stopped abruptly. Fun? Oh, yes, he and his wife were spending no less than 15 percent of their income for a good time.

"We spend week-ends and vacations on the New Jersey shore," he grumbled. "A fine lot of fun we have, sitting on the porch of an expensive hotel, all dressed up and playing bridge with a lot of gossipy women." Sheepishly he admitted that it was his own fault. And his wife's. Every summer they just packed up their suitcases and headed for the same old spot. It had become a habit. No, he didn't believe his wife got any more kick out of it than he did.

"Well," I asked, "if that sort of thing leaves you cold, what would be your idea of real satisfying fun?"

His answer showed how far away he had been from real pleasure all those years. He wanted a boat. None of your sleek $40,000 cabin cruisers. He would settle for a little skiff to poke around the lakes and inlets for fishing and loafing. Second choice was a home workshop with some power tools. Then why not set up a workshop in his basement and build his own boat? He considered. Then he beamed. By golly, he'd do it!

Next summer he reported by postal card. "It's only a rowboat with an outboard motor, but my wife loves it too. We're fishing and really having fun."

Overspending for fun is no great crime on the budget. You may be able to level off the bulge elsewhere. But when people overspend and then fail to collect their proper returns in happiness—that's bad.

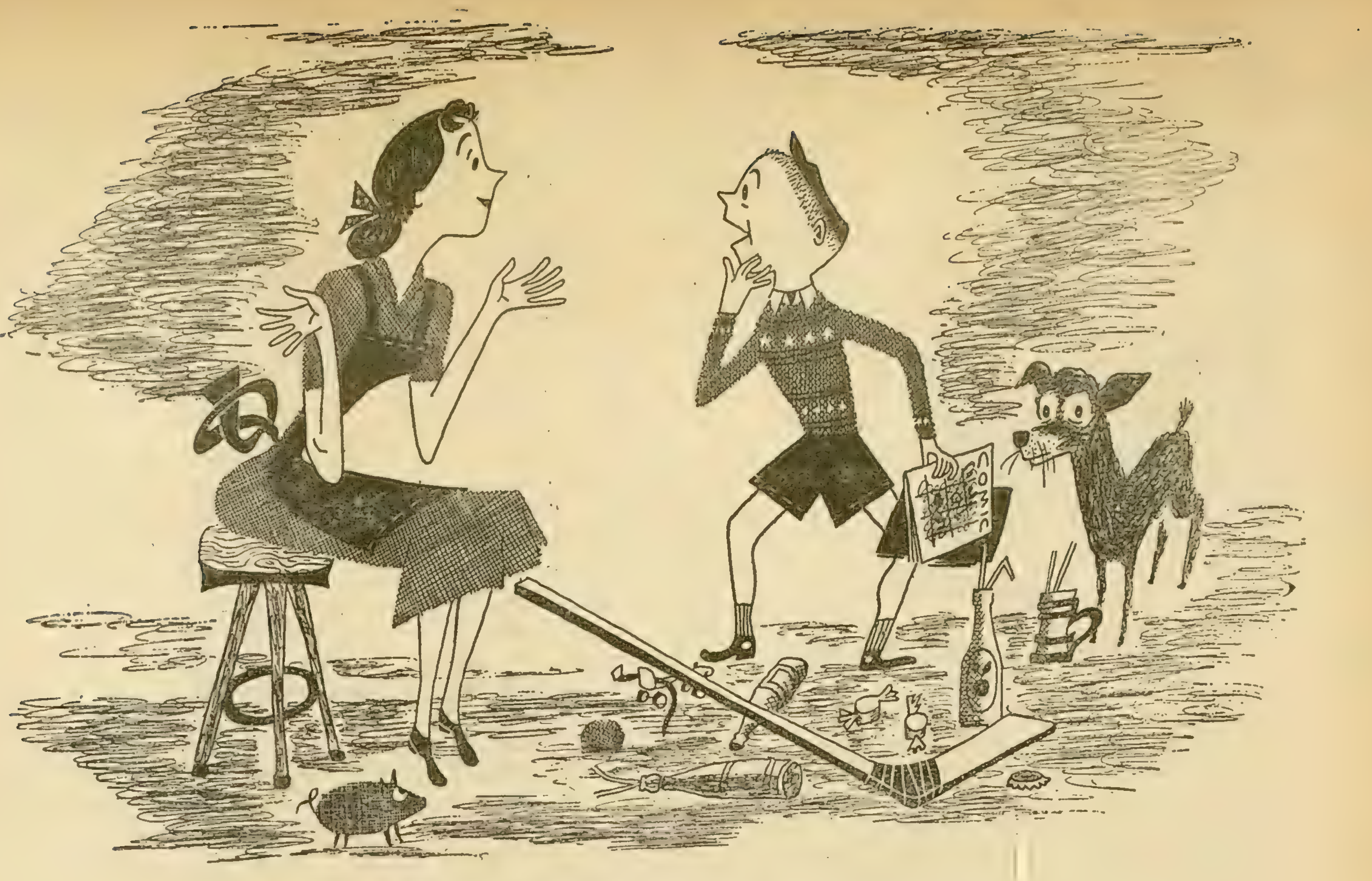
I don't know why people bridle when the cost of driving a car (if it is pleasure bent) is jotted down to fun. "Huh! call that fun? Why, we couldn't live without a car! It's as necessary as the kitchen sink." Perhaps it is, but you have a heap more fun with it than with the kitchen sink. Check up, and you may find that one third, perhaps one half, the cost of your car plus operation, should be charged off to fun. And it may be that your car gives more pleasure to your family than any other item.

At various times after I have given a public talk on Spending for Happiness, someone from the audience has stood up to ask, "Why do you include liquor under fun?" If liquor is not fun—what is it? Food? Hardly. Medicine? Only if a physician prescribes it. I see no other classification for the price of liquor, except as an outlay for fun. The good host likes to have a well-stocked liquor cabinet. He enjoys serving drinks when good friends gather. All well and good. But accept the cost of your liquor for what it is, and include the total in your fun money.

◆ Vacations shouldn't be grim undertakings beset by money worries and fears that maybe you won't have a good time.

A complete change of scene is always a good tonic for families. I know of two brothers, living in towns far apart, who cut vacation costs to a minimum. They swapped homes for their two-week holiday. Ed and his family took in the sights and lights of Chicago, a city they had seldom visited even though brother Phil lived there. Phil and his wife holidayed in a very small upstate town, near a glorious state park, lush with lakes and forests. Both families had a marvelous time, spending little more than if they had remained at home. The happiest vacationers I have met are the ones who have a kitty for the purpose. They know beforehand what they can spend for their annual flutter, and save for it systematically.

See that the fun you buy meets a genuine desire. If you want a boat for fishing, don't spend many times its cost playing gin rummy with the experts. If you like to do weird sculpturing, don't let anyone sidetrack you into skeet shooting. If you would rather watch a wrestling match than attend a lecture, watch it without inhibitions. Just make sure that the cost of looking at or taking part in sports doesn't leave you with a budget headache. And try to distribute fun money fairly.



**"Gosh! A Dollar Sixty!"**

I am familiar with hundreds of cases where parents who should be watching every dime, spend lavishly on toys for their children. Too much fun money for junior playthings has kicked the slats out of many a bank account. And do numerous or expensive toys really make Junior happy?

A friend of mine with a six-year-old daughter thought it would be nice if her little Sally and Phyllis, the small daughter of her good friends, were to learn to roller-skate together. So she bought two fine pairs of ball-bearing skates, one for Sally, one for Phyllis. That evening Sally's mother was amazed when Phyllis' doctor-father arrived at her apartment with the gift skates under his arm. The families were close friends, so the doctor spoke with candor. "I've brought back your present," he said. "For heaven's sake, why?" asked Sally's mother. "Because I will not let you deprive my child of the pleasure of wanting. When Phyllis wants skates, I will let her want for some time, then I'll get them for her." The doctor was a child psychologist. He practiced what he told his patients.

◆ It takes three to make a marriage—a boy, a girl and a budget. The boy and the girl may be madly in love. But if they are badly in debt, love has a tough time. One person can balance a budget, but it takes two to keep it in balance. Two partners have to work at a marriage to make it go. The same two people have to work at a budget to make it go.

Mollie started out as a solo budget-maker. She was the soul of thrift. She had to be, with Ben's "just average" income. They ate well. Dressed well. Lived well, because Mollie managed so well. But what price vigilance for Mollie! If she took her eye off a dollar for a minute Ben bought a pen that wrote under water or a self-leveling picture hanger. Ben didn't mess up the matri-money with vices or self-indulgences. He wasn't a drinker. He wasn't a gambler. He merely gathered gadgets—galore. The matri-money couldn't digest Ben's multitude of purchases.

Mollie didn't worry the Saturday she left Ben home while she went shopping. After all, he wasn't loose in a department store. Mollie walked her thrifty feet off to save all of ten dollars, on two dresses for herself and some little suits for Joey the baby. Hot day, too. When she returned home, Ben was merrily preparing supper, making an eye-filling salad with cabbage shredder, carrot curler and turnip baller. Mollie was bursting to tell of her bargains. But Ben beat her to it. "Wait till you see what I bought. This came right to the door. Lookit!"

He unrolled a scroll. It was a certificate from some sort of society for the Advancement of Juvenile Culture. The fancily inscribed name of Joseph Henry Gardner registered with Mollie as Joey. "It's for a Junior Encyclopedia. The Literature of the World. Mechanics Made Easy. How to Identify Shells. Gosh! Everything he needs to know. Isn't it wonderful?" Yes, but Joey was only eight months old.

Mollie told all this as a preface to her need for a spending plan. But I pointed out it would be no good for her to set up a budget alone. At my suggestion she returned with her nice, genial husband. I'll never forget the look on Ben's face when he said, "I lived in an orphanage. I guess that's why I like to buy things. My uncle and aunt were kind. They used to visit me, but they always brought me oranges and apples, or earmuffs and mittens. I never had a toy. Never owned a book." You cannot suddenly cut gadgetry, or anything else, out of a budget, not if the indulgence is rooted in a deep-down need or desire. Ben was like a person needing a cure. Well, he had once bought, but never used, a tool chest. Now let him make a few household helps and gadgets. Joey's

Encyclopedia could show him how. He got started on a long-range home-improvement plan that did not impair their matri-money.

◆

Although it cannot be said that complete frankness between husband and wife about their matri-money will automatically dispel money quarrels, I do believe that two people have a better chance of Spending for Happiness if the money situation is crystal clear to both. Some cases do give cause for wonder. I heard a wife, married for twenty-three years, say, "My husband never tells me a thing about his business. Why, I don't even know how much money he made last year." She was not complaining. In fact she made the statement quietly with an air of "Papa knows best."

Doubtless many husbands refrain from discussing business with their wives. No harm in that. But if a wife is to have an active part in the spending of the matri-money, then she ought to know how much her husband makes. How else can she gear her expenditures to their income? Thinking that her husband's income is less than it is, she may be needlessly paring and pinching. Assuming it is more, she may innocently overspend.

One husband coveted a fine new television set. His wife figured they could wait. Anyway, she reflected, the future would bring them a much better set than was now available. Maybe at a better price too. But the husband was secretly sold on his idea. Unknown to his wife, he had an expensive television set sent home. His wife watched the delivery man cart the apparatus into the living room. With wrath in her heart and fire in her eye, she clamped her hat on her head and sailed forth to buy the $200 coat she'd been wanting for some time. Each partner to these transactions felt that the other's purchase was unwarranted. Now they had spent money and indulged tempers that didn't do either one, or the common bank account, any good. But at least they had shown each other just what was what, and let the matri-money take the hindmost.

Couples who discuss and agree upon a major or a near-major purchase don't need to worry about maltreating the matri-money. Nor do they risk making each other miserable.

It seems to me that a personal allowance for every member of the family is important to individual happiness and family harmony. The day a child is old enough to exchange a coin for something in a store, he is old enough to receive weekly pocket money and be taught how to spend it. I'm against dictatorship in the home or anywhere else. But think of the contribution to future happiness if Mother or Father were to exercise even the mildest kind of direction over the distribution of the child's nickels and dimes.

Edgar received 50 cents allowance. And promptly spent it. But why worry? Mother seemingly had a bottomless purse. He cajoled extra dimes from her for his many extra needs. "I don't see why you can't get along on your allowance," she remarked after a week of constant touches. Came the age-old plaint of the budgetless spender: "Gee whiz! I don't get enough money. Leonard's father gives him seventy-five cents a week, and he's only the same age as me." Mother looked intently at Edgar, then made him sit down for a financial reckoning. Yes, he remembered getting 25 cents for the movies on Saturday, 10 cents for Sunday school, 25 cents for bank day, 10 cents for pop three different times, though this was a little hard to recall, and 20 cents for the two comic books in his hand. Edgar added it up. A dollar ten, plus his allowance. Gosh! A dollar sixty!

◆

"But gee whiz! I didn't get it all at once," he complained. He was so right. The dribble money he was getting, though more than three times his supposed allowance, never felt like anything in his fist. I suggested to his mother that she give Edgar either 50 cents or a dollar a week. But whatever the sum, give it to him all at once. And no more. It would also be well to work out with Edgar a distribution of his money — so much for spending, so much for saving. But let the savings be consistent.

Parents often ask, "How much allowance should I give my child?" It depends, of course, on the family income and the child's needs. It's a good thing when children in the same group have about the same amount of pocket money apiece. It is not good when one child can flaunt a lot more than his friends. So, even if you can well afford more, give your child a reasonable, not superlavish, amount.

At times you may have a disciplinary reason for withholding all or part of your child's allowance. But for the life of me I cannot see why parents have to manufacture grounds for giving pocket money. "I love you" is still a sturdy, unassailable reason for handing a child weekly spending money.

"I have a scale of payments," one righteous mother told me. "Ruth gets ten cents for making her bed. Bert gets a quarter for emptying the garbage can. Even the five-year-old gets a nickel for bringing the wastebaskets down from upstairs. Don't you think it's splendid to reward children for helping in the house?" I did not think so—and said as much.

Let the children earn money if they want to or need to, but not off Father and Mother, at least not for helping in the house.

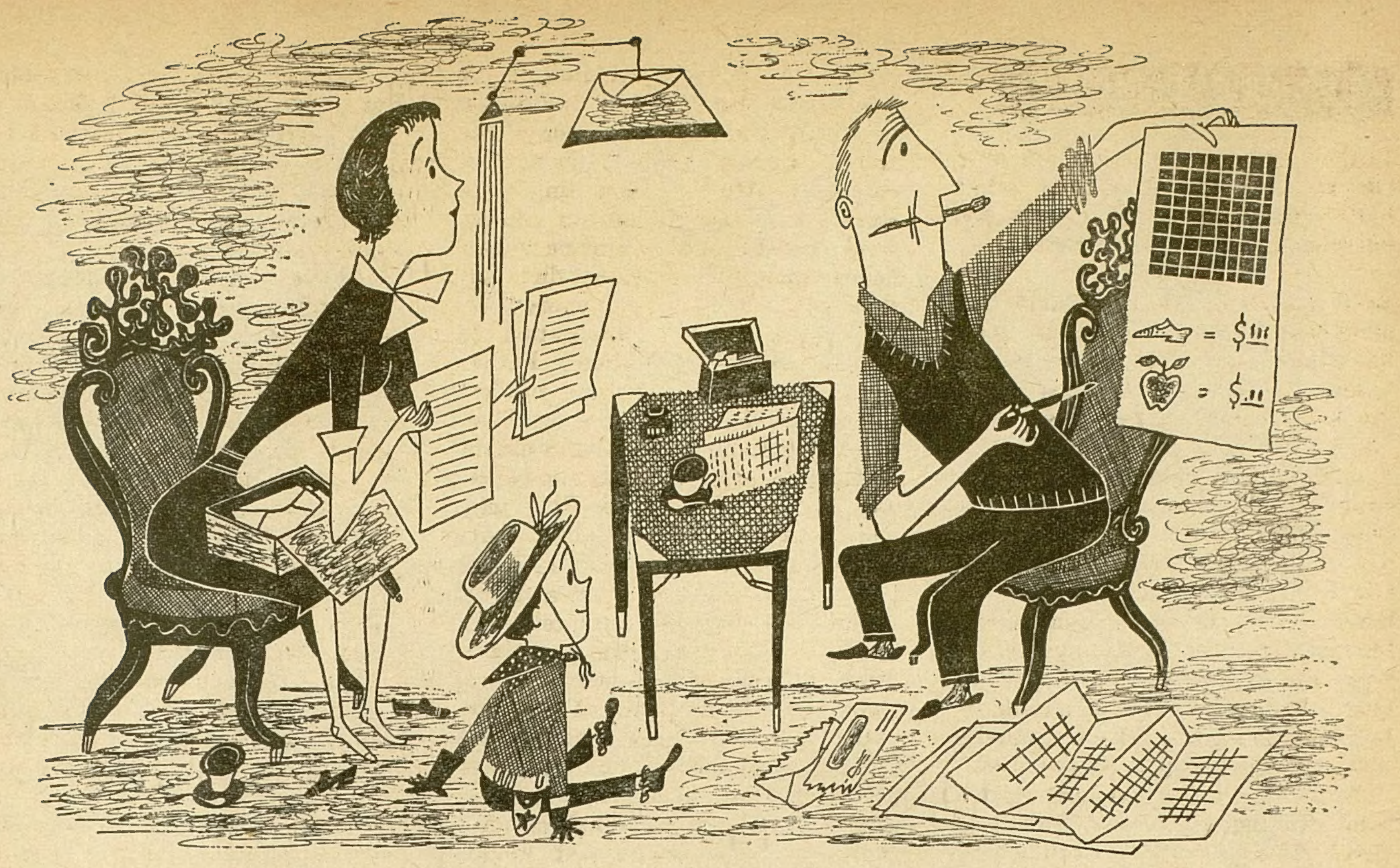
It is a poor preparation for life when what should be willing family cooperation becomes paid piece work. And further—why put a price upon a child's self-evident duty? A puzzled parent asked, "Doesn't that teach a child the value of money?" Perhaps it does. But does it not also imbue the ordinary niceties and pleasantries of family living with a cash-and-carry commercialism?

I think a child's allowance can begin when he is seven or eight years old. Circumstances dictate when it should end. I once received a letter from a woman who stated she earned $45 a week as a houseworker. "I have very little money to spare," she wrote, "but would like to know how much you think I ought to give my seventeen-year-old son, who is going to high school, for his spending money." Nothing, I replied. Surely a seventeen-year-old lad could hustle papers or do some outside chores to earn his pocket money.

◆

I'm all for letting the teen-ager become a full-fledged spender as soon as possible, and independent of parental taking-by-the-hand. Yes, he will make mistakes. The parent will too. Some good-natured counsel, not sharp scolding, may turn a mistake into a valuable lesson.

I've made out many budgets for teen-age boys. Complete or partial spending plans. The complete plans covered all the things a boy could buy for himself, from chewing gum to overcoat, with a specified sum for pocket money. The partial plan omitted the clothes budget. Show me a teen-ager with a comfortable, practical budget and I'll show you a citizen of the future with a vastly valuable awareness of money and money-management.



## Talk About It Now

There are numberless husbands who pass over their pay-checks intact to their wives. So many say, "If I didn't give the little woman my pay-check we wouldn't have a dime." In this case the wife is the keeper of the exchequer and nearly always an excellent one. After Dad brings home his wages in toto, he is on the receiving end for his allowance. But one dad told me he was sorry he ever started the business. He and Junior both got their spending allotments in daily dribbles. He needed $7.25 a week to get by. And that's what he got—$7.25 flat and no more. He would have felt more like a man if Mary had given him even $8 out of his pay-check. They could have afforded it, too.

Father's allowance presents no arithmetic problem. He can calculate precisely the cost of his daily needs plus smokes and reading matter. Then he adds some cash to bolster his ego and to keep his chin up. And why not list all possible purchases that Mother may make, figure out the annual expenditure, divide it into weekly amounts, and let it be Mother's allowance, sacrosanct? The ideal budget of a well-integrated family recognizes every member's right to pocket money.

◆ Who should decide how to spend the family money? Who should draw up the budget? Mother? Father? When either parent asks me this, my answer is, "It's a family job."

A successful small-town business man showed me a budget he had worked out for his family—himself, wife and two teen-age daughters. He was a methodical man. A good accountant. The distribution of his money seemed not too restricting. He really didn't need any help from me. I told him so. "But do you think this budget will work?" he asked me. "It should," I replied. "Of course it all depends on the cooperation of your family." That was the trouble. He said he couldn't sell it to the missus or the girls.

I found out why. For one thing, Mother would have no truck with a budget that omitted such things as art lessons for the older girl or teeth-straightening for the younger. She felt they could afford them, and she was right. The girls resented several other omissions. The budget didn't get going because the family had not been consulted. Father had to start all over again, this time in conference with the wife and daughters. Now, this man had been in business partnership with his brother for 12 years. Neither partner had ever made a purchase or entered into a single transaction without the other's full knowledge and support. Odd that he had not applied this same method to running his home. For is not the home our country's most important business?

◆ Of course parents must use discretion in discussing money matters with young children. Six-year-old Bobby's parents found they were spending $200 a year on parties for their three children. Birthdays, Halloween, Easter, Christmas, and other occasions. Bobby's birthday came in for the first slash. I don't know why they felt they owed him a detailed explanation for inviting only his cousins. However, young Bob had already broadcast his coming party to the kids of the neighborhood. Practically invited them. Swiftly he went into action. He covered the neighborhood thoroughly. Delivered a cockeyed version of his father's lesson in economy. "You can't come to my party. Just my cousins can come. It's because we can't afford it. My daddy has to pay for our new car or they'll take it away. And we have to pay the hospital or they won't let us take our new baby home. And the bank won't give my daddy any more money."

Don't expect wild enthusiasm from the family in response to your invitation to a budget party. Ten to one you will hear a groan—"Do we have to talk about it now?" Yes, now is the time to talk about it. Too many spending plans, like the reducing diet you are always going to begin tomorrow, are put off forever because now is never the time to talk about it. So talk. Don't argue. No good budget was ever born of a family brawl. Explain to the family what you hope to do. No depressing diatribe, please. No dismal prophecy about old age and want.

Select the fixed items from last year's list—those which you know cannot be changed now or for some time to come. These items usually include rent, payments on your house, interest on your mortgage, insurance premiums, commutation.

Consider next your running expenses. These generally include your house operation, fuel, electric light, telephone, gas, laundry, help. Also your food and clothing and possibly your automobile (if used for business purposes). Include good tentative amounts under the heading to correspond with these running expenses on your new budget. Base these new figures on your last year's experience and your expectations of next year's needs. Be sure you include sufficient money for each department. If you are entering absolute minimum amounts, you should know whether these minimums are workable.

◆ I remember emphasizing this point to a young engaged couple who were planning their budget. Together they had saved nearly four thousand dollars. I listed reasonable estimates, based on their income only—the savings would remain intact—for their needs and desires.

The young man questioned every dollar I listed. "Gee! all that for food! We shouldn't have to spend one cent for clothes. Millie has a year's supply now. Do you think light and telephone will amount to that much?" Millie was clearly embarrassed.

A week later the young man returned alone to see me. He had been busy during the interval, cutting, slicing, paring and shaving the budget figures. There was nothing for fun, a minimum for food, a disproportionately large amount for savings. He wanted confirmation from me that two could live on his skeletal budget easily. I hedged. "You can exist. That's not living." I reminded him that it takes money to be born, to live and to die. None of it is free. I wondered out loud if he really wanted to get married. He wondered, too. When next I saw Millie she was married. Her husband was with her. She asked if I remembered her. Of course I did. The young man remarked, "You never saw me before. I'm a different fellow."

◆ A few years ago I met an extremely interesting family. The parents were talented artists. It was the mother who had written asking me if I would come to help her set up a budget. Although the father enjoyed an exceptionally good income, the family was bogged down in a financial morass. The children's schooling, art, music, skiing and dancing lessons, three cars, prodigal personal allowances, memberships in clubs and a fling in flying for the older girl had consumed thousands of dollars. These and other opulences absorbed half their gross income. Last year's coal bills were still hanging around, and father had borrowed on his life insurance.

I pointed out that chunks of spending would have to be carved out of the already overloaded budget to absorb the debts. At this point each one boldly picked on a number of things the others might forego, but could find nothing to wipe off his own slate. They showed no disposition whatever to compromise or cooperate.

They were selfish. They were determined. But they were also, where it affected themselves, completely factual. When confronted with the arithmetical truth that X dollars will purchase just so much, they set out on a new course. Greedy for what they wanted, they began to forego many things. Their aims were wholly self-centered.

But somewhere along the way a change in viewpoint began to color their economies. Instead of bickering over money, they began to boast of their skill and schemes in the ways of thrift. By the end of the year the family—no matter what their motives were—were considerably closer to solvency and solidity. I've told this story of my favorite family to many, because I think it is a heartening one.

At your family council table there may be those so plumb full of rights that responsibilities fail to register. Black-on-white figures, proving that X dollars will buy only so much, may prove more convincing to them than the parental rebuke, "You know we can't afford it. Do you think money grows on trees? I have to work pretty darn hard for ours."

The next thing to do—you have already entered your fixed and your running expenses—is to stipulate a certain amount for health and medical expenses. Base these on the past health requirements of your family. If a baby is expected, or if an operation or some special medical treatment is in sight, you will, of course, have to enlarge the sum. If you carry hospitalization or health and accident insurance, rely upon these benefits only insofar as you can. Be sure you and your family know everything about the policy.

Try to set aside at least 3 to 5 percent of your net income for a cushion for emergencies. We all have them. Keep your cushion in a separate account, if you wish, but be sure to tuck it away.

Put down savings in its column. But make it an amount that you are reasonably sure you can put away every week of the year. If you find you can increase it, that's velvet. By savings, I mean bank account, life insurance and annuities; bonds and investments; pension plan; social security or any funds under the mattress or in the sock. I don't advocate using a mattress or a sock as a piggy bank, but I know that there are people who use these for deposit vaults.

◆ Add up your fixed, partly-fixed, expenses; health and medical estimates; emergency reserve and stipulated savings. Subtract your total from your net income. What have you got left? I call it "plus money." Plus money is for your spiritual interests, church and charity and gifts. Plus money spreads itself over fun, hobbies, house furnishings, automobile (if all for pleasure and convenience), travel and all the activities that come under these separate headings. Perhaps you want a little week-end hunting shack or a cabin by the seashore. Maybe you want to build a swimming pool or a modest barbecue. Your daughter would love dancing lessons; your son hankers for a photography outfit; or maybe a new family car is all-important. So be as fair and as logical as you can in allocating this precious plus money.

When your family council has ended, it should have accomplished these things: Given the family a real insight as to where the money went last year; enlisted family cooperation in making a blueprint for the coming year; achieved these ends without feudin' and fightin'. ◆ ◆

# The Armstrongs see the country...

Like he always promised, Dad has bundled the family into the car to show them this great big country. There's lots to see—and they've seen lots. Historic places, mountains, deserts—new things—strange things—and wonderful! Seems like they're full up to here from looking.

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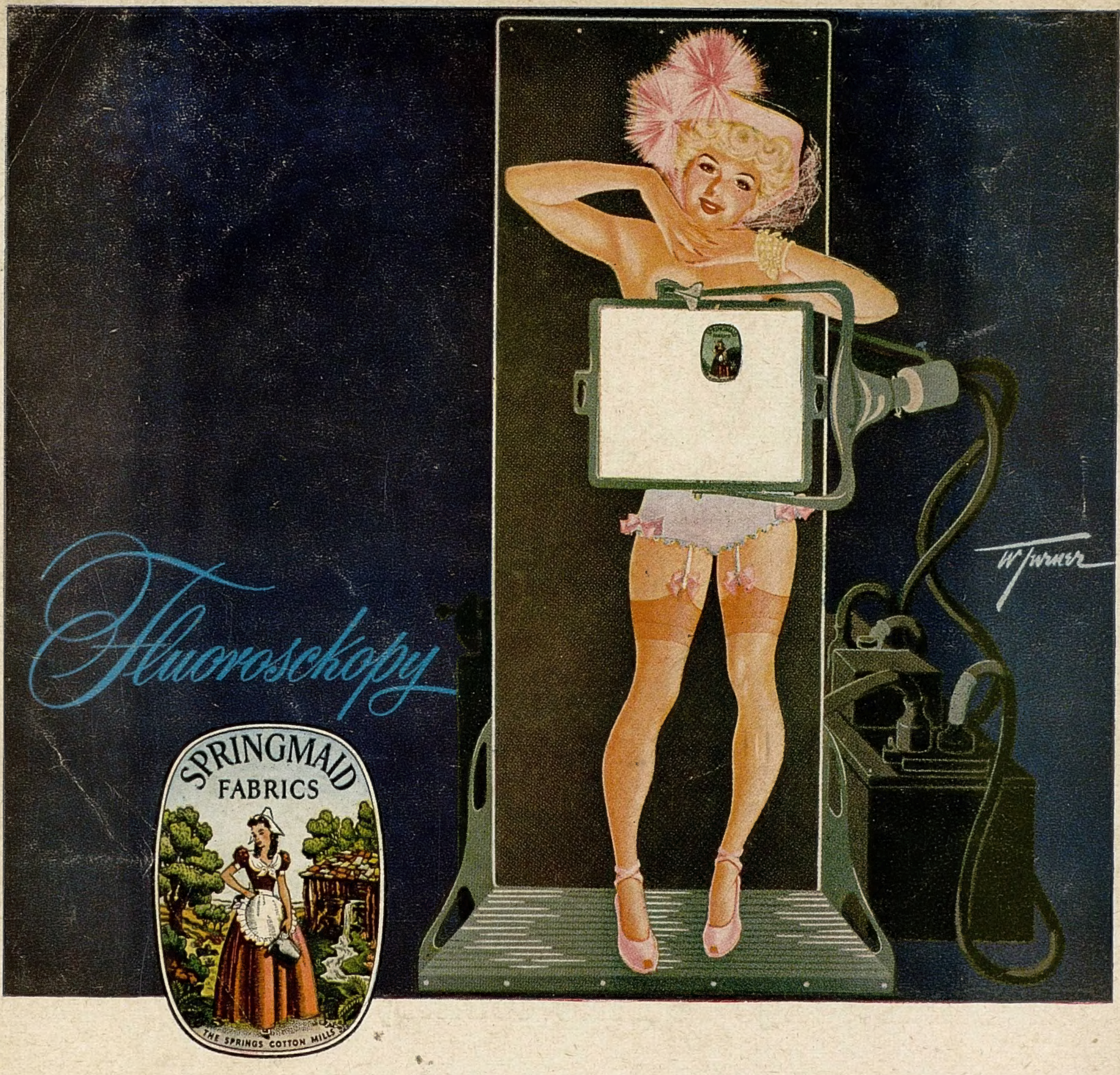

'Twas evie in the exray rome,
  To test the respiraturaes.
The gurlteknishun cried: "Go home!
  You do not know these pinshun guise!

Beware the Fluorosckope, my dear!
  The maylopraator now draws nigh!"
Buttevie swares she does not fear
  This jurke—or any other guy.

He magaloped the big machine,
  Then spranged upon the table.
"Alas, alack! What have I seen?
  It is the SPRINGMAID® label!"

Away he frybed on pointed wings,
  And muttered: "Snacker-sniss!
I knew from what said Colonel Springs,
  There would be days like this!"

'Twas evie 'scaped the exray's singe
  This time. But ewe we tell:
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  Of *your* trade-mark, as well!

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